

★ STAR ★ RANGER

FUN---ACTION---EXCITEMENT

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
SEPT.
1937
10¢



"I killed him with a look.
- - a trick I learned from
my mother-in-law"

PICTORIAL STORIES OF THE GOLDEN WEST

**WEB COMIC
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The Roundup

a personal chat with the editor

WHERE MEN GO SONGS GROW

Men went to the West and out of the dust of the prairie, out of the thundering of the herd, out of Man's hate and his love and his loneliness grew songs. They grew out of bartering and branding, toil and temptation, riding and rustling. They tell the story of the men who WENT WEST. They tell of the hardships and the triumphs, the hopes and the disappointments. Cowboy ballads are rhythmic pictures of the emotions—the feelings—of the men who rode toward the setting sun.

Strictly speaking, the cowboy ballads cannot be said to be folk songs, because the era of that period of Western development, compared with the age of the world, is a very short span of years. And the men who went westward were of many types and origins. They brought with them songs of the sea and of the South and East; they brought songs from the Continent and from the Orient. And they wove them into THEIR songs.

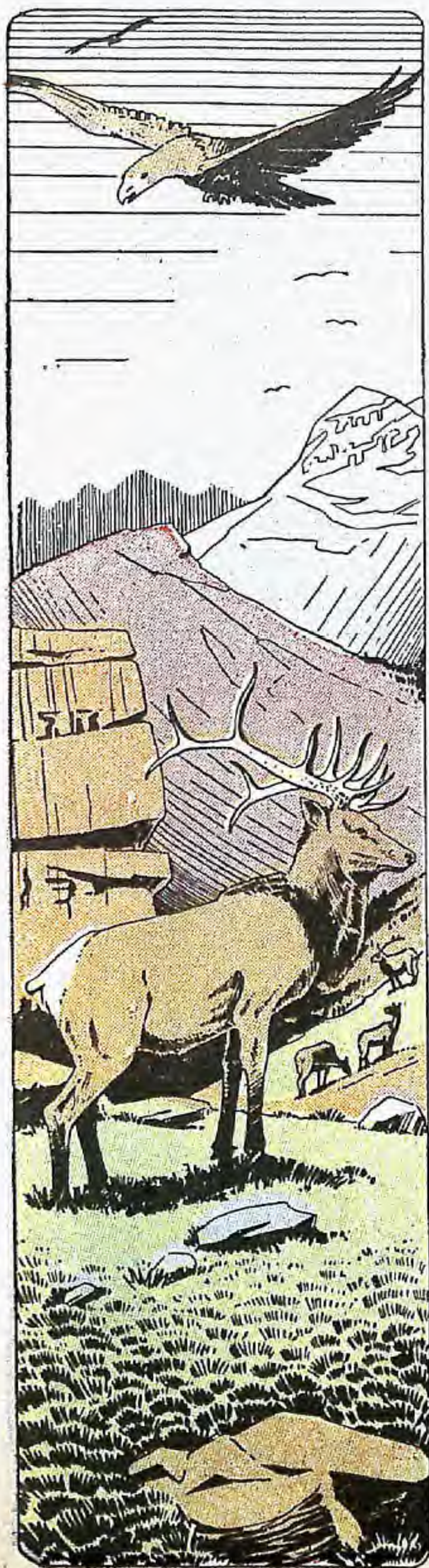
NECESSITY also played an important part in the creation of the cowboy ballad. Take, for example, the work of the ranch hand and follow him to a market town with the herd. He was one of a group of men designated to drive thousands of head of cattle to a place that connected with a railroad, so that the cattle could be loaded into railroad cars and carried to market.

These journeys were long and arduous. Sometimes the men had trouble keeping the great herd under control. Often the animals would lag and it would be difficult to keep them moving. At such times the cowboys found that brisk songs sung in a lively manner, interspersed with cries and yells similar to those sounds made by cattle, would keep the herd going along. Thus it was that such songs as "Whoopee, Ti-Yi-Yo" originated.

Then again, at night, sometimes the herd would be frightened by some strange noise, perhaps the howl of a coyote or the bark of a timber wolf. Fear would spread fast through the herd and the result might be a stampede. To calm the beasts the cowmen would sing songs to them softly and slowly, somewhat in the nature of a lullaby. Perhaps they sang to them, "Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairee."

The great prairies and the many cowtowns now have given way to the farmer's plough. But the history of the GREAT WEST will live forever. And the cowboy ballads add LIFE to the COLORFUL PICTURE.

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF STAR COMICS, COMPANION OF STAR RANGER, ALREADY IS ON THE STANDS. IT'S DRESSED IN ITS NEW FALL COLORS AND IS FULL OF LIFE AND FUN. GET YOUR COPY NOW BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE.



STAR RANGER

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor & Publisher

Kenneth Fitch, Managing Editor

No. 6

SEPTEMBER, 1937

10c

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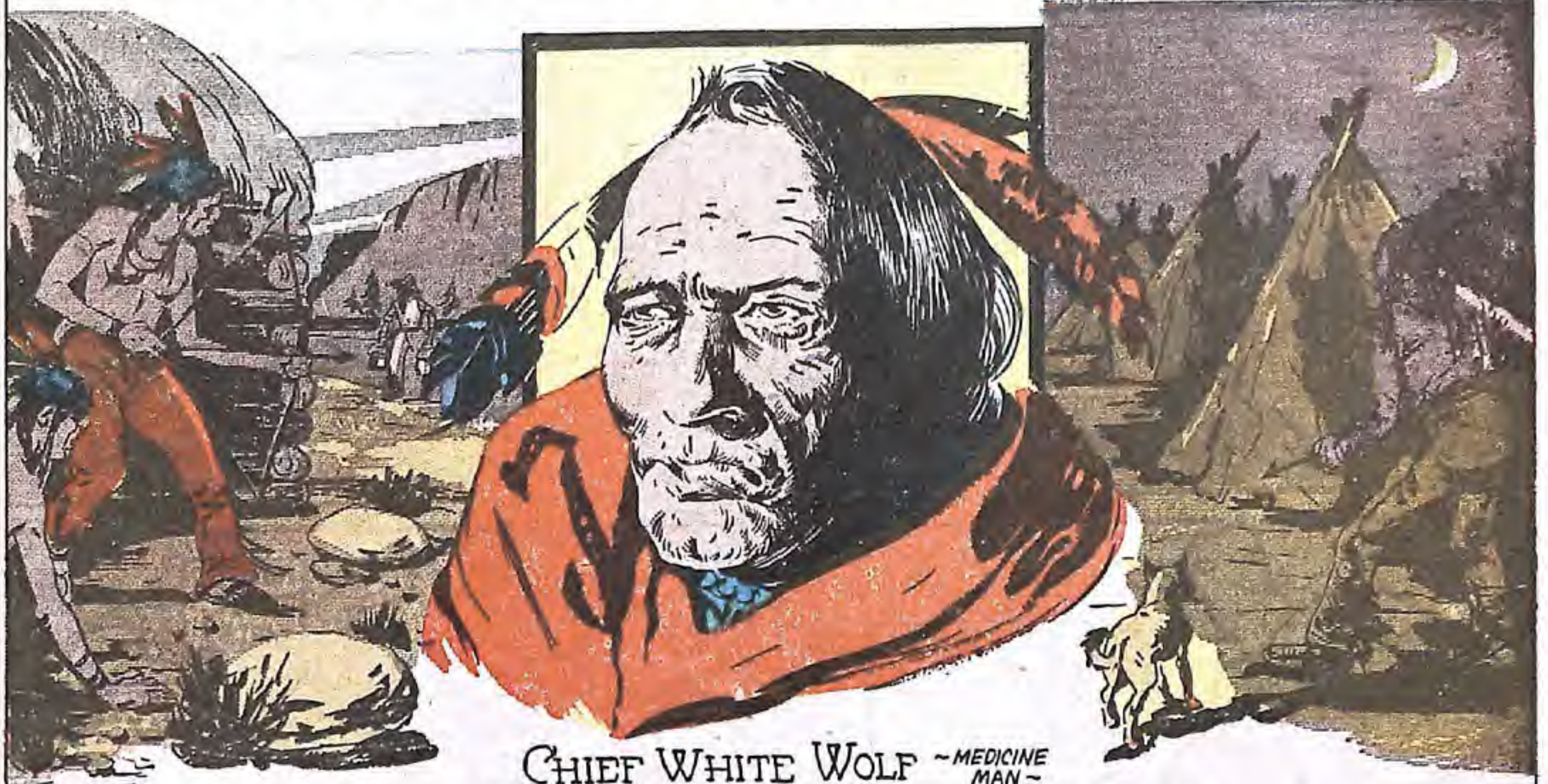
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Lucky Draw
Cowboy Jake
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Arizona Pete
Jest A Laugh
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Covered Wagon
Lonesome Luke
Homeless Oscar

--they're New--they're Different!

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CHIEF WHITE WOLF



CHIEF WHITE WOLF ~ MEDICINE MAN ~

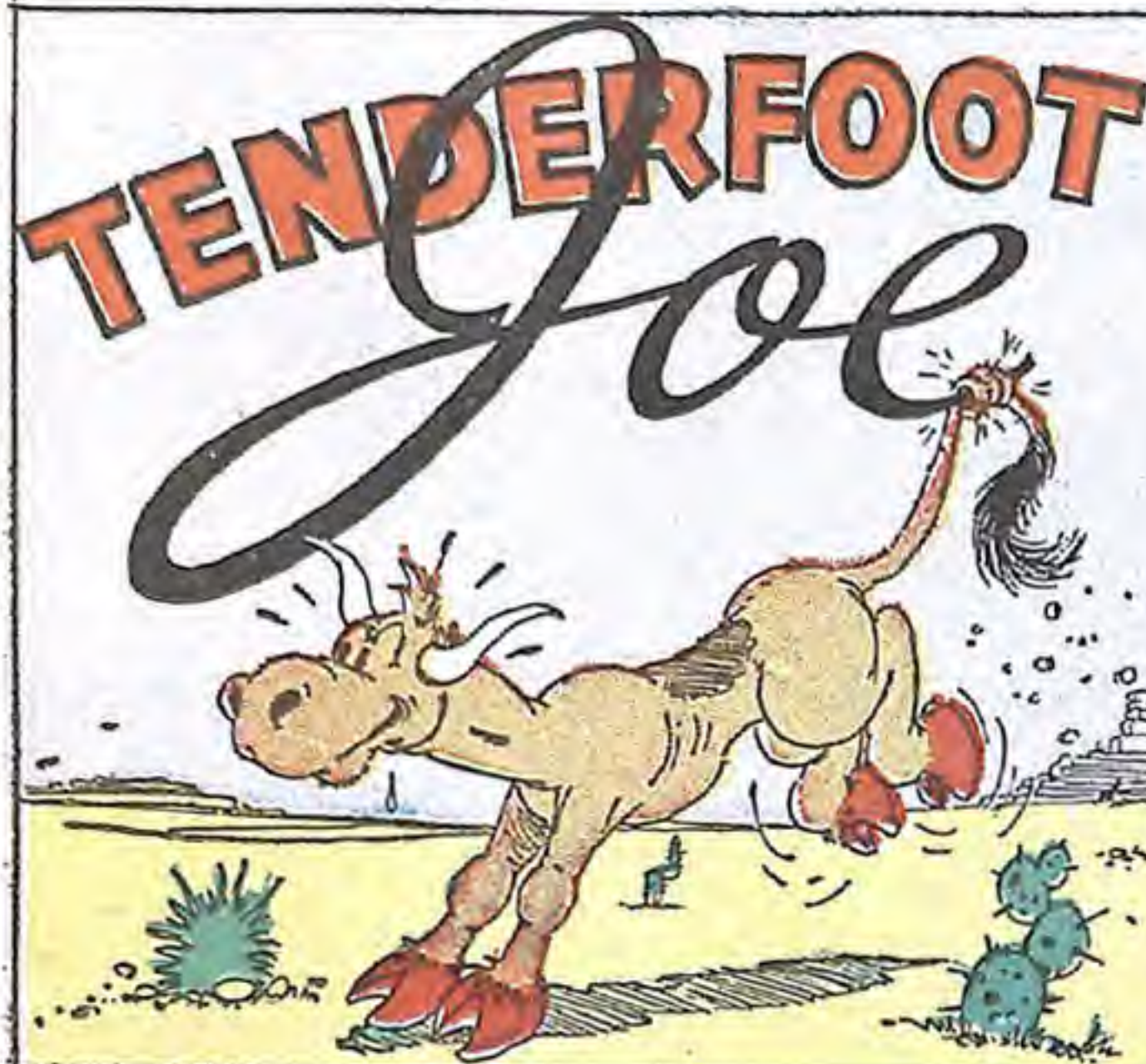
BANNOCK TRIBE, CAMP BROWN, WYOMING - OCT., 1878

WHITE WOLF WAS A CRUEL RAIDER. HE OFTEN SLEW SETTLERS WHEN THEY LEFT THEIR HOMES TO GET WATER FROM NEARBY SPRINGS.

AS A MEDICINE MAN, HE HEALED THE SICK AND AGED. AILING MEN AND WOMEN CAME MILES TO HEAR HIS VOICE AND RECEIVE HIS BLESSING.

OFTEN HE ROAMED THROUGH THE VILLAGE AT NIGHT, SHOOTING AT STARS OR EVEN AT MEMBERS OF HIS OWN TRIBE. HE WAS GREATLY FEARED AND BECAME KNOWN AS A PROPHET.





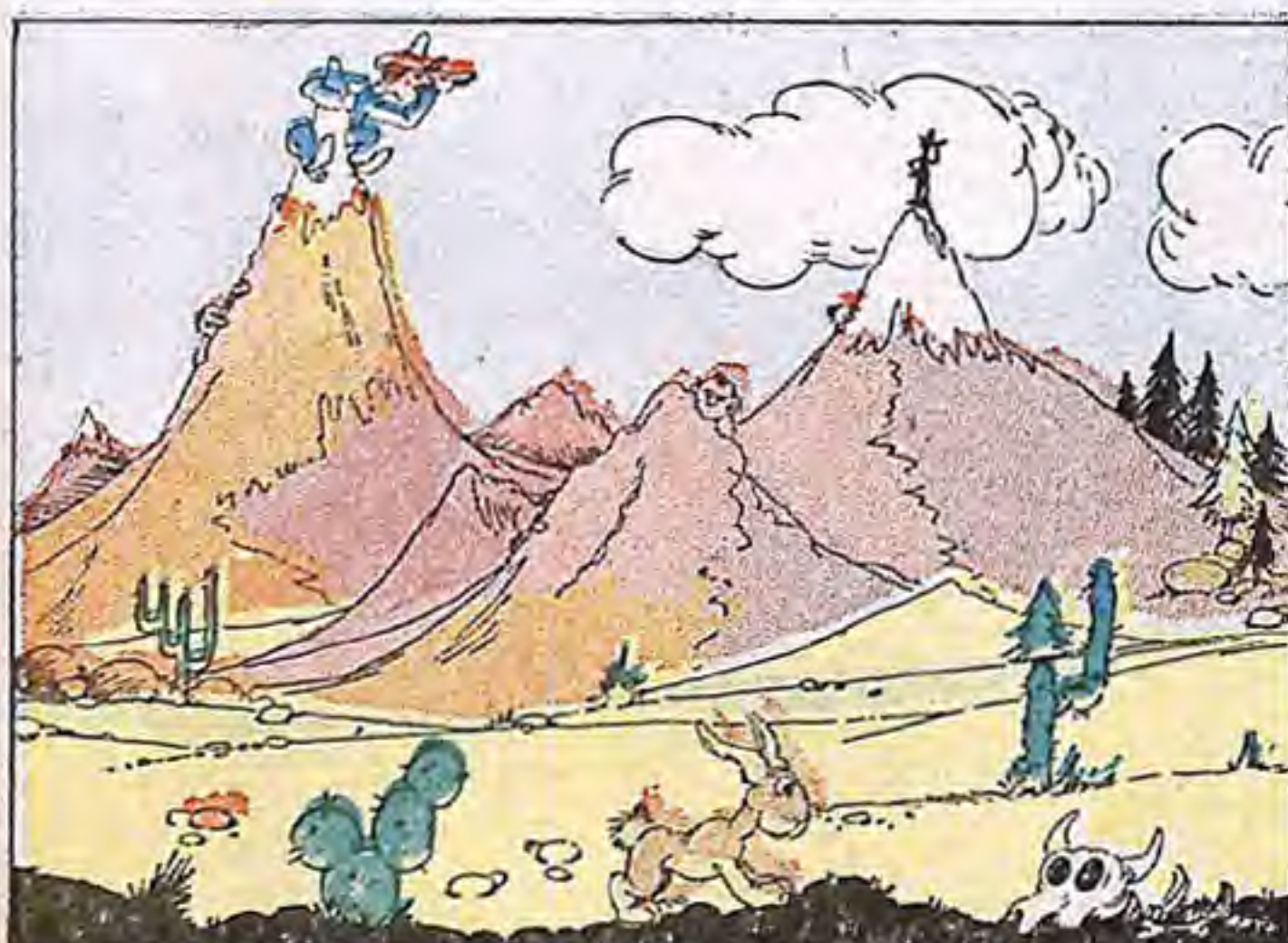
THE FOREMAN CALLED IN ALL THE BOYS AND SAID, "I'M FEELING BLUE I'VE LOST THE FINEST STEER OF ALL AND DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."



"HE'S WANDERED OFF ALL BY HIMSELF. HE'S LOST THAT'S PLAIN TO SEE A BIG REWARD I'LL PAY TO HIM WHO BRINGS HIM BACK TO ME."



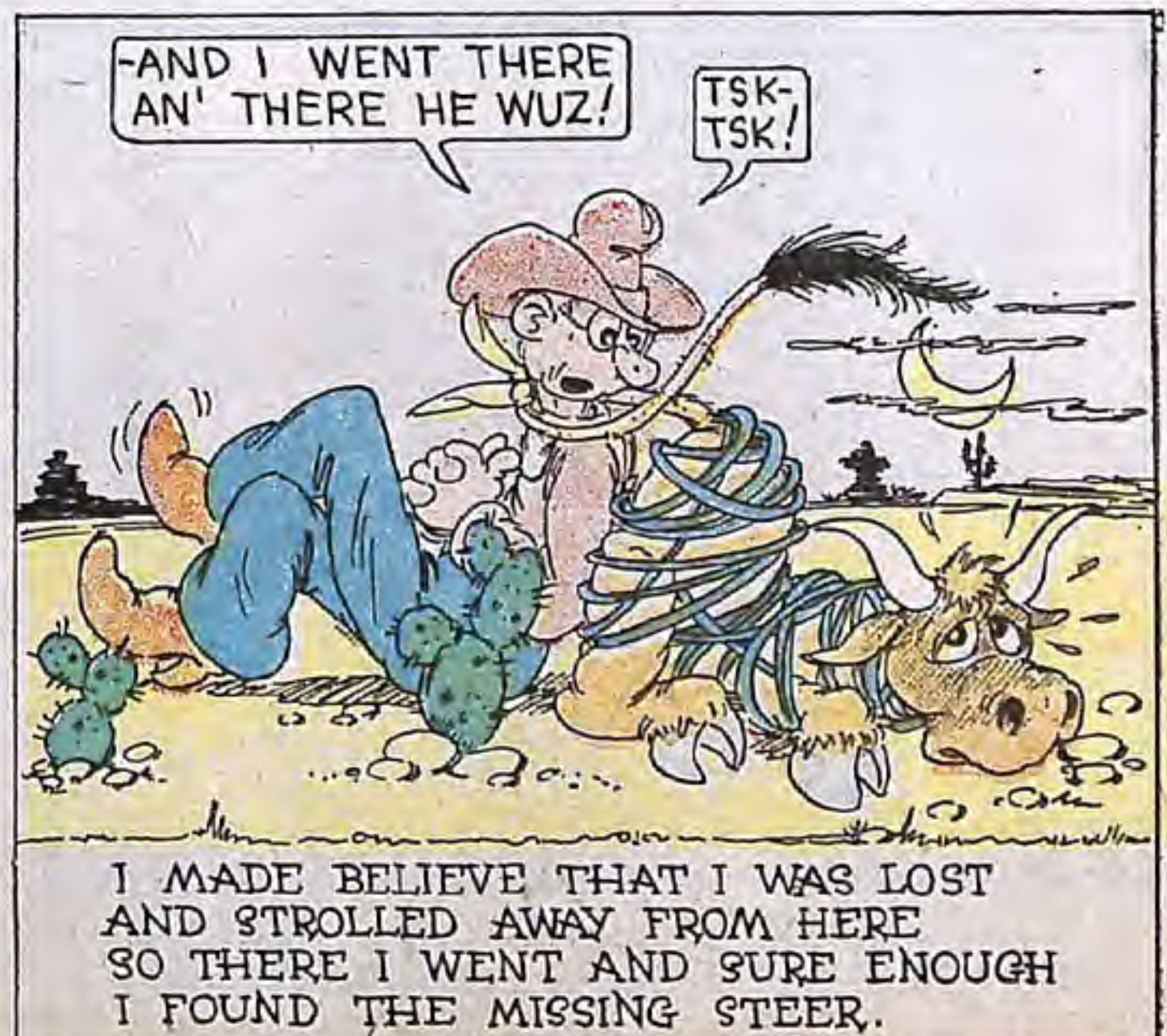
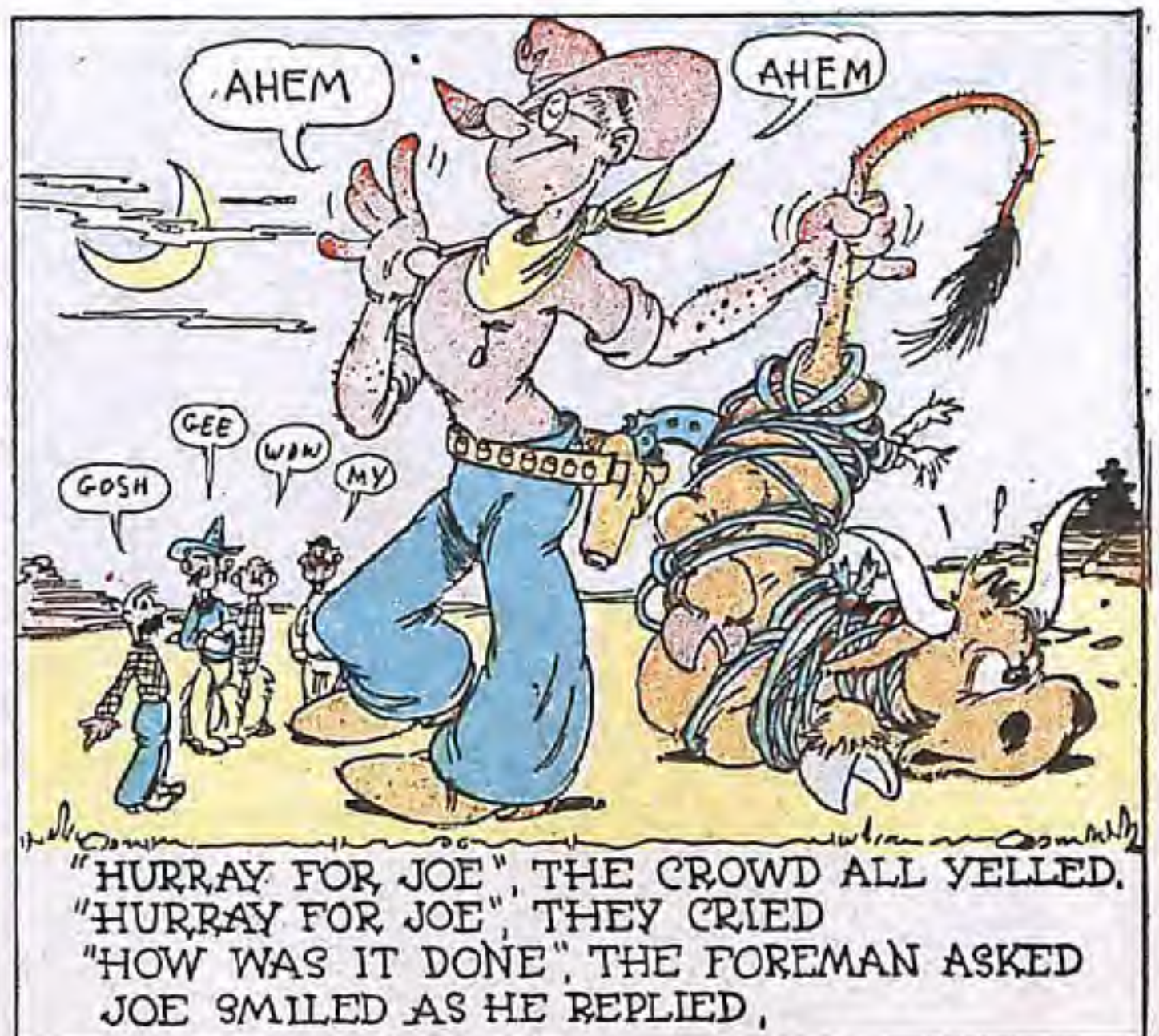
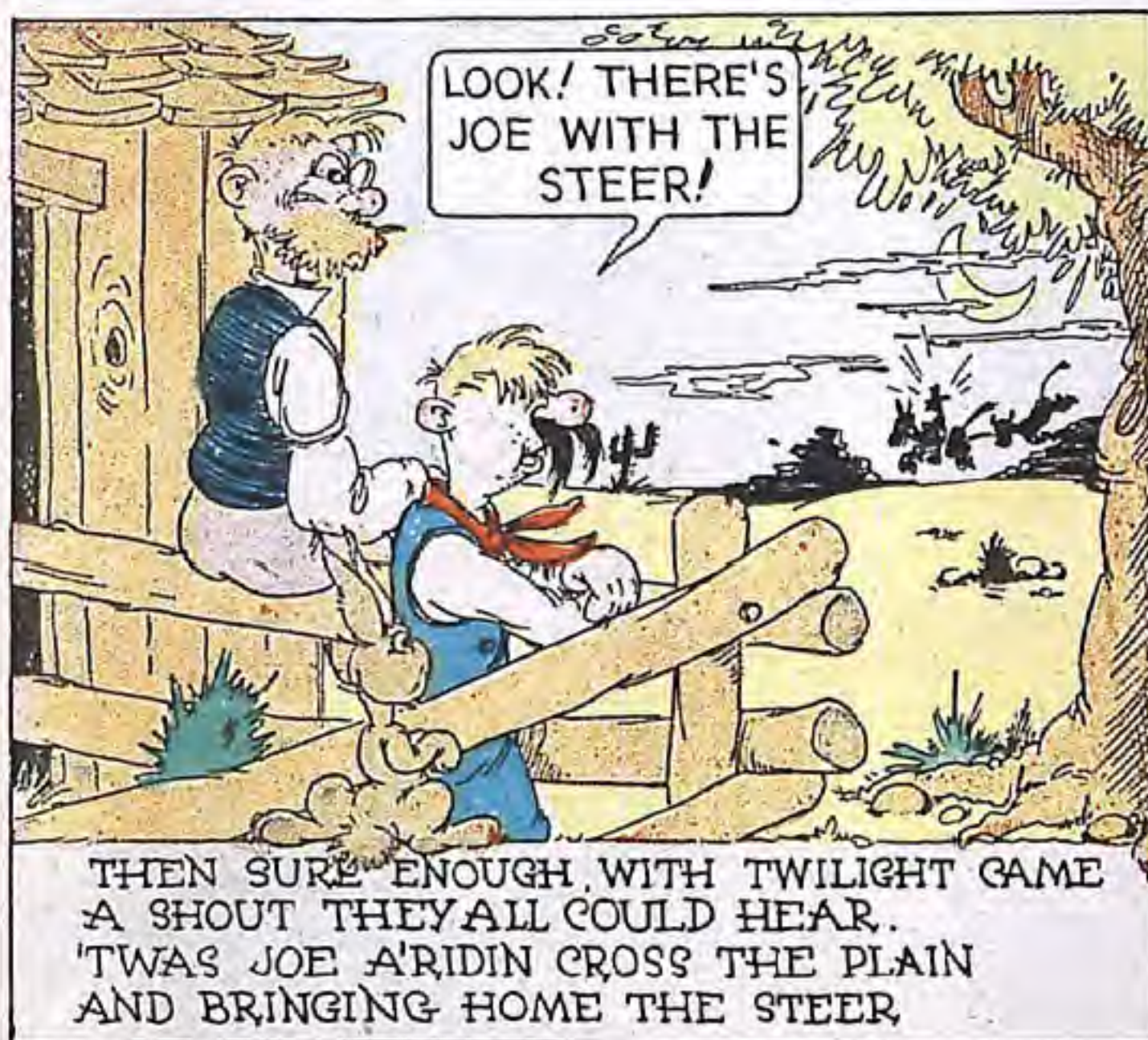
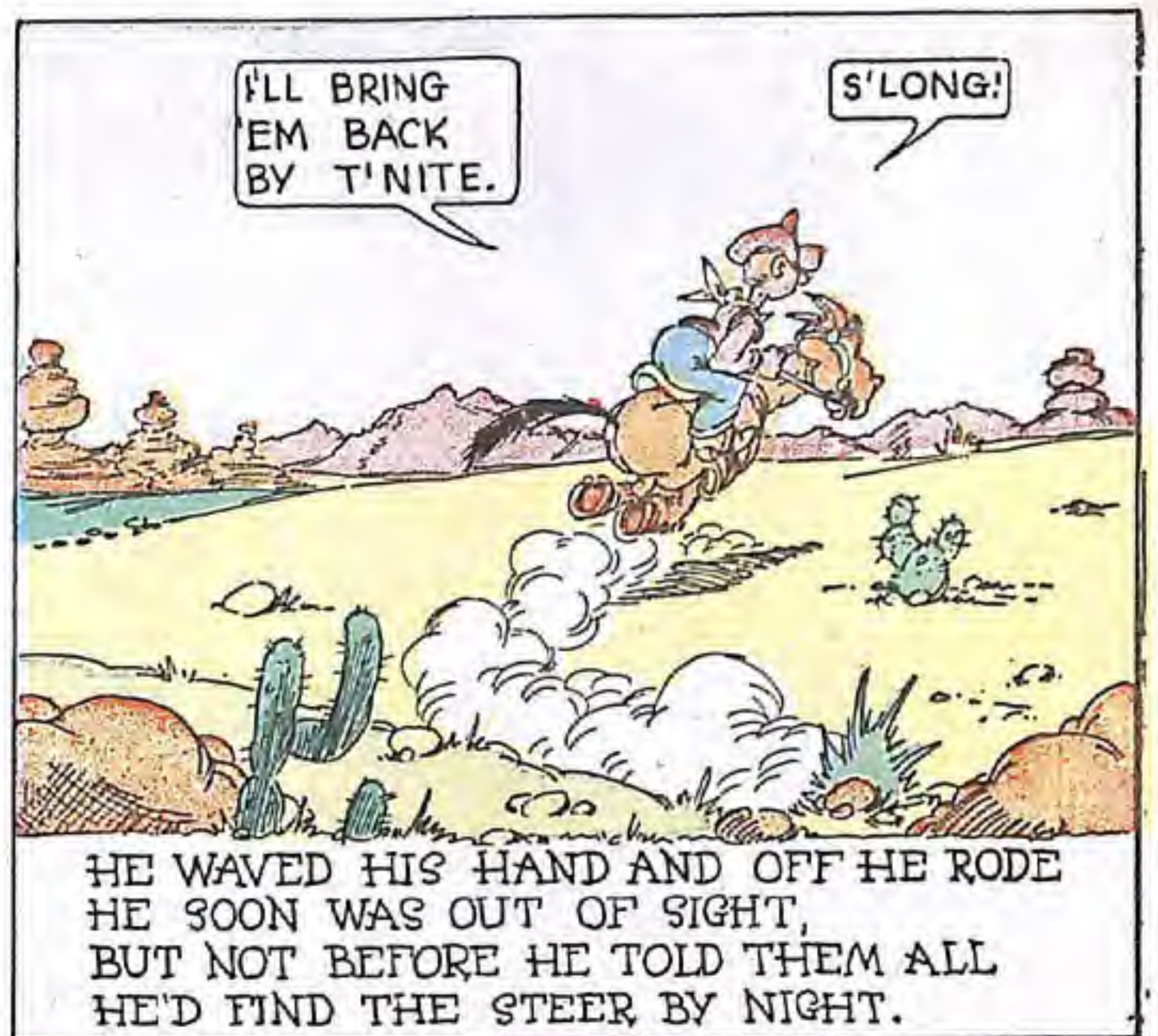
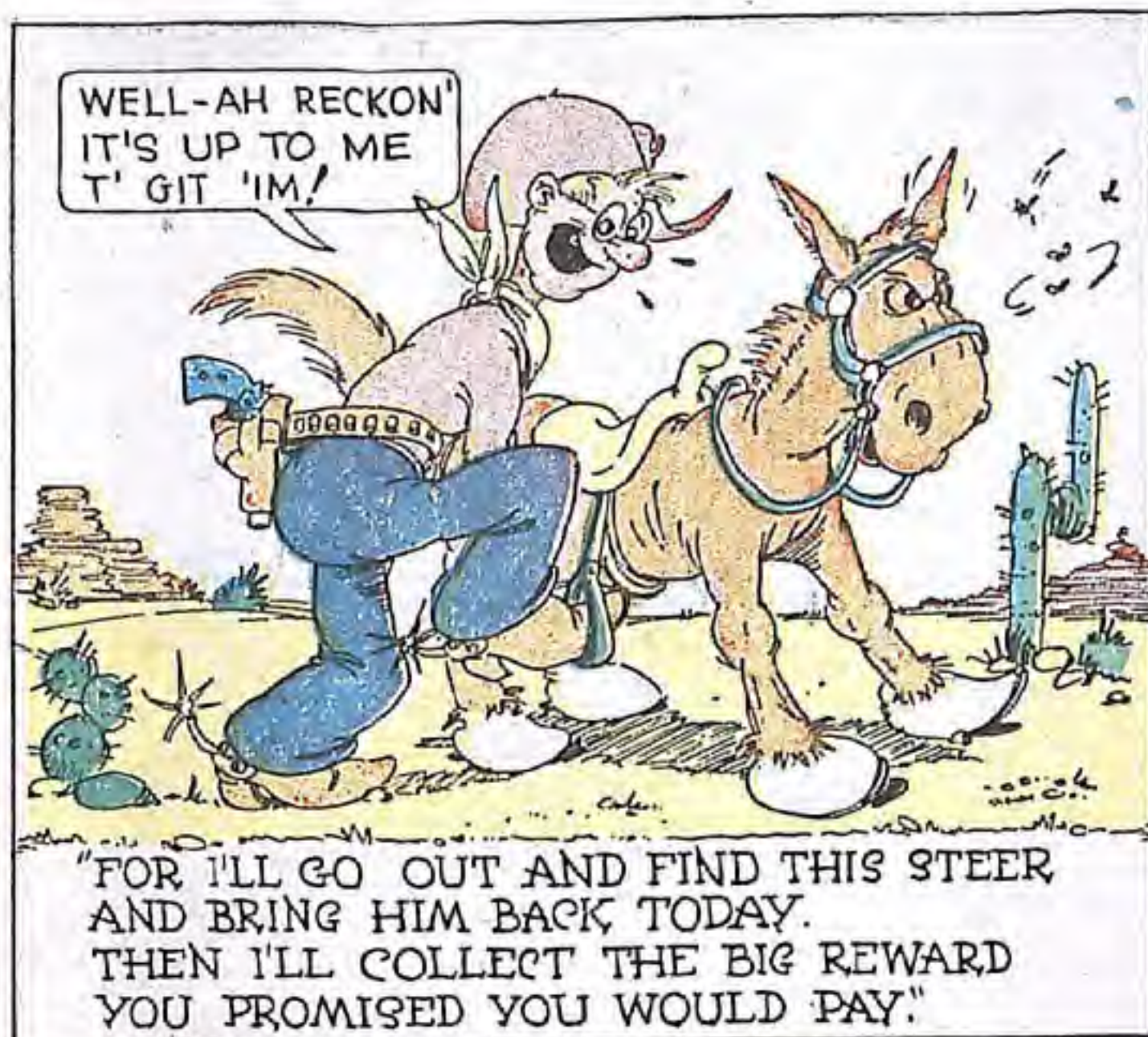
THE BOYS SPLIT UP IN DIFFERENT GROUPS, THEY SEARCHED FOR MILES AROUND. THEY VOWED THEY'D NEVER REST AT ALL UNTIL HE HAD BEEN FOUND.

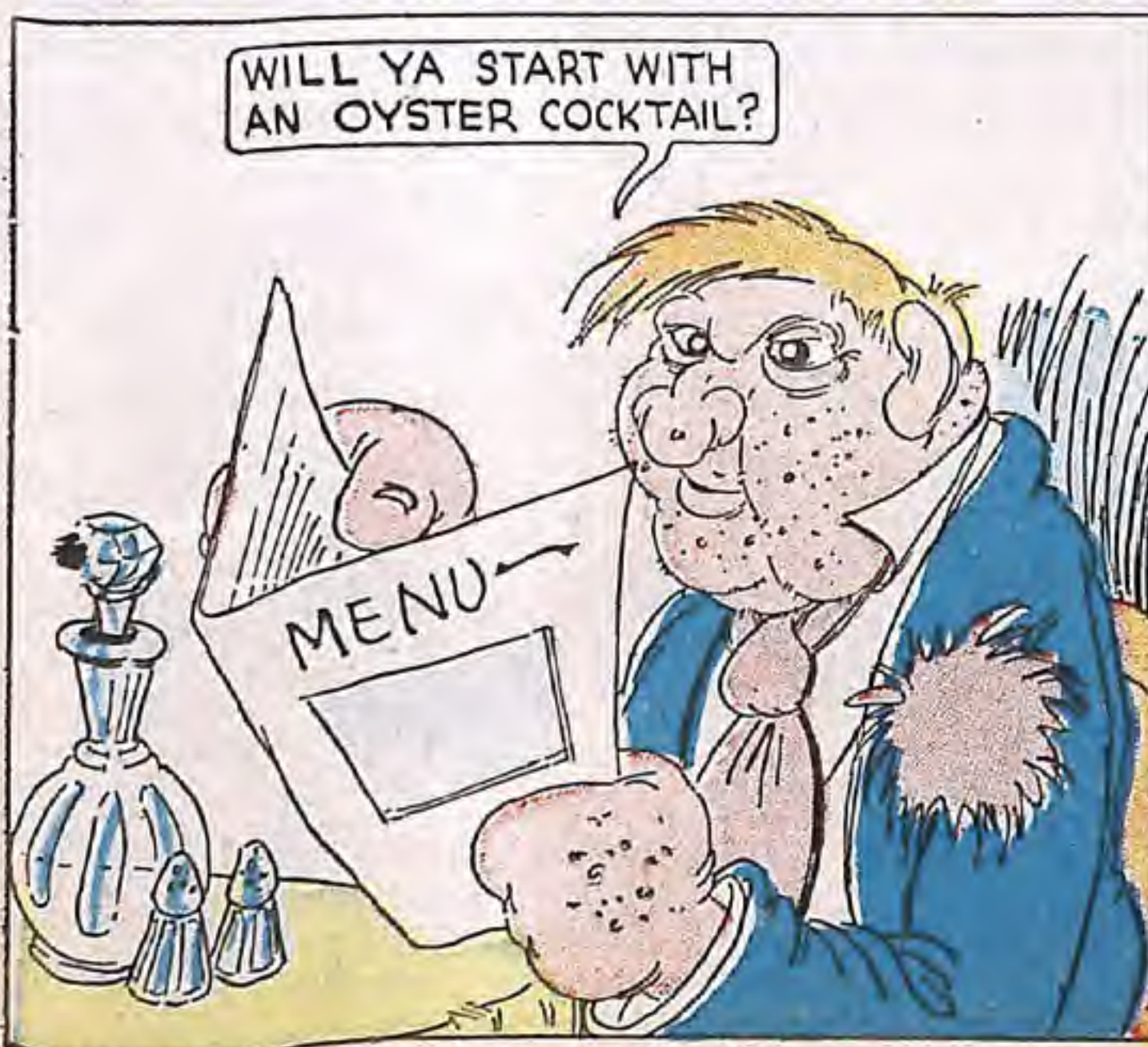
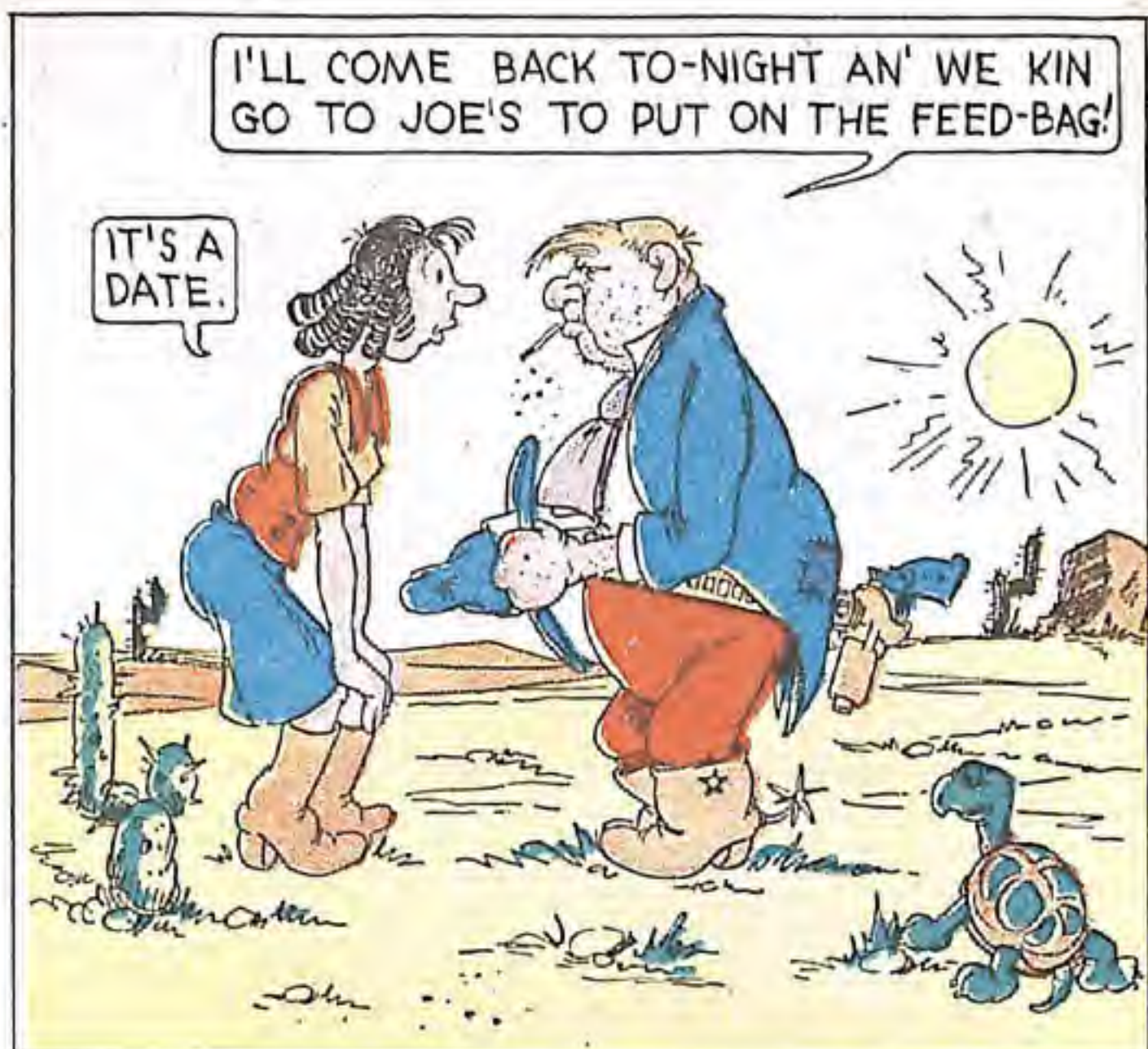
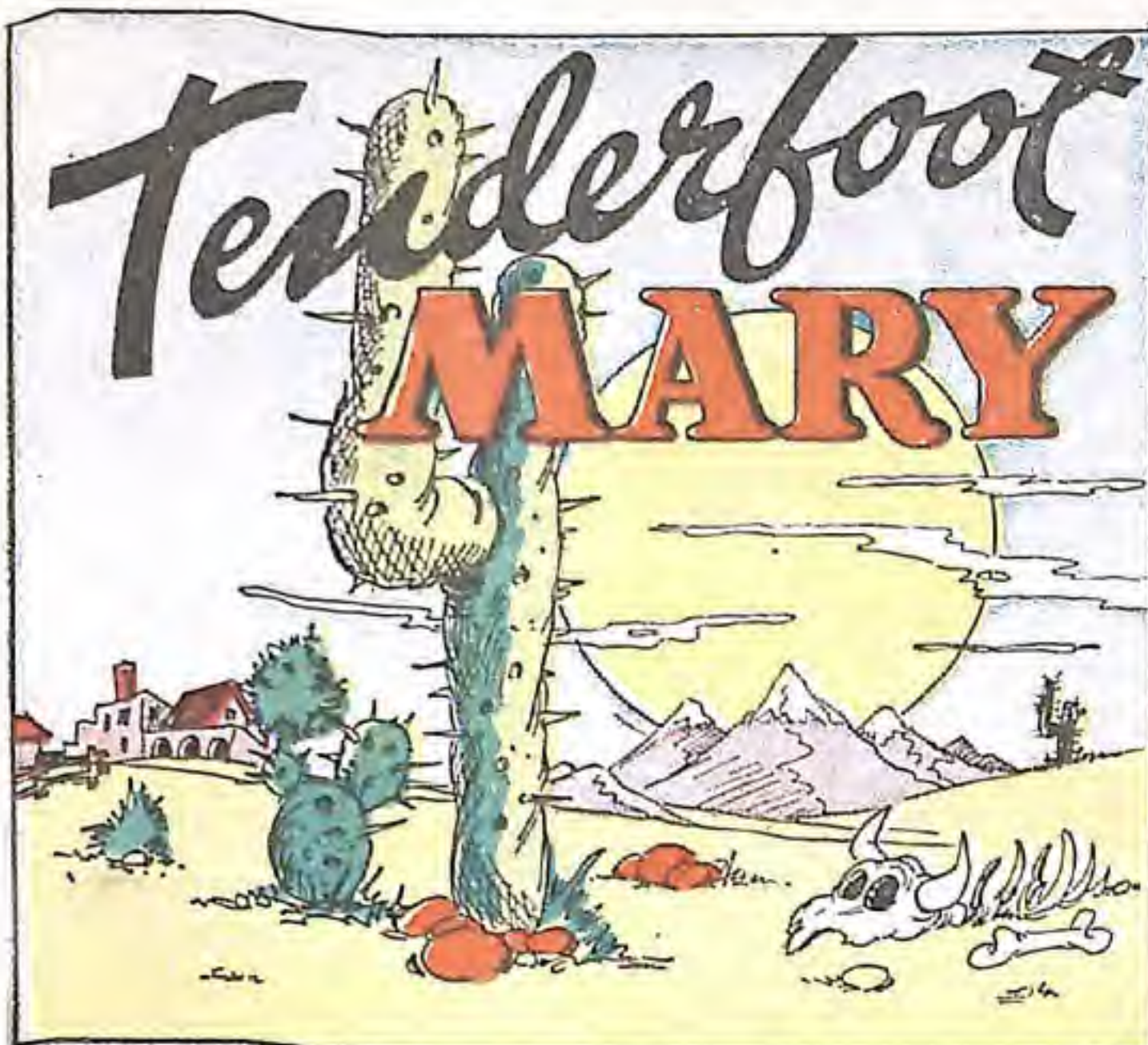


THEY SEARCHED AND SEARCHED FOR DAYS & DAYS AMONG THE HILLS AND PLAINS. THEY SEARCHED AMONG THE MOUNTAIN TOPS AND THROUGH THE WOODED LANES.



THE FOREMAN OF THE RANCH THEN SAID "LOOKS LIKE A HOPELESS QUEST." THEN JOE SPOKE UP AND SAID, "NOW BOYS SIT DOWN AND TAKE A REST."



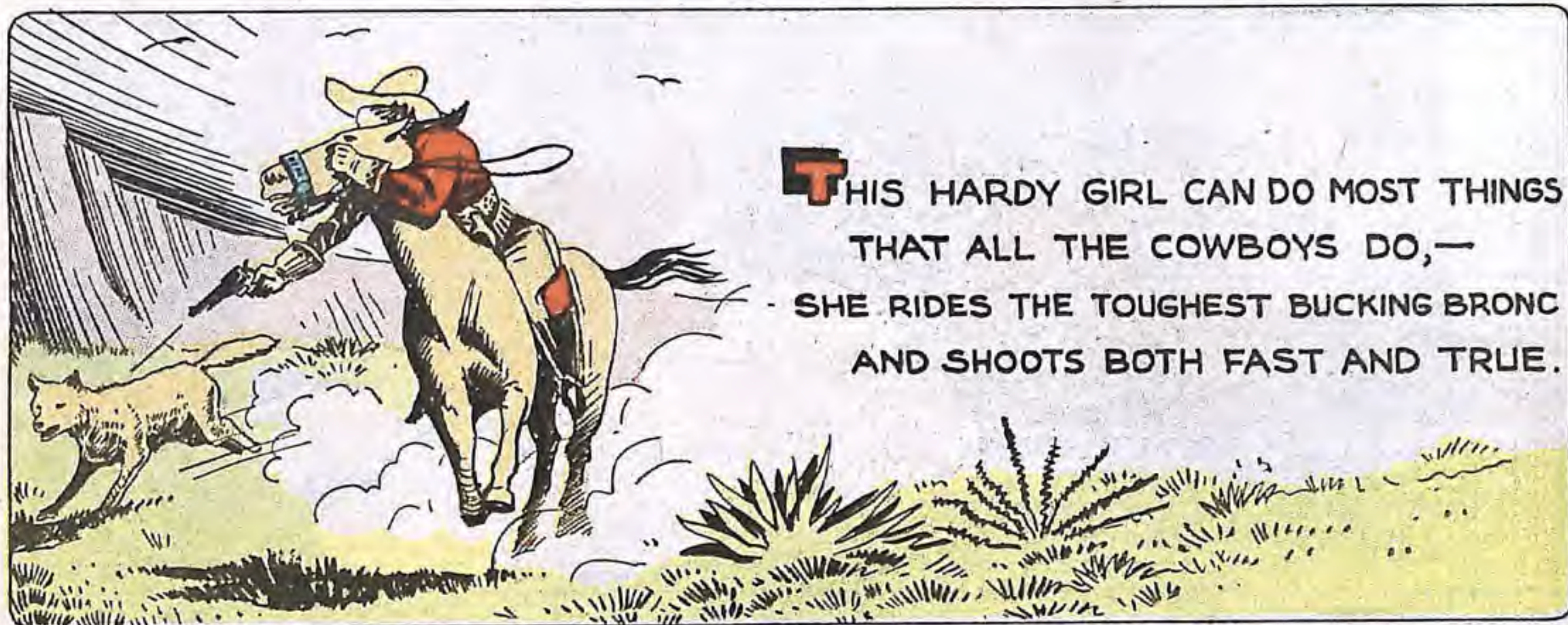


The Cowgirl

WE OFTEN WRITE ABOUT THE WEST,
AND COWBOYS ON THE RANGE,
BUT WHY WE NEVER WRITE ABOUT
THE COWGIRL IS MOST STRANGE.



THIS HARDY GIRL CAN DO MOST THINGS
THAT ALL THE COWBOYS DO,—
SHE RIDES THE TOUGHEST BUCKING BRONC
AND SHOTS BOTH FAST AND TRUE.



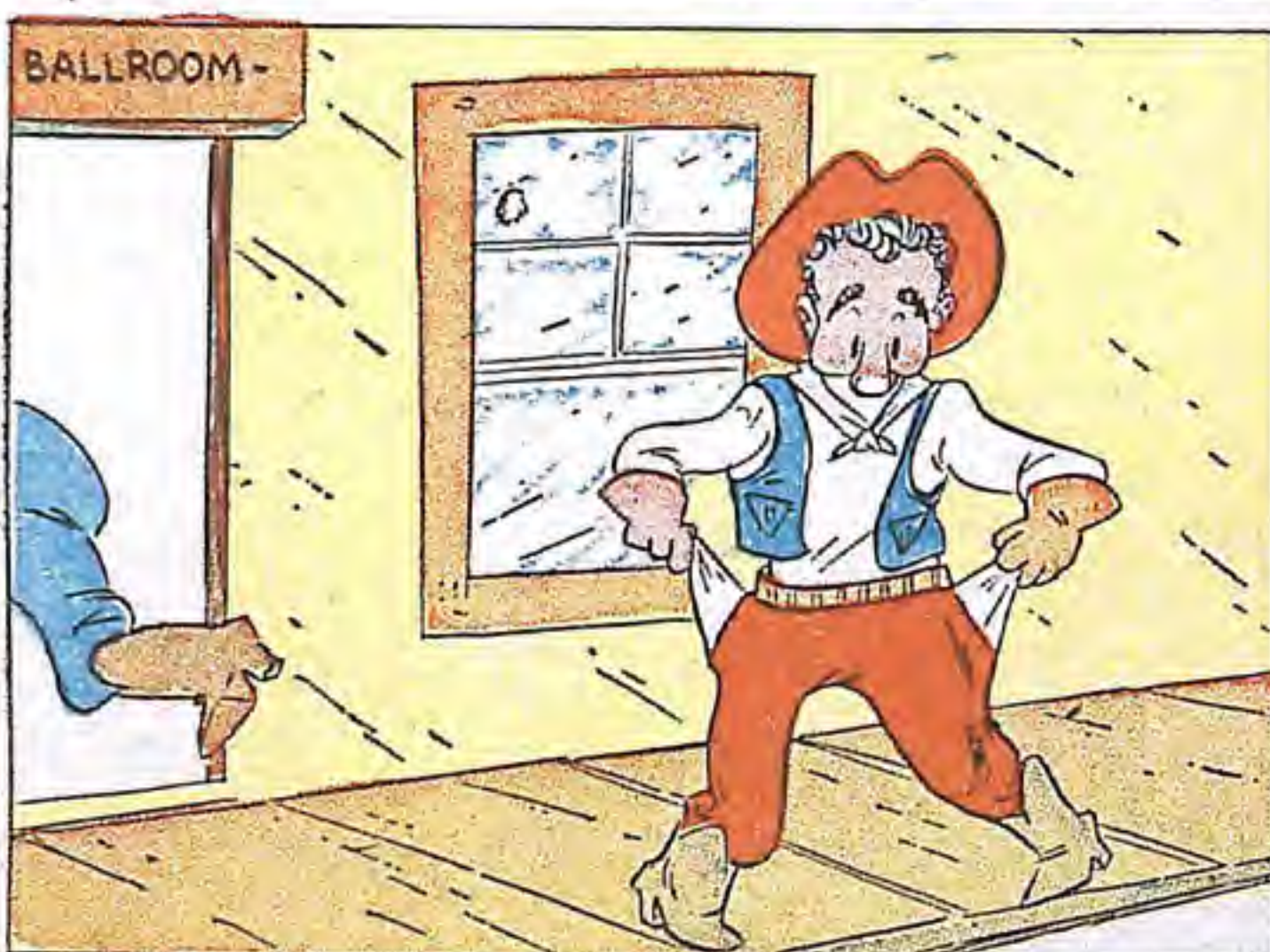
ACTIVITY KEEPS HER IN FORM
WHILE SUNSHINE TANS HER FACE,
IN ALL THE HISTORY OF THE WEST
THE COWGIRL HAS HER PLACE.



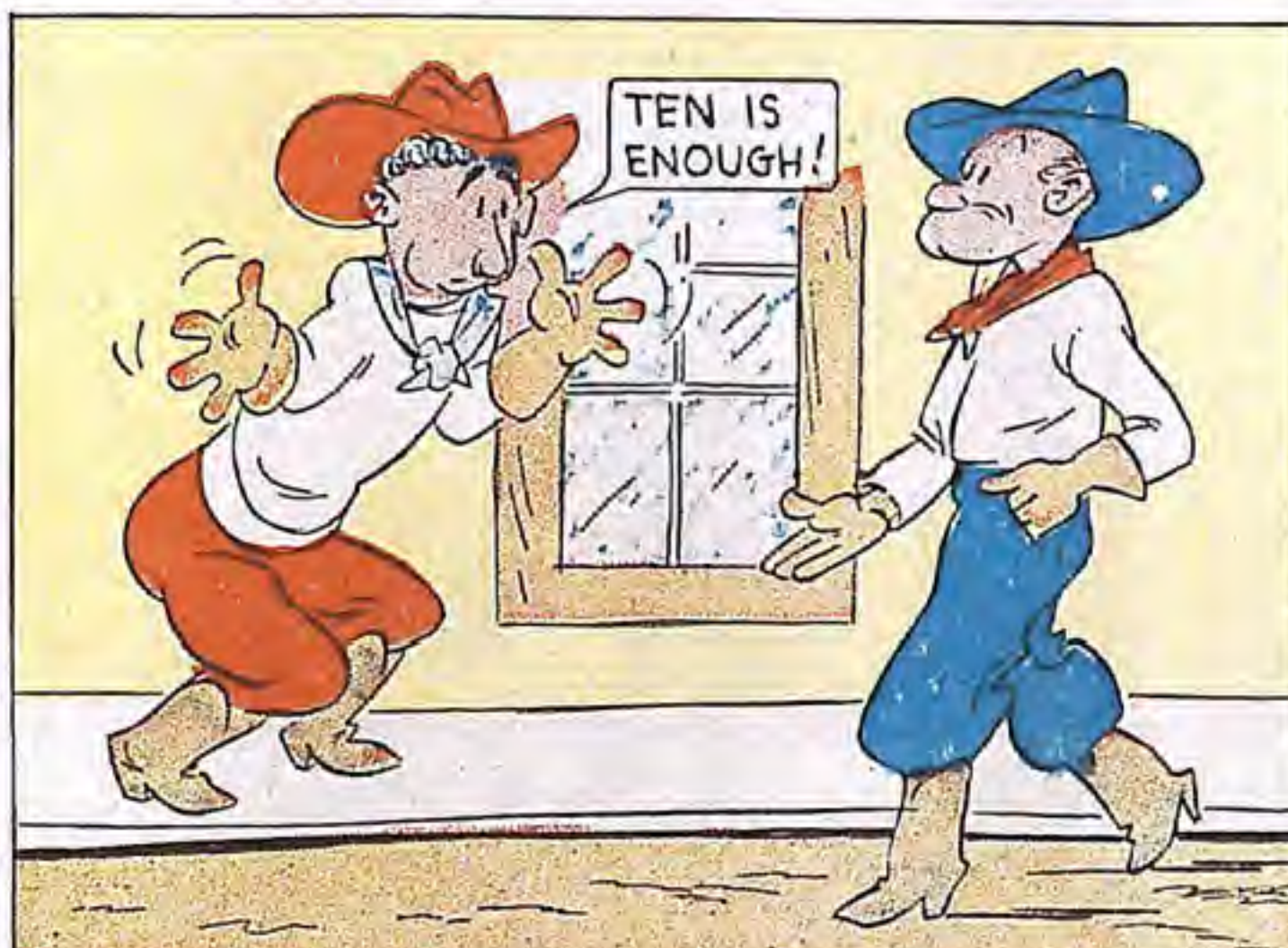
COWBOY Jake



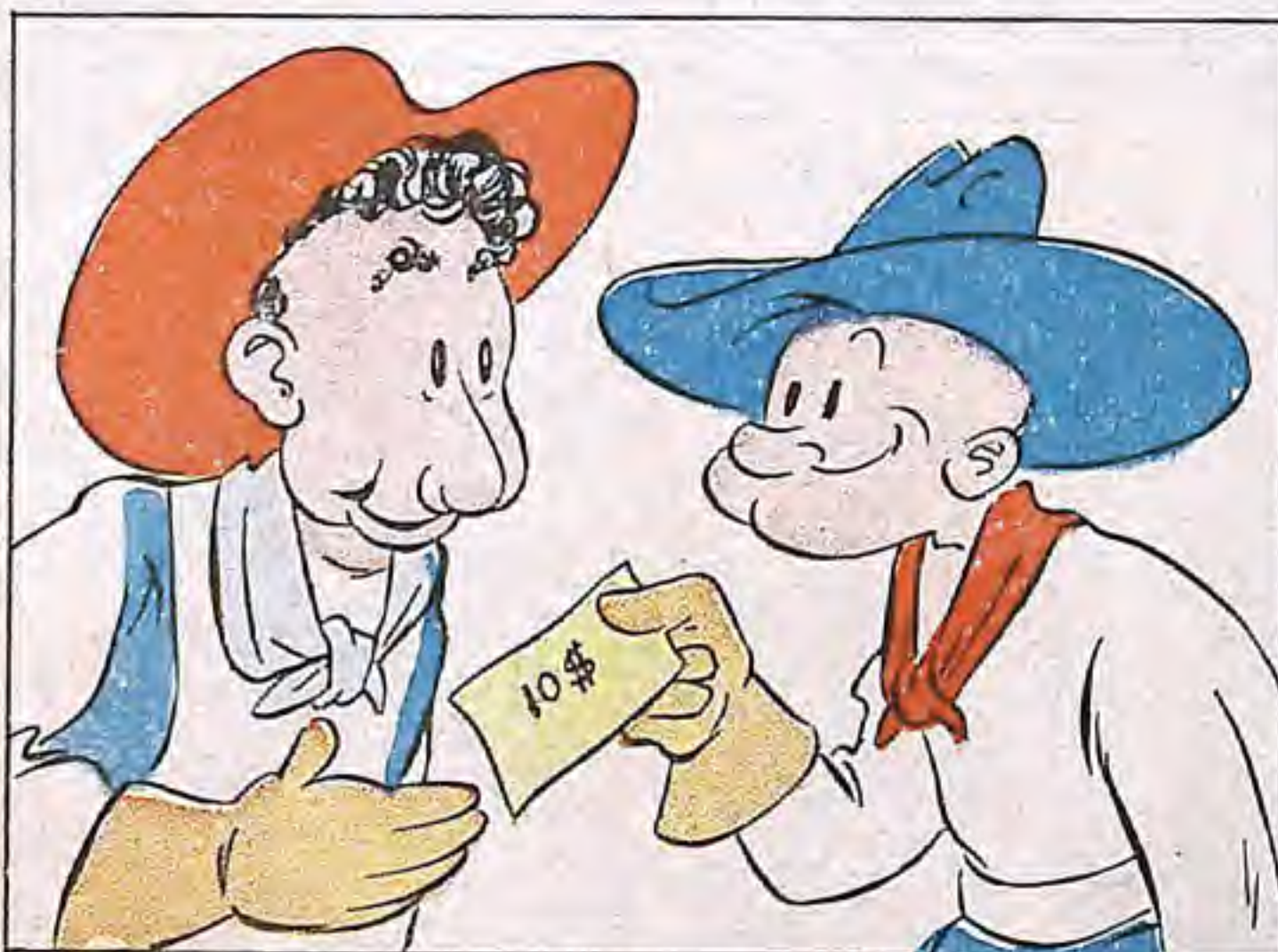
THE BOYS WERE OVER IN HARRIGAN'S PLACE HAVING A JOLLY GOOD TIME. SINGING AND DANCING AROUND WITH THE GIRLS, EACH DANCE THAT THEY HAD WAS A DIME.



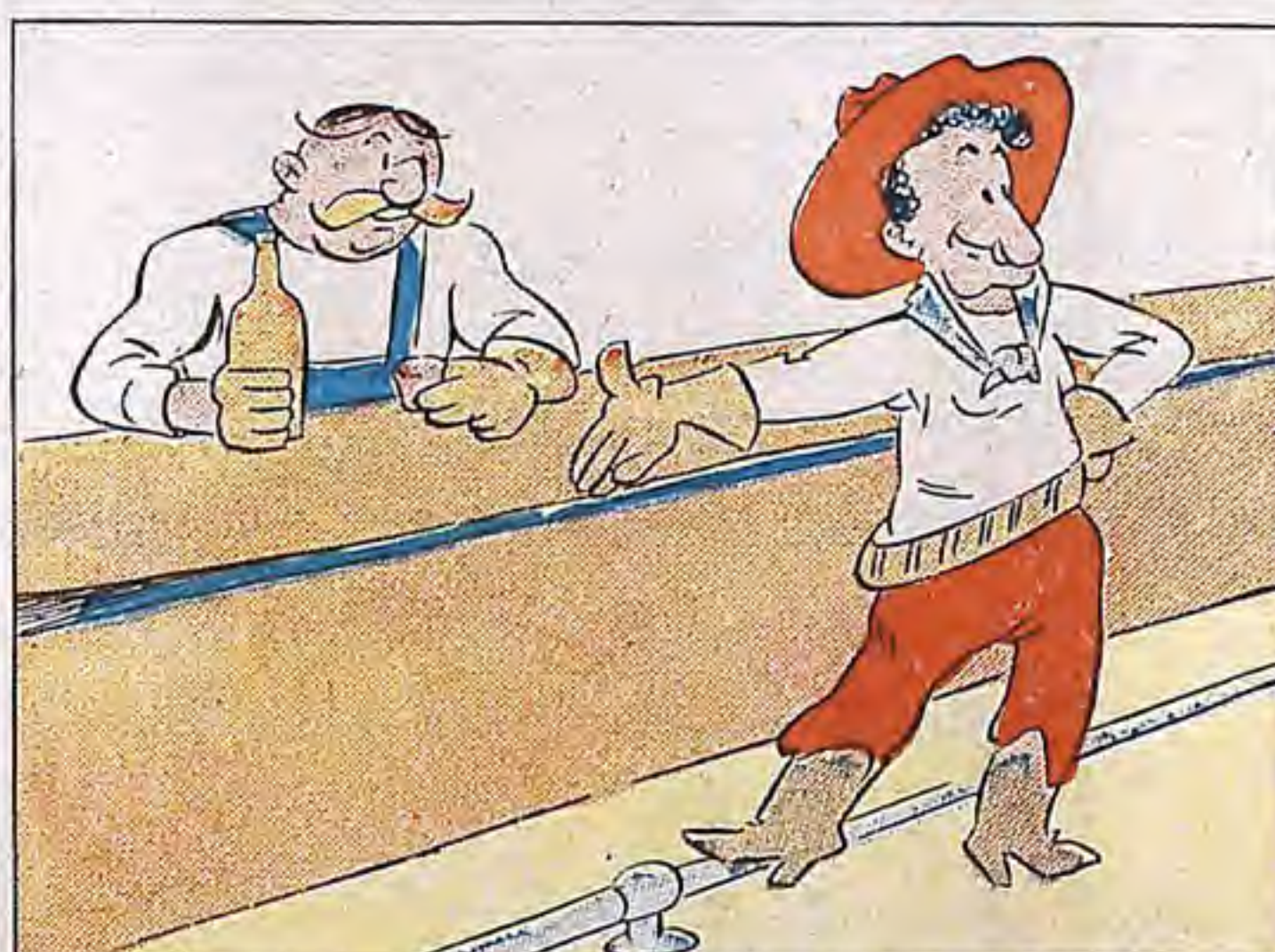
STANDING OUTSIDE AND QUITE LONELY, THE SADDEST OF FACES HE'D MAKE, TRYING TO BORROW THE PRICE TO GO IN WAS NOBODY ELSE BUT POOR JAKE.



SPYING A BOY HE KNEW FROM THE RANCH HE SAID IN A VOICE THAT WAS LOW "COULD I BORROW TEN TILL PAYDAY AND THEN I'LL PAY YOU BACK AS YOU KNOW."



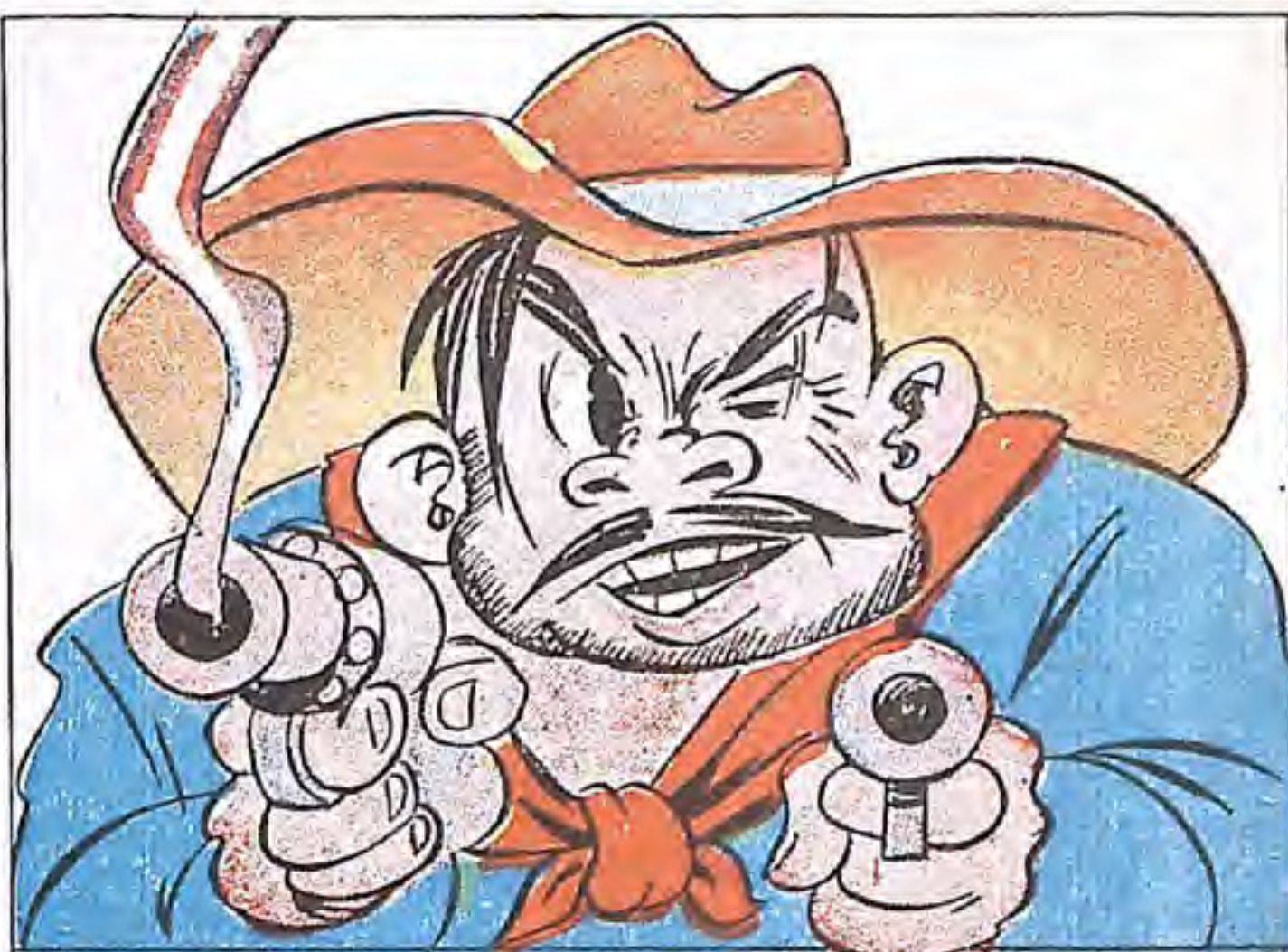
"WHY CERTAINLY JAKE", THE COWBOY REPLIED, AS HE GAVE HIM A TEN DOLLAR BILL. "IF YOU SAY YOU'LL PAY WHEN YOU GET YOUR CHECK IT'S SOMETHING I KNOW YOU WILL."



THEY BOTH WENT INSIDE, JAKE SAID WITH A YELL, "STEP UP TO THE BAR FOR A DRINK." BEFORE HE COULD - Y AND QUICK AS A FLASH IT HAPPENED AND WHAT DO YOU THINK.



SHOOTING WAS HEARD AND IN THROUGH THE DOOR FOUR DESPERATE ROBBERS HAD WALKED. EACH WITH A GUN AND THEY SHOUTED, "HANDS UP." NOBODY MOVED AND NONE TALKED.



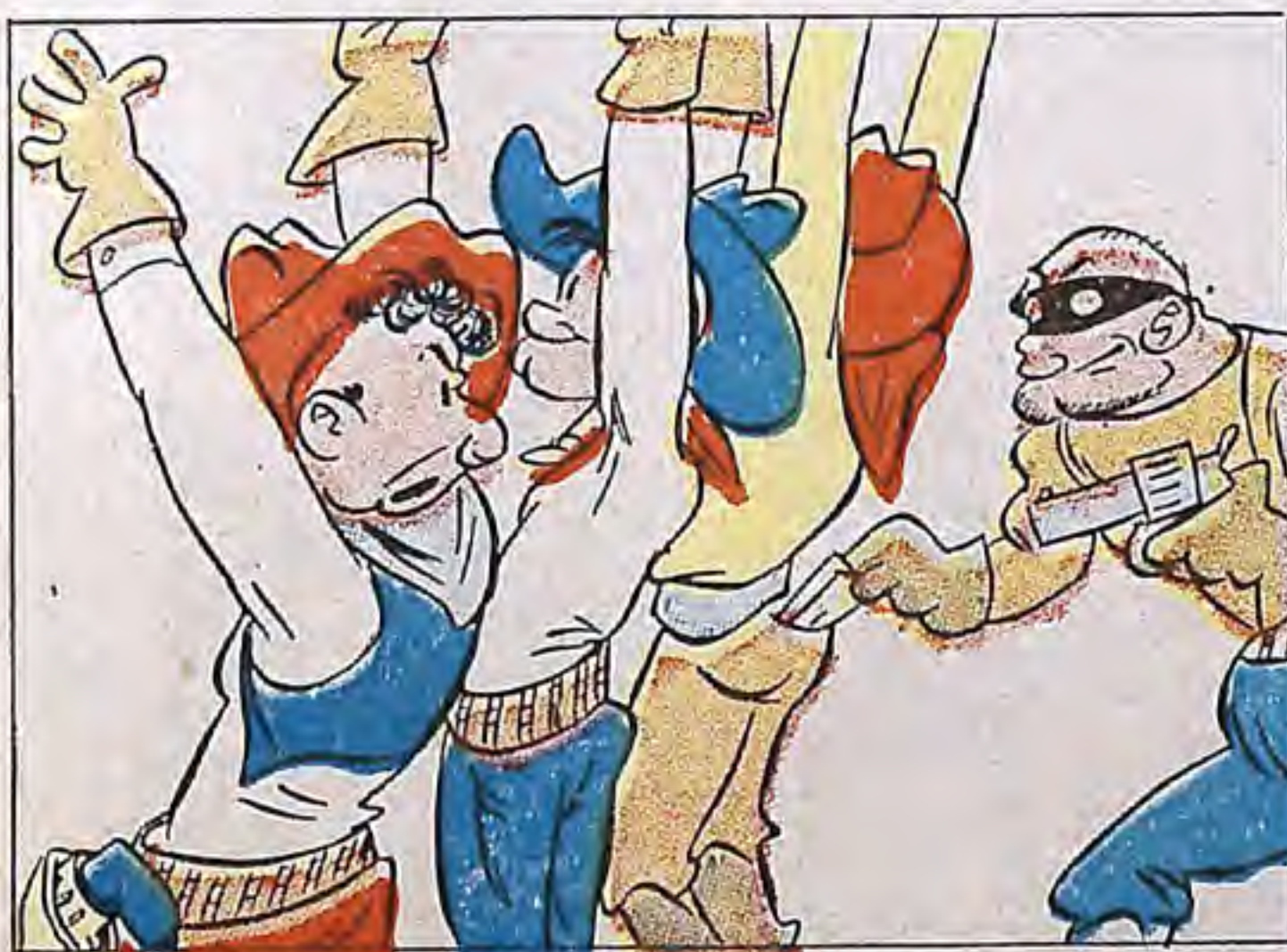
"KEEP YOUR HANDS UP," THE ROBBERS EXCLAIMED. WE'LL TAKE EVERY CENT THAT YOU GOT. DON'T MAKE A MOVE OR UTTER A SOUND IF YOU DO THEN YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF SHOT.



JAKE AND HIS PALS LINED UP WITH THE REST, HANDS HELD UP HIGH IN THE AIR. THE ROBBERS WERE GOING THROUGH POCKETS AND TAKING WHATEVER WAS THERE.



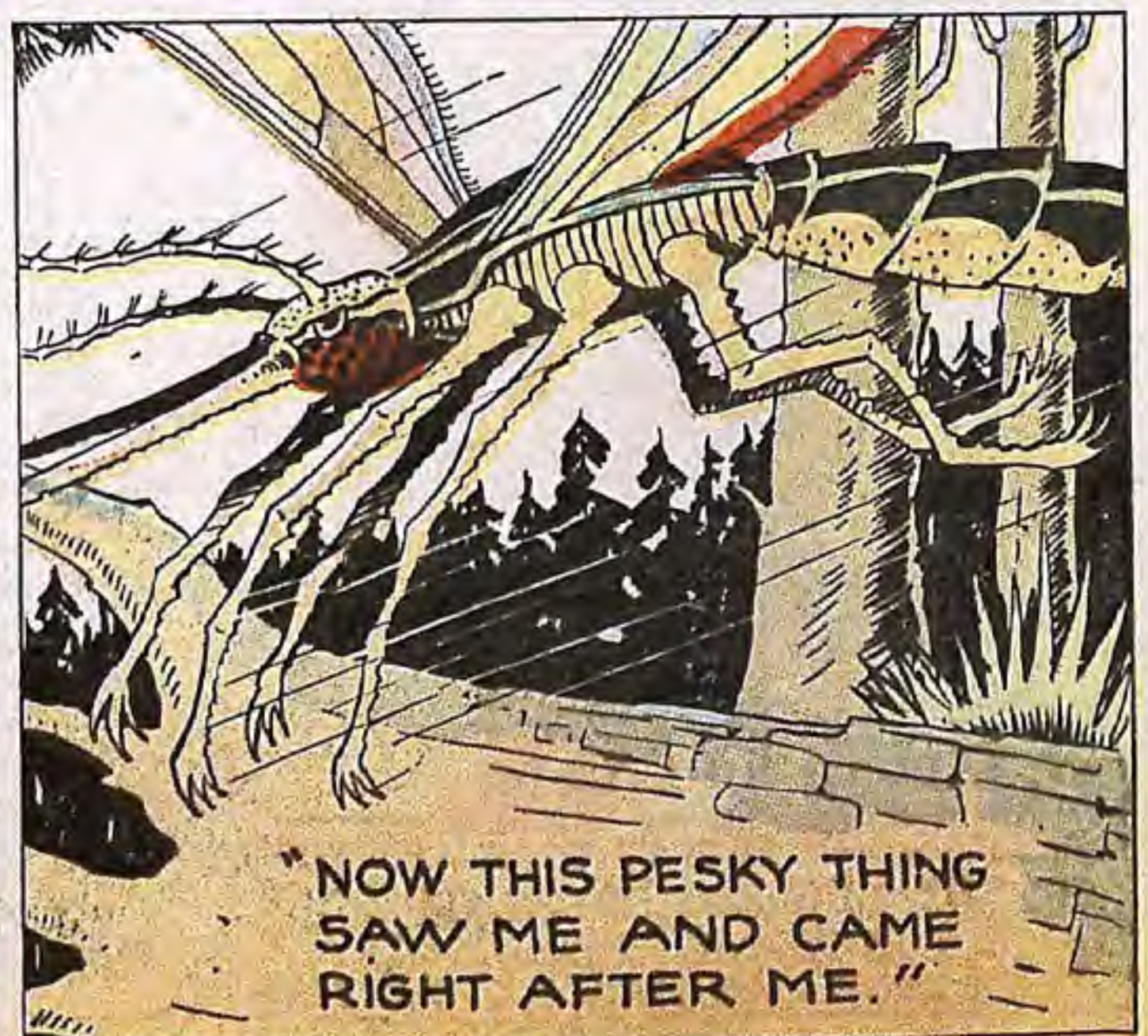
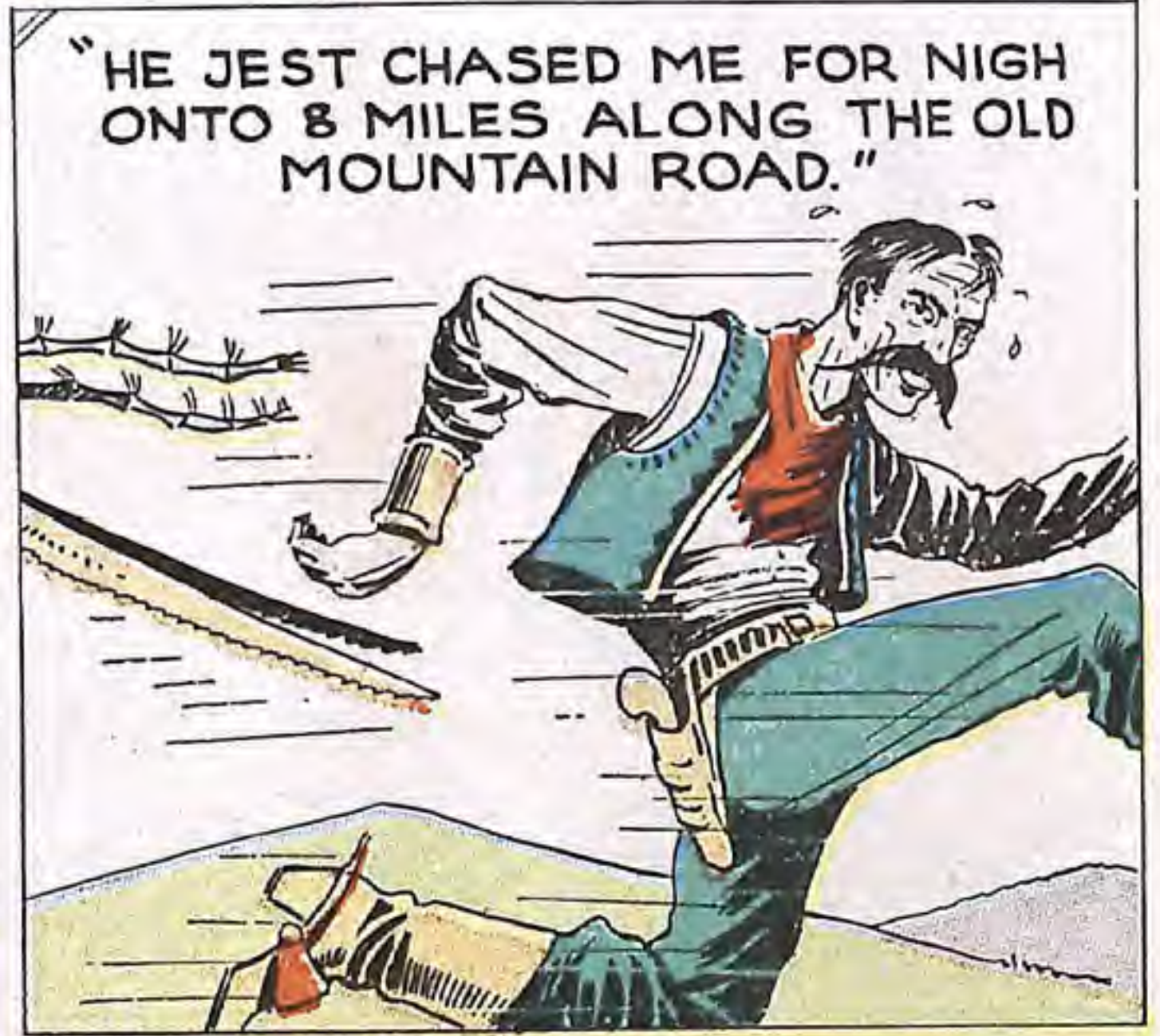
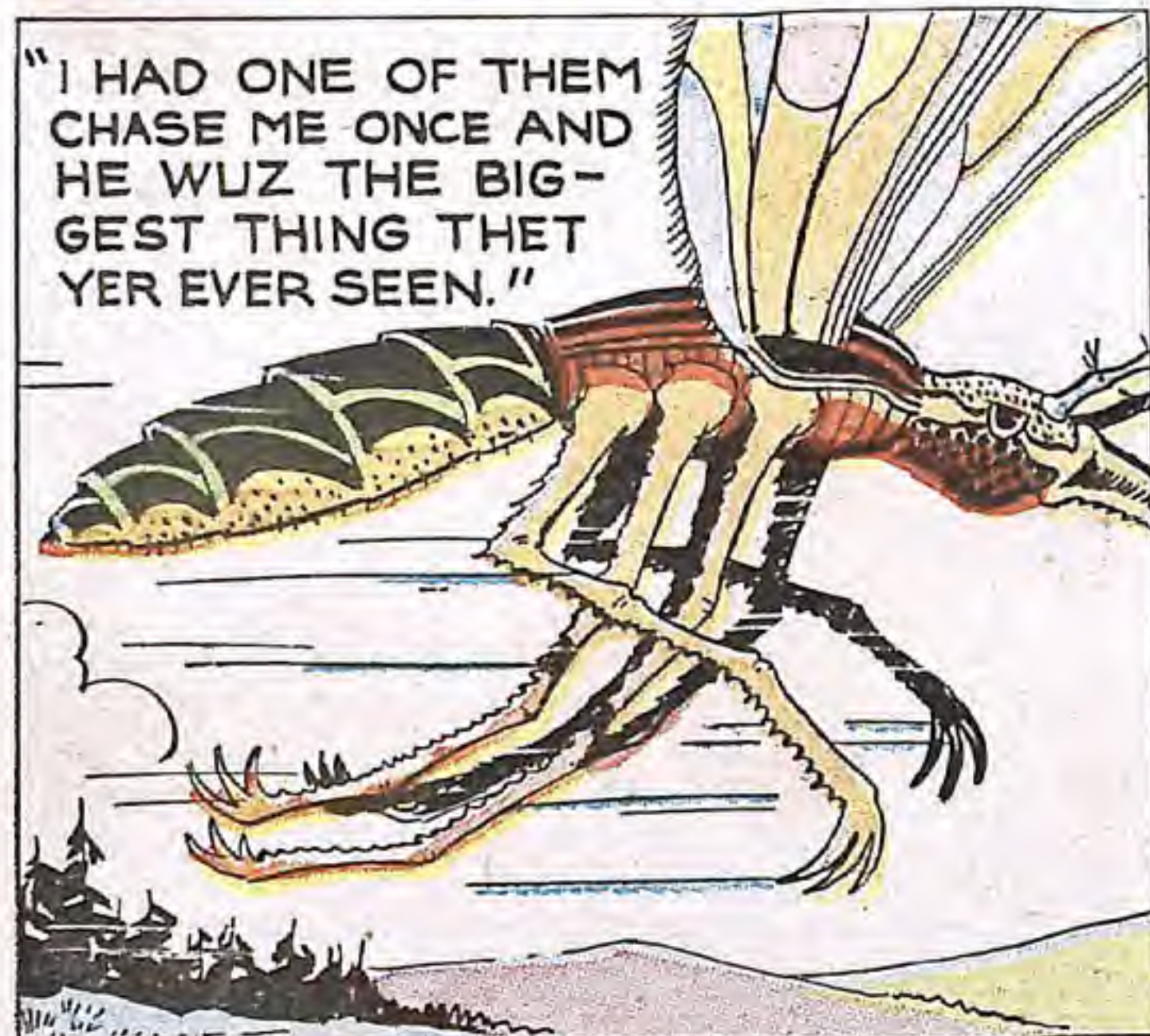
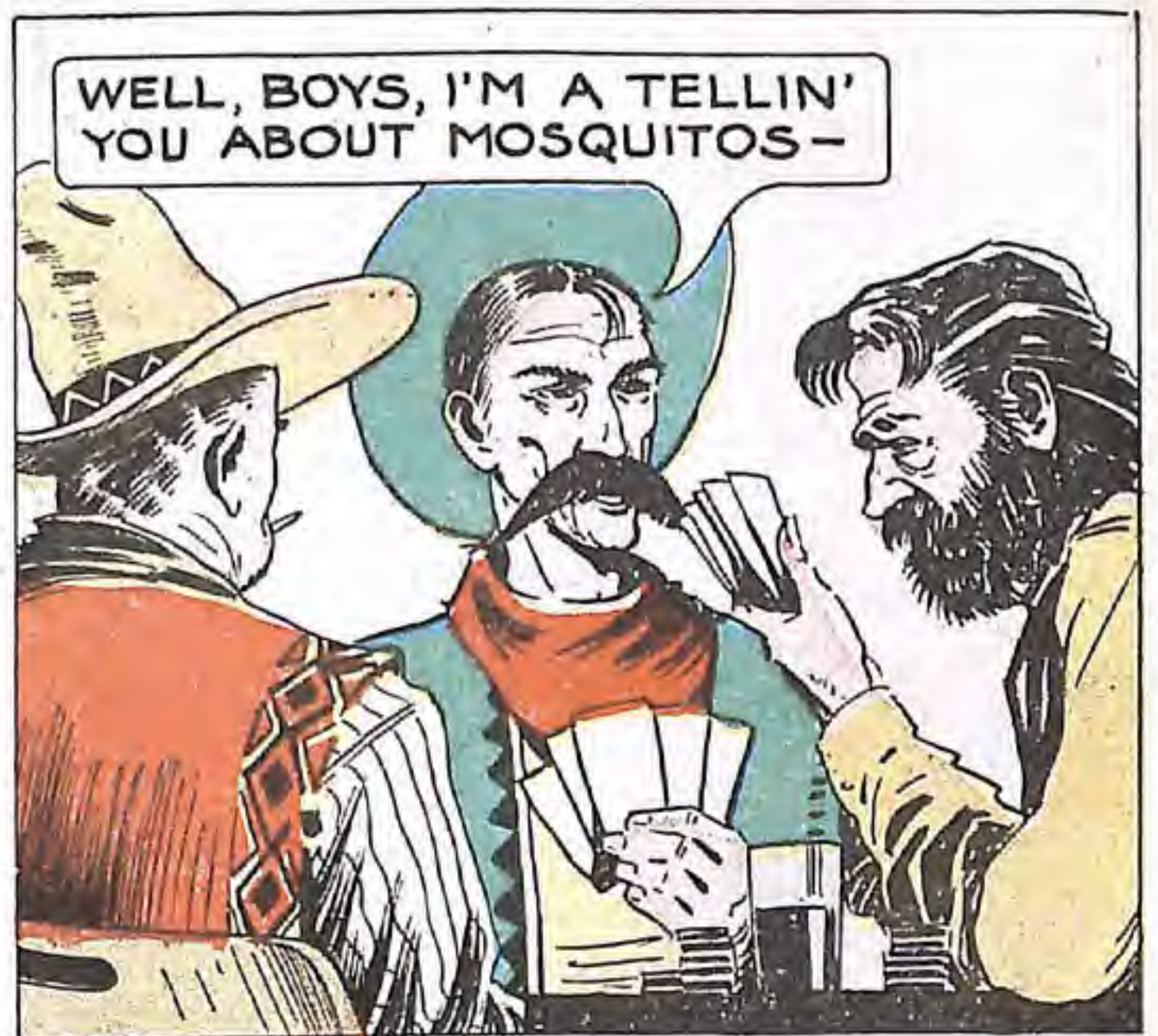
NEATLY AND QUICKLY THEY DONE A GOOD JOB WORKING AS SMOOTH AS A CLOCK. THEY EVEN FOUND CASH THAT WAS HIDDEN DOWN IN A POOR FELLOW'S SOCK.



JAKE WAS IN LINE, IT SOON WAS HIS TURN HE WAS SHAKING A BIT IN HIS KNEES. SO HE SAID TO THE ROBBER, A VERY TOUGH MAN, "CAN I LOWER MY HANDS IF YOU PLEASE."



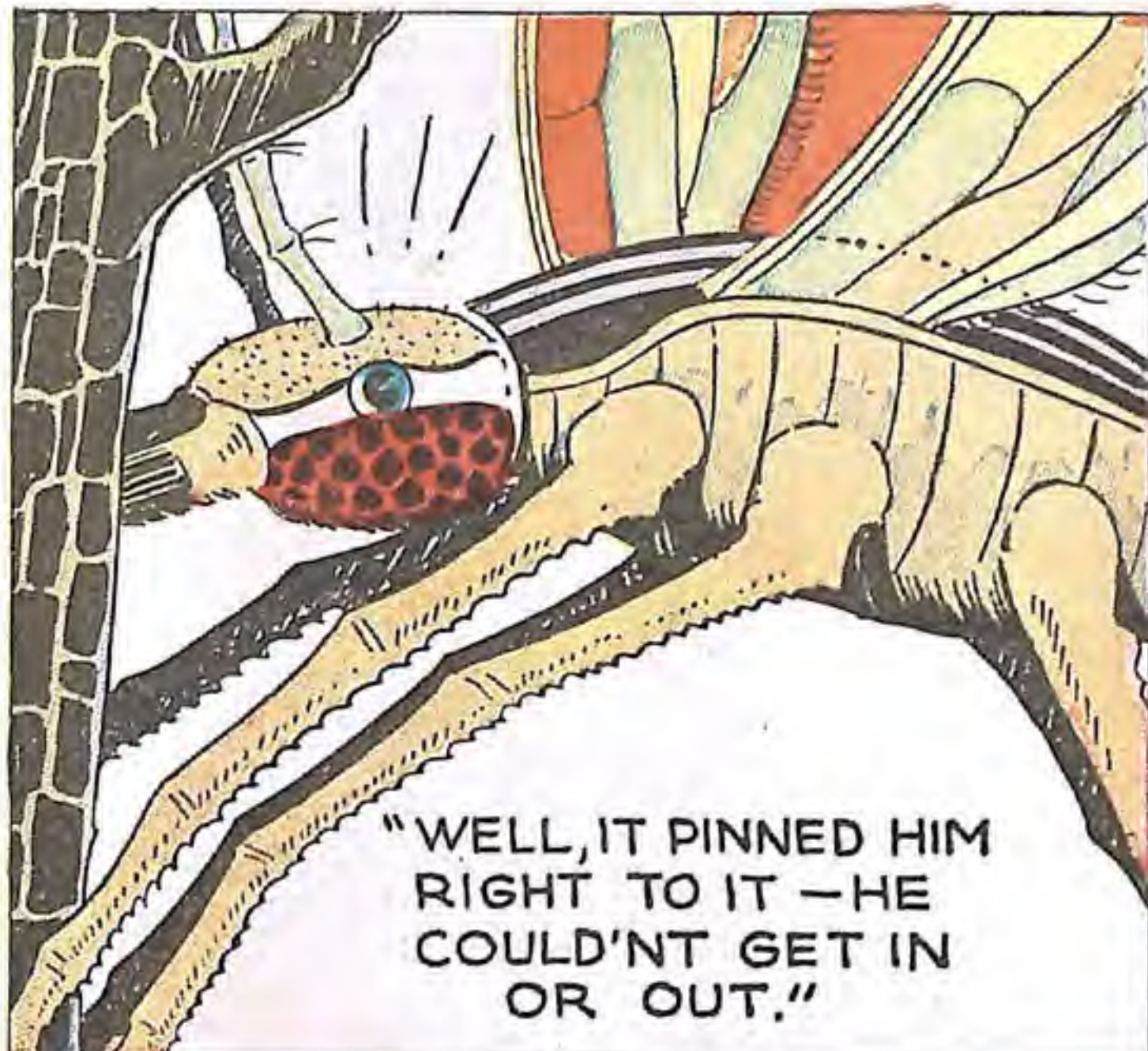
"WELL, JUST FOR A MINUTE," THE ROBBER REPLIED. NO FUNNY WORK OR I'LL SHOW YER." JAKE HANDED A BILL TO HIS PAL AND HE SAID, "HERE IS THAT TEN THAT I OWE YER."



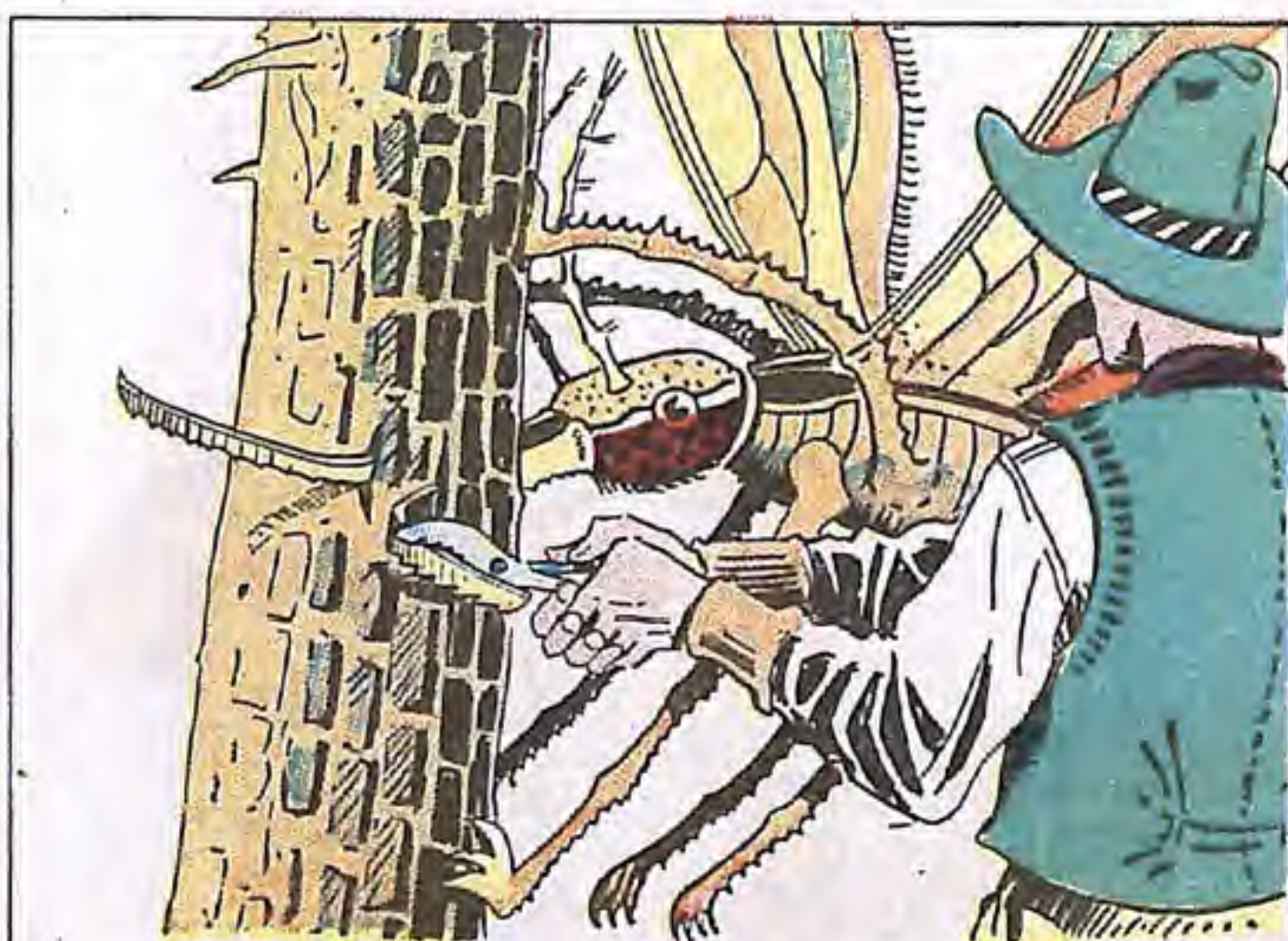
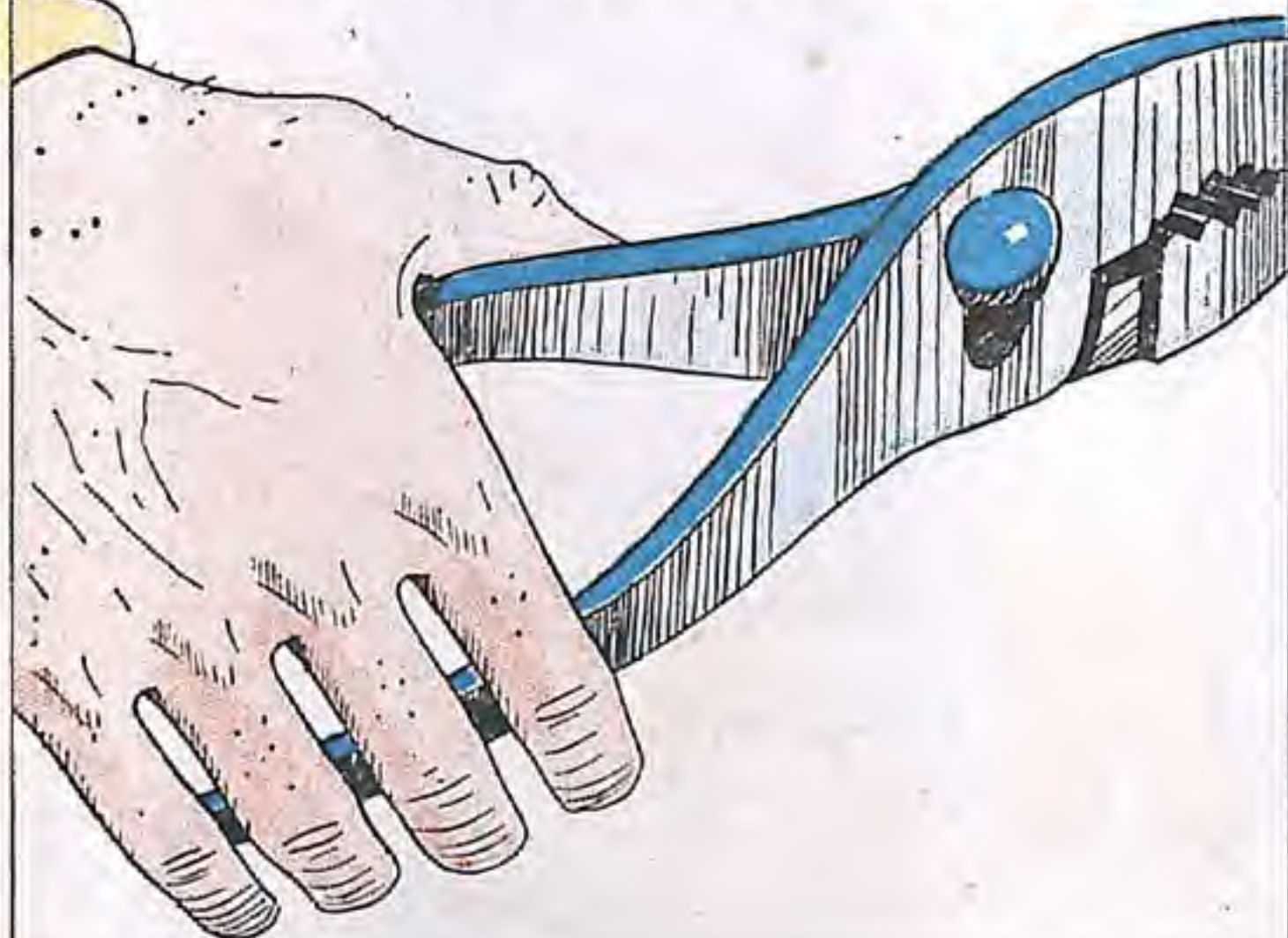
"HE JEST RUN HIS
BILL RIGHT THROUGH
THE BARK OF THAT
TREE."



"WELL, IT PINNED HIM
RIGHT TO IT — HE
COULDN'T GET IN
OR OUT."



"SO I HOPPED INTO TOWN AND GOT
MYSELF A PAIR OF PLIERS."



"I CAME BACK AND PRIED HIS JAWS
OPEN AND PINNED HIM RIGHT THERE
TO THE TREE."

"AND OF COURSE HE NATURALLY STAYED
THERE 'TILL HE STARVED TO DEATH !"



YES SIR, BOYS, I'M A SAYIN'
THAT WAS SOME MOSQUITO !



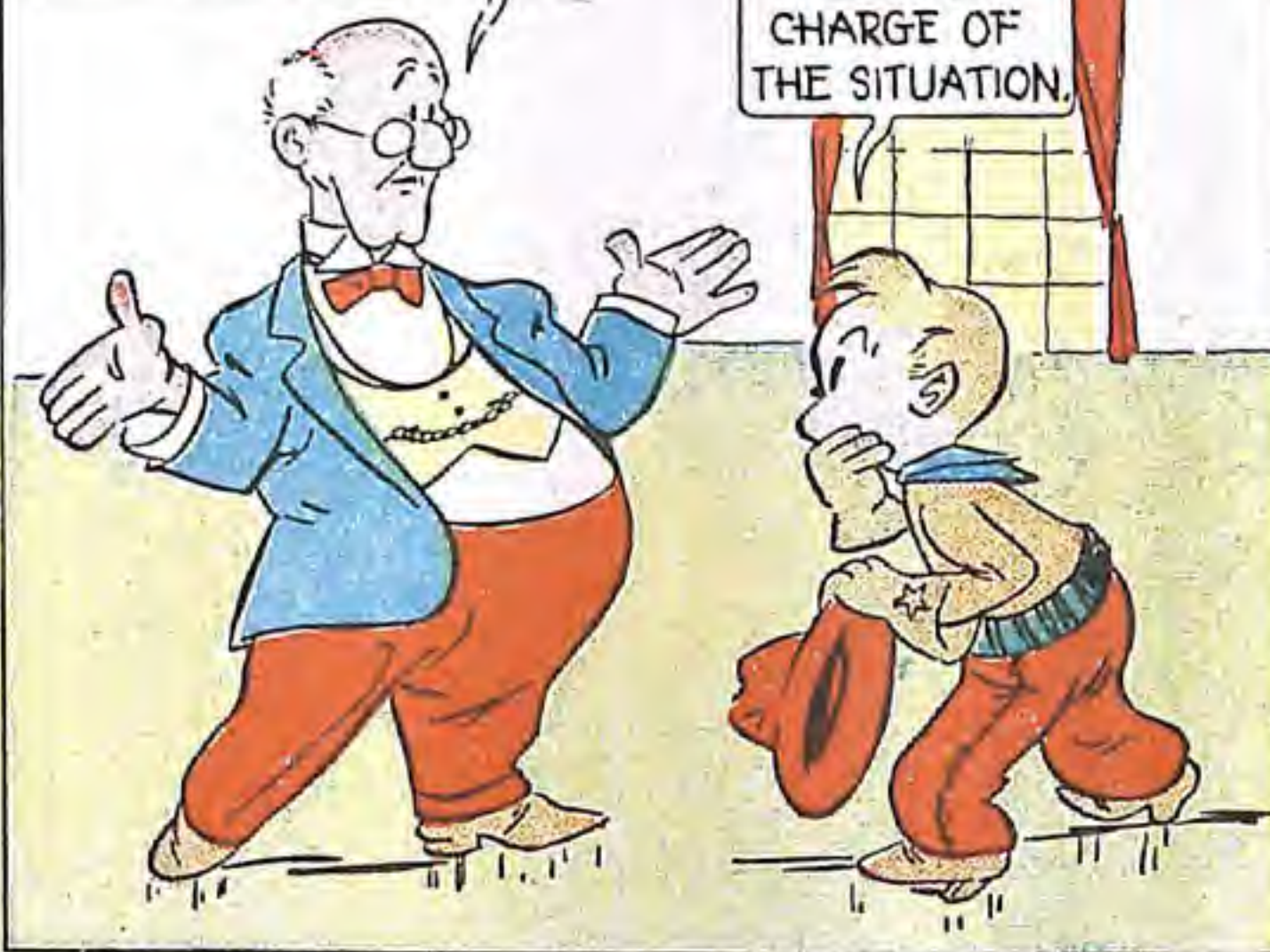
Wild West

JUNIOR

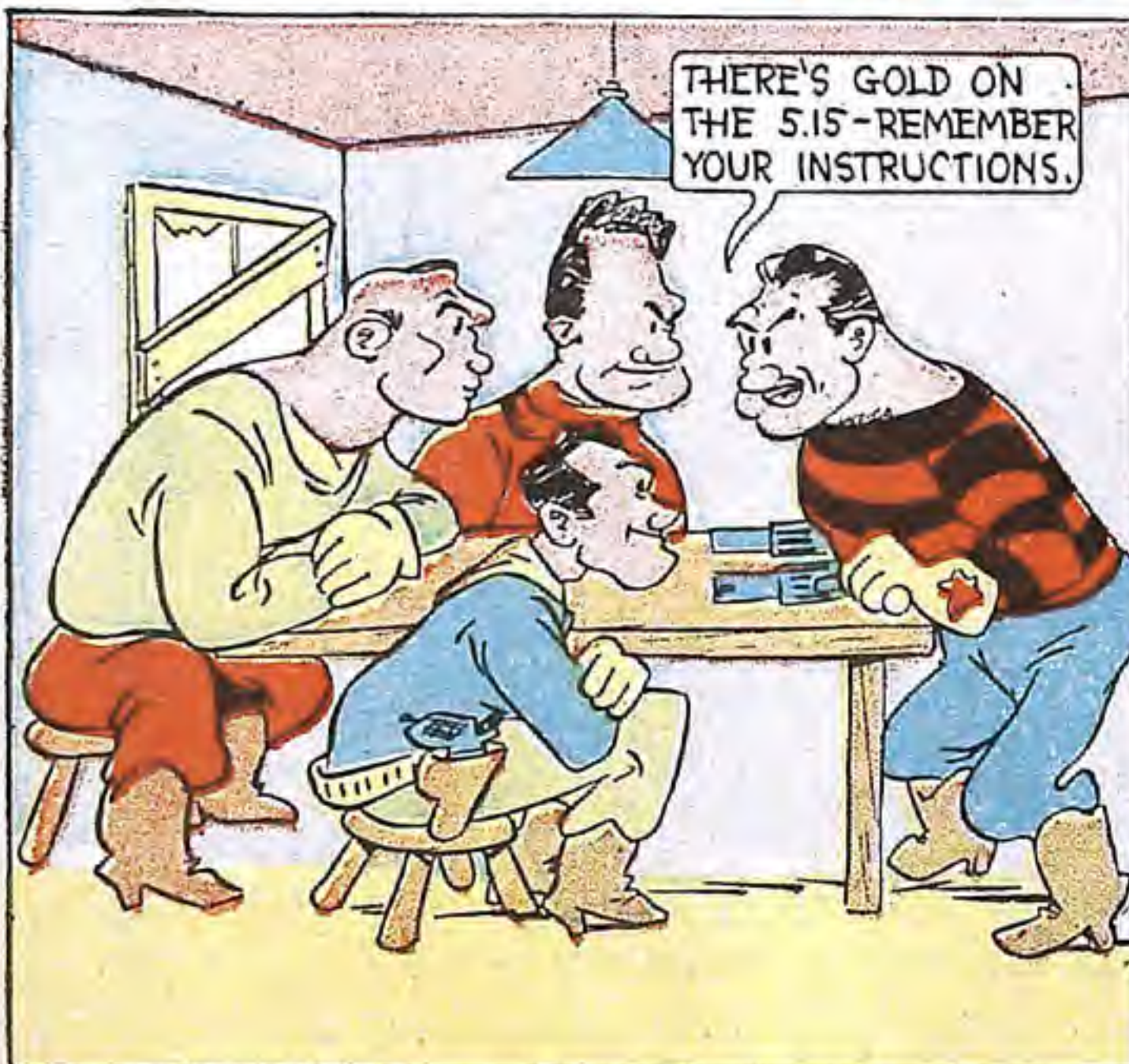


THE BIG FOUR GANG
IS ROBBING OUR TRAINS.
WE'LL SOON BE
BANKRUPT!

I'LL TAKE
CHARGE OF
THE SITUATION.

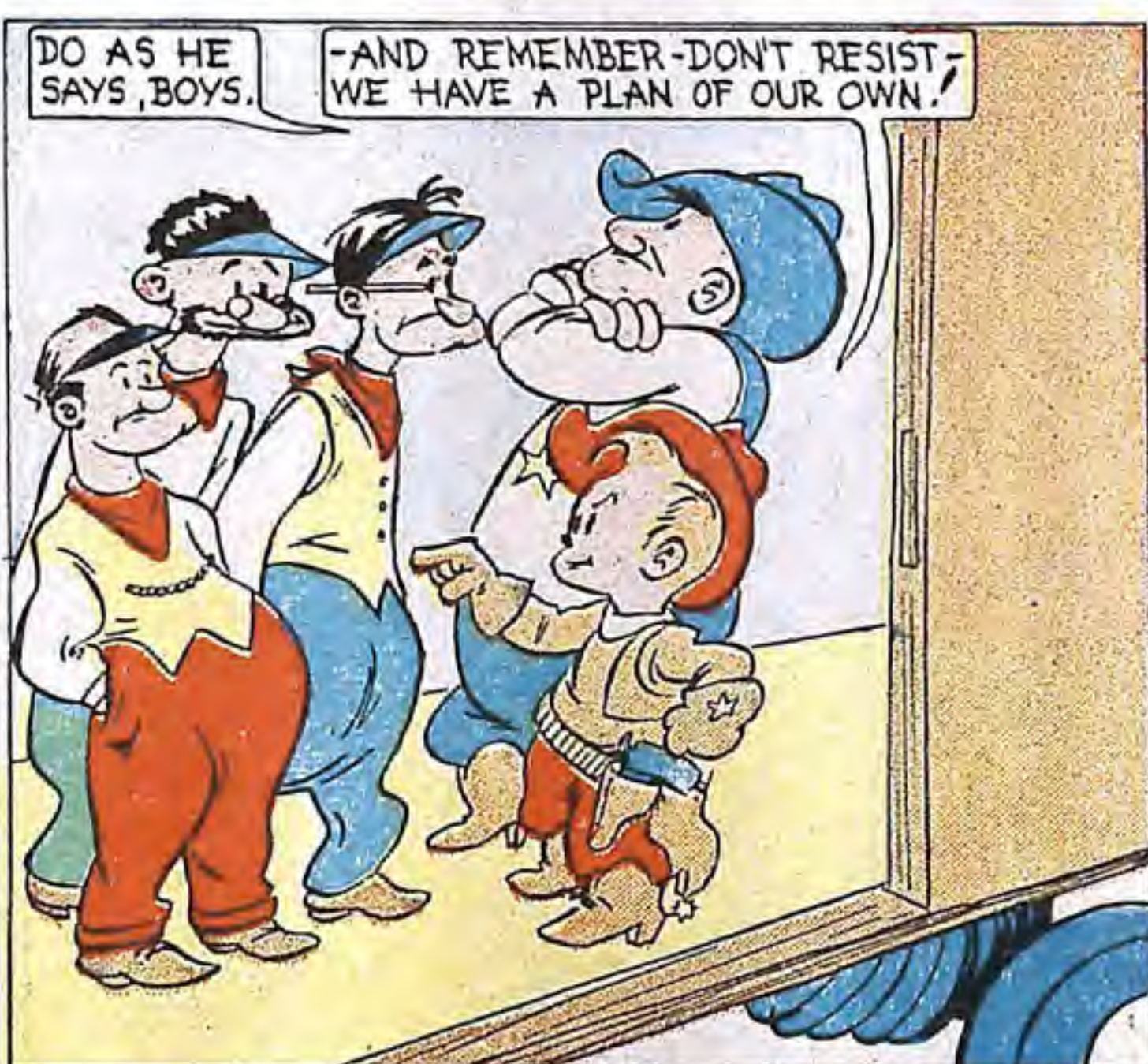


THERE'S GOLD ON
THE 5.15 - REMEMBER
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.



DO AS HE
SAYS, BOYS.

-AND REMEMBER - DON'T RESIST -
WE HAVE A PLAN OF OUR OWN!

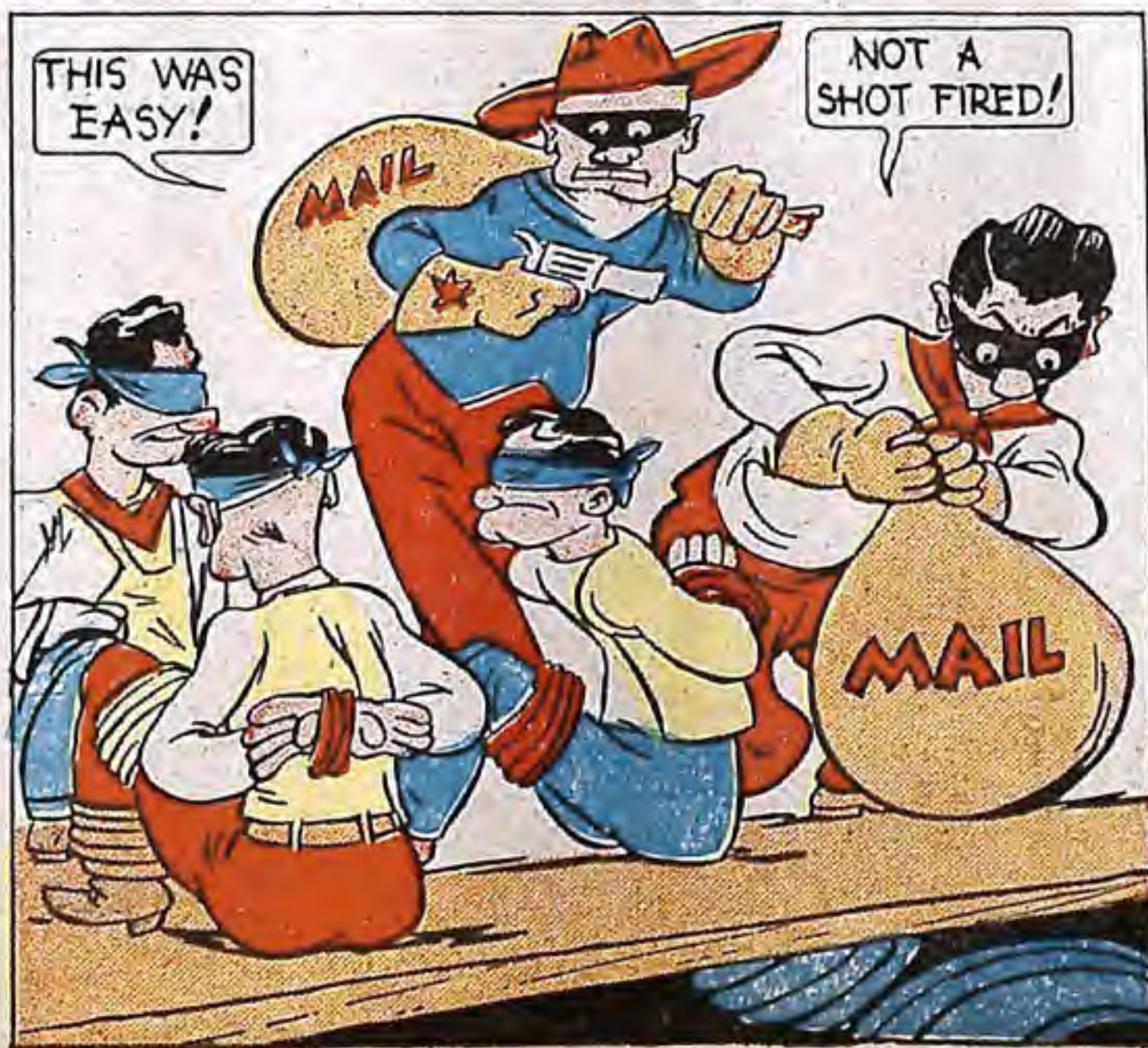


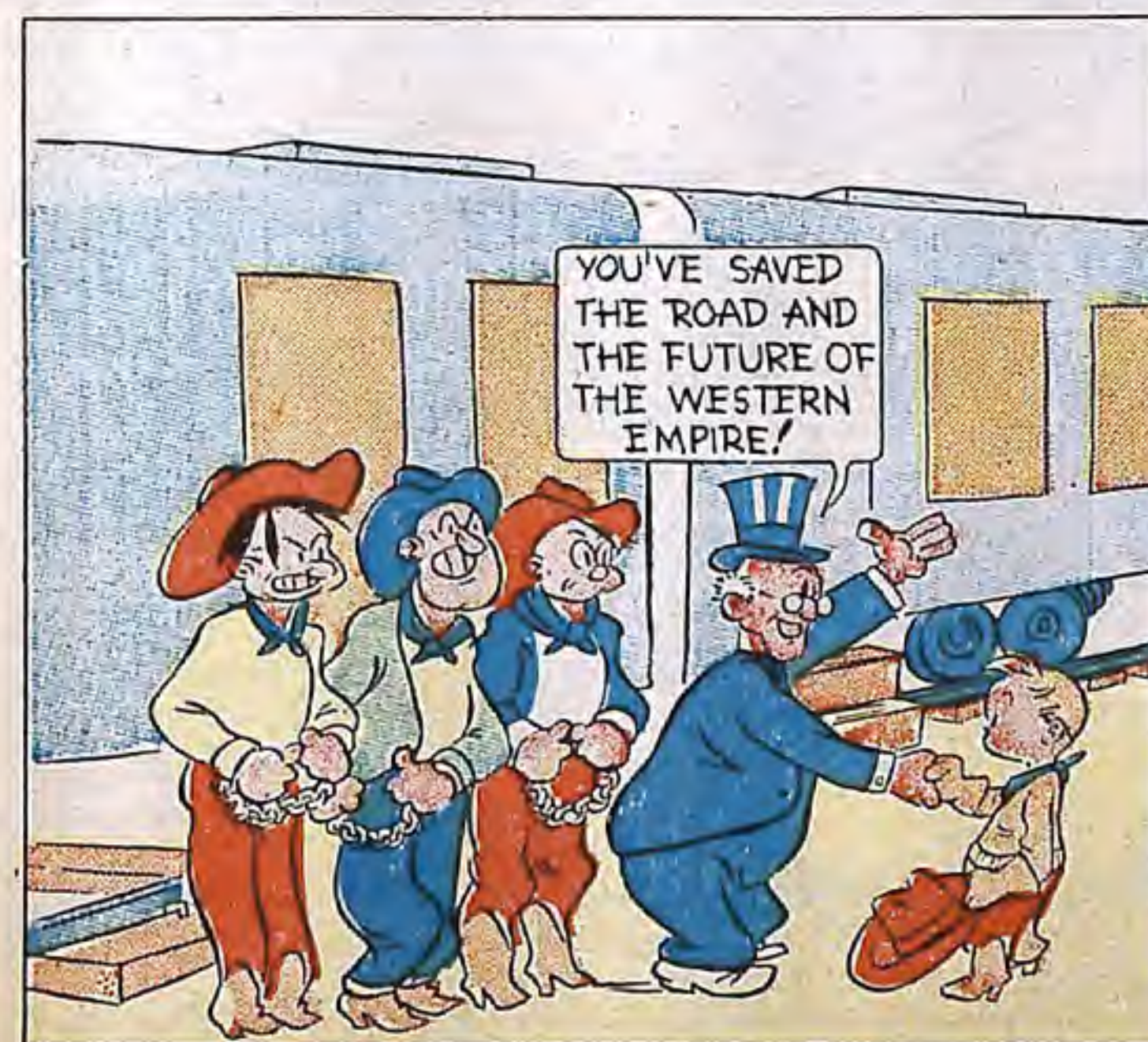
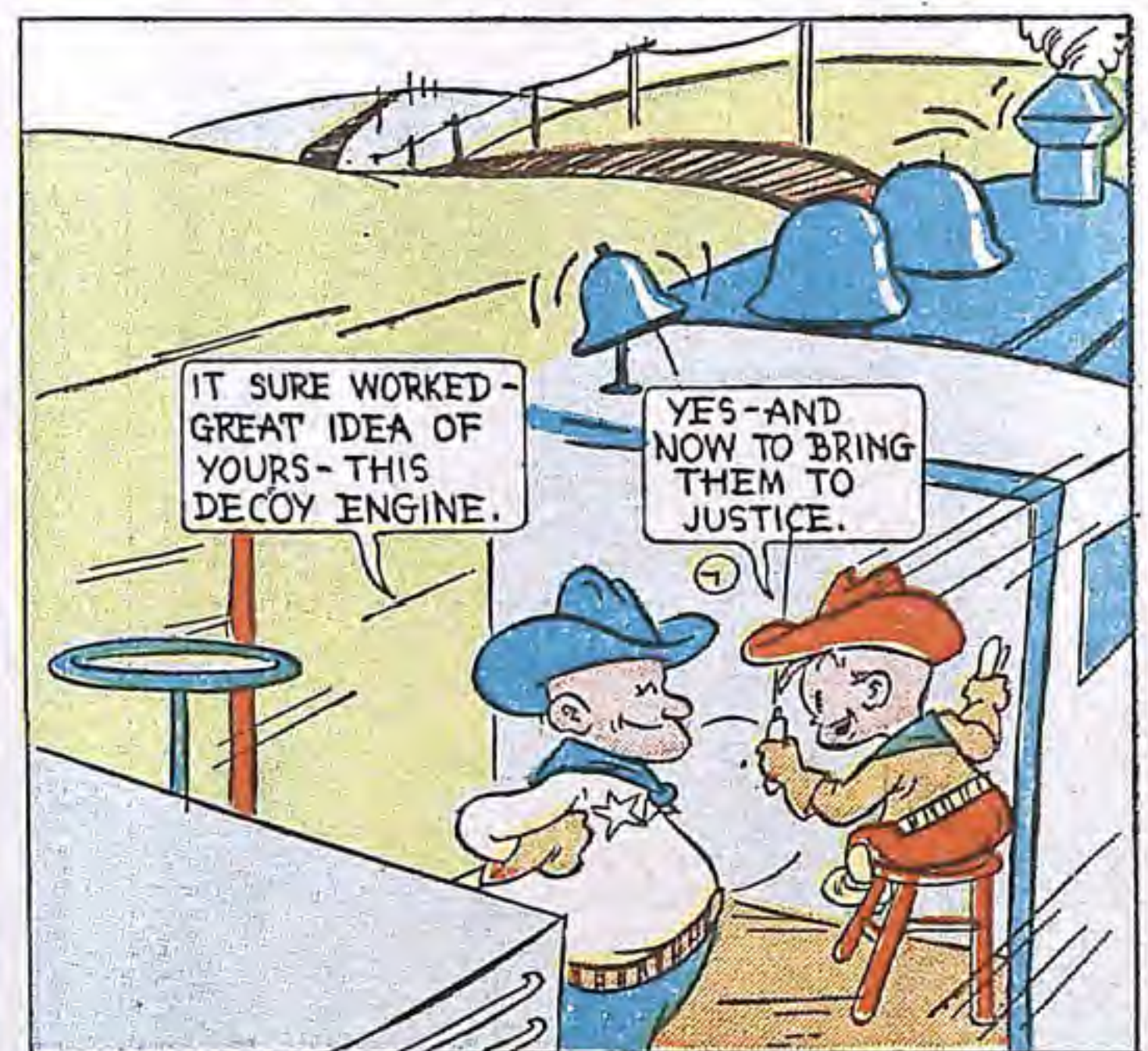
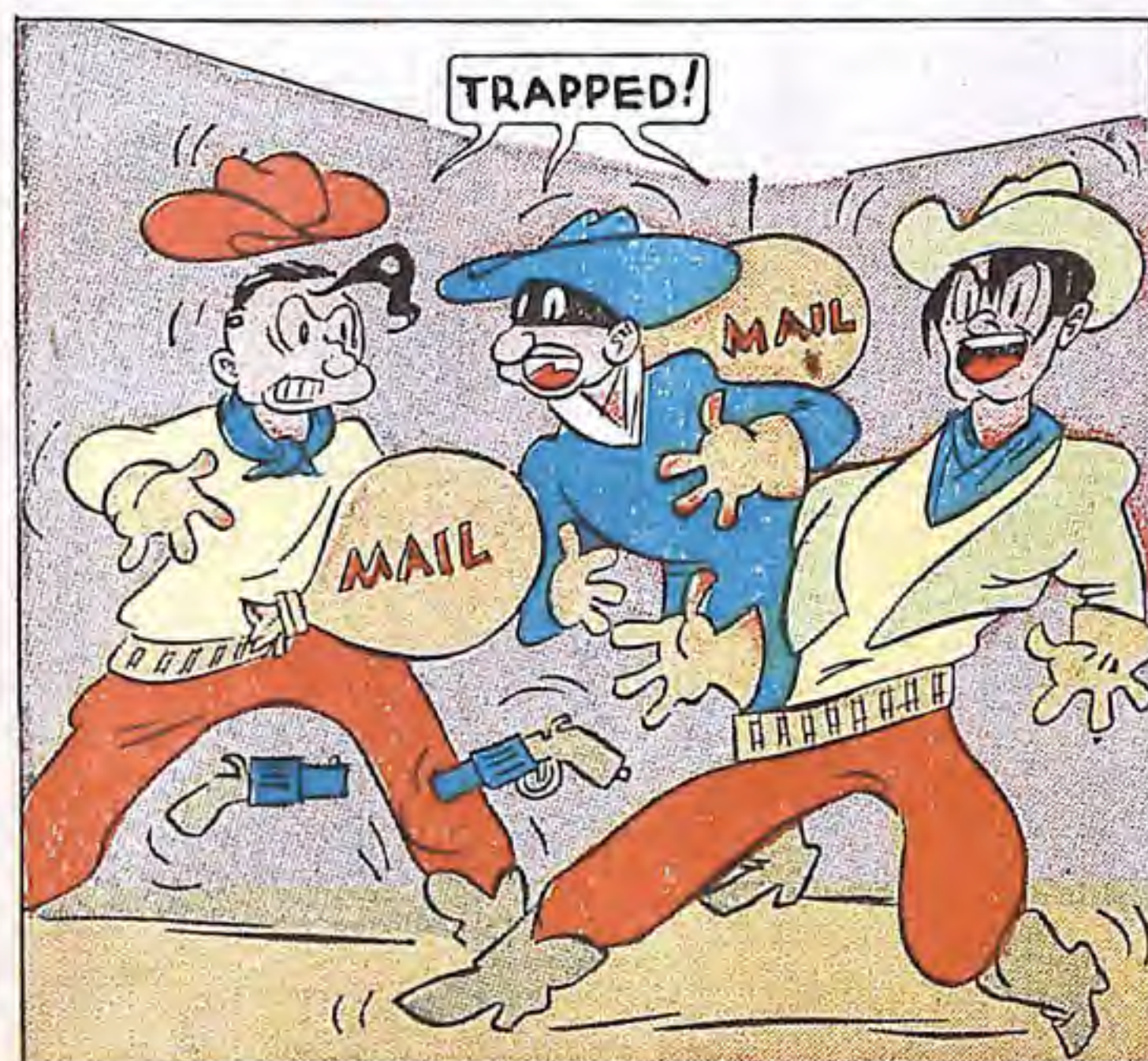
HANDS UP!



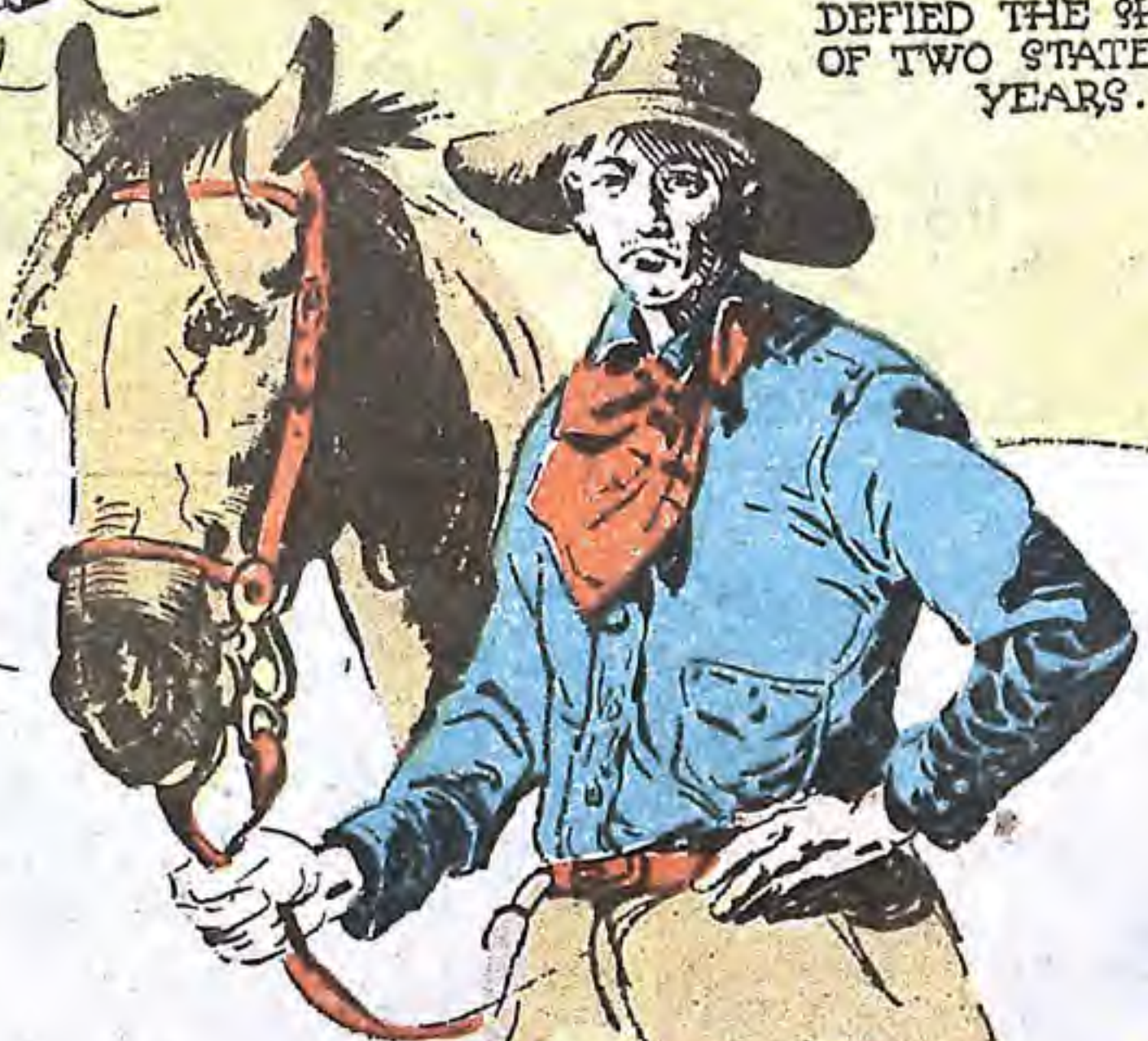
THIS WAS
EASY!

NOT A
SHOT FIRED!






ARIZONA *Pete*



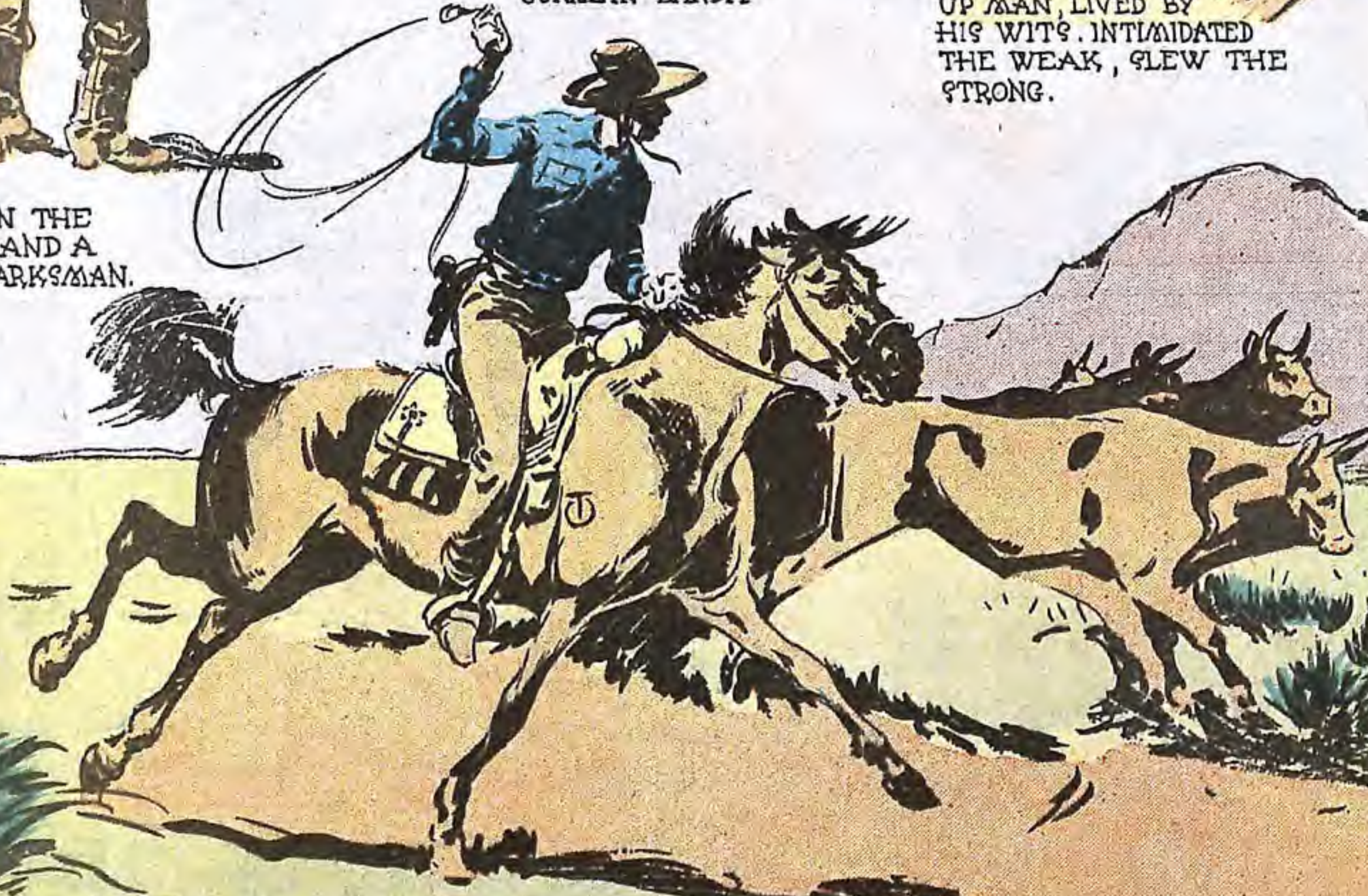
LIVED IN THE HILLS,
DEFIED THE SHERIFF
OF TWO STATES FOR
YEARS.



ARIZONA PETE
GUNMAN BANDIT



CARD SHARK, STICK-
UP MAN, LIVED BY
HIS WITS. INTIMIDATED
THE WEAK, SLEW THE
STRONG.



QUICK ON THE
TRIGGER AND A
GOOD MARKSMAN.

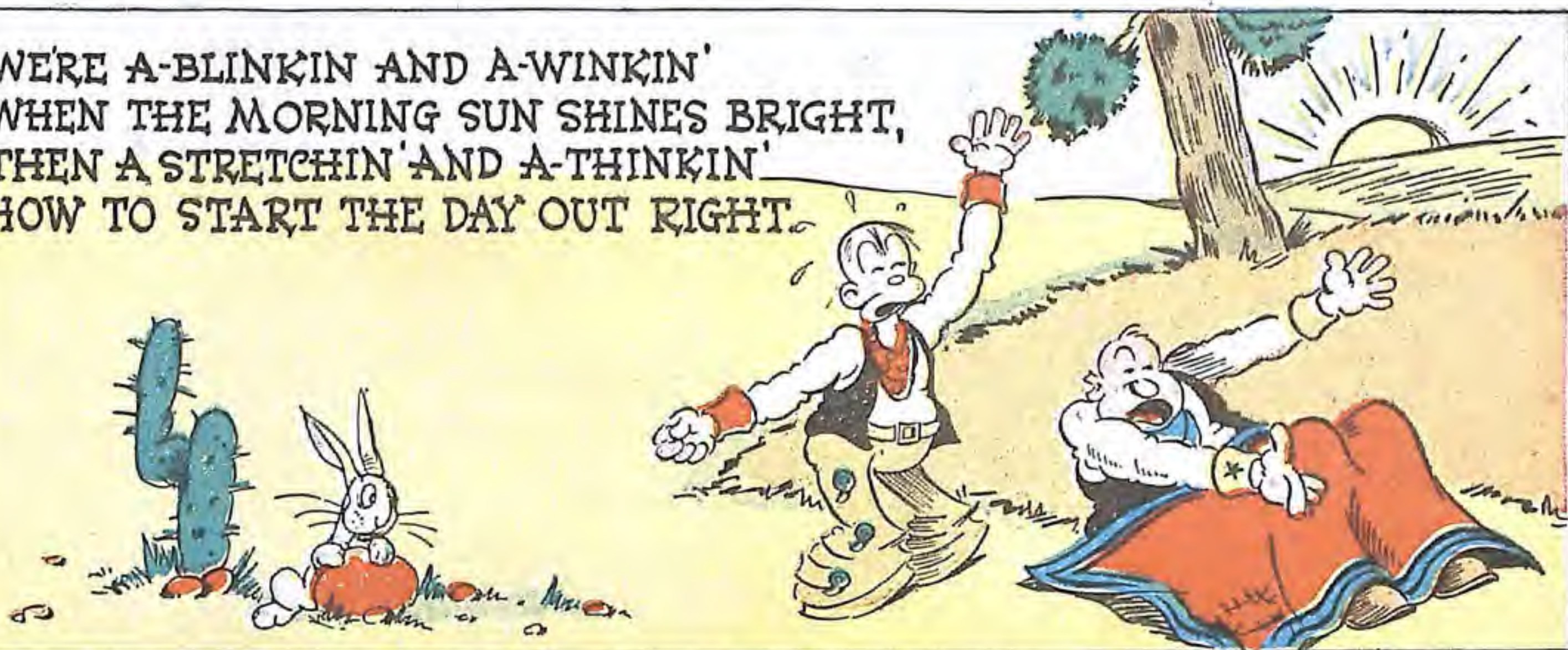
STOLE CATTLE FROM HIS MOUNTAIN RENDEZVOUS, LIVED
LIKE A HERMIT WITH LOOT FROM A HUNDRED SOURCES.



Words WITHOUT MUSIC



WE'RE A-BLINKIN' AND A-WINKIN'
WHEN THE MORNING SUN SHINES BRIGHT,
THEN A-STRETCHIN' AND A-THINKIN'
HOW TO START THE DAY OUT RIGHT.

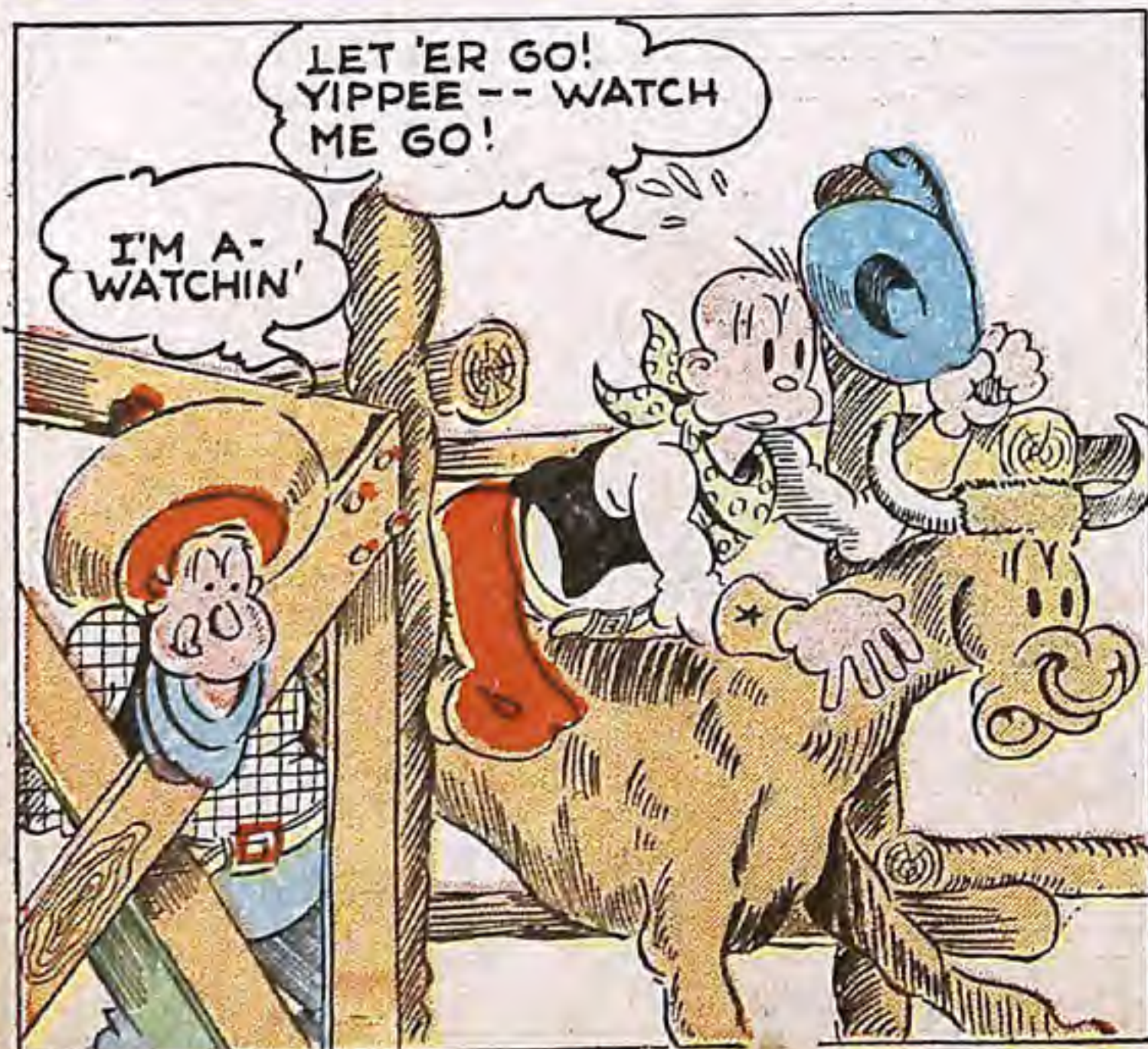
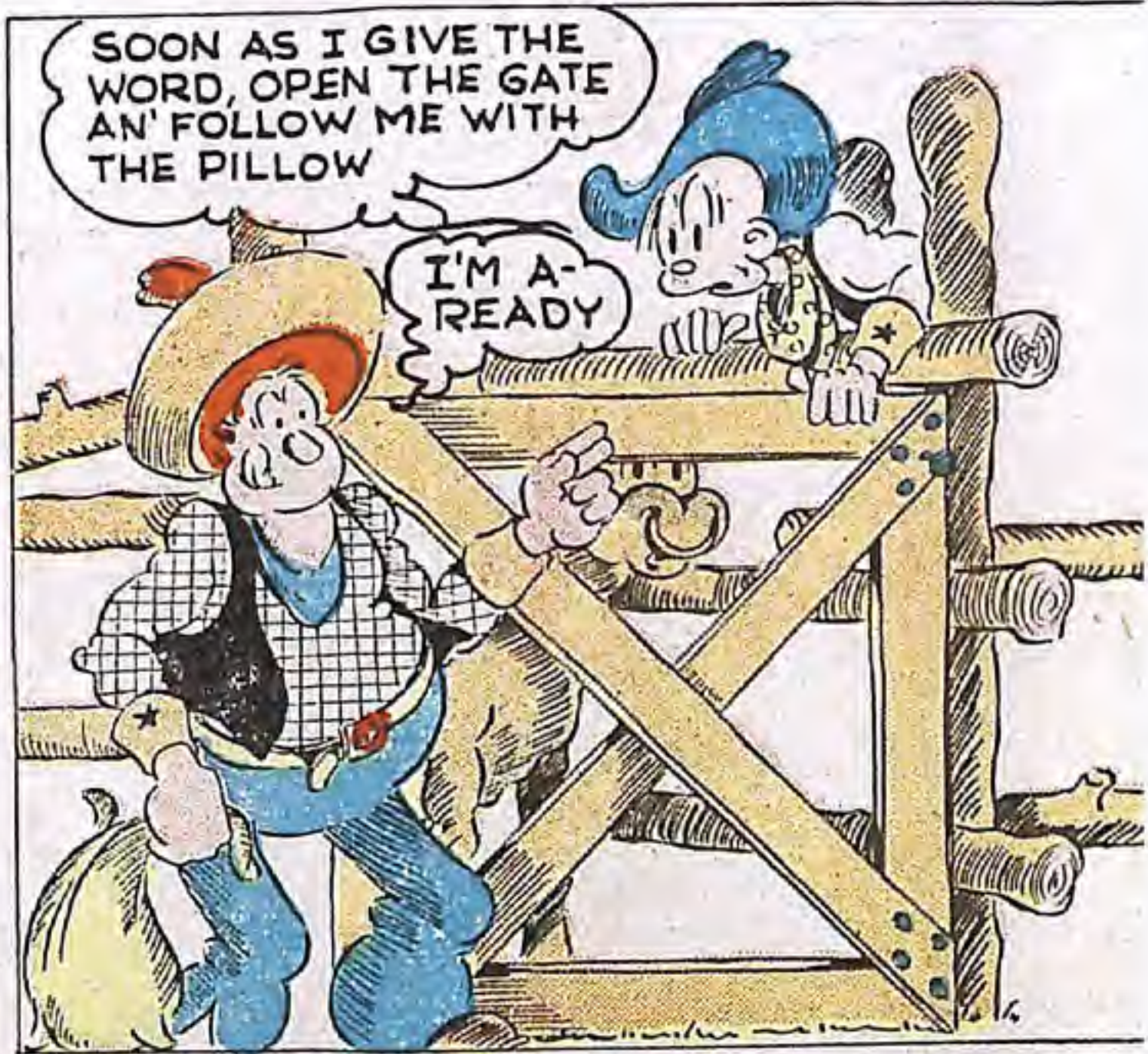
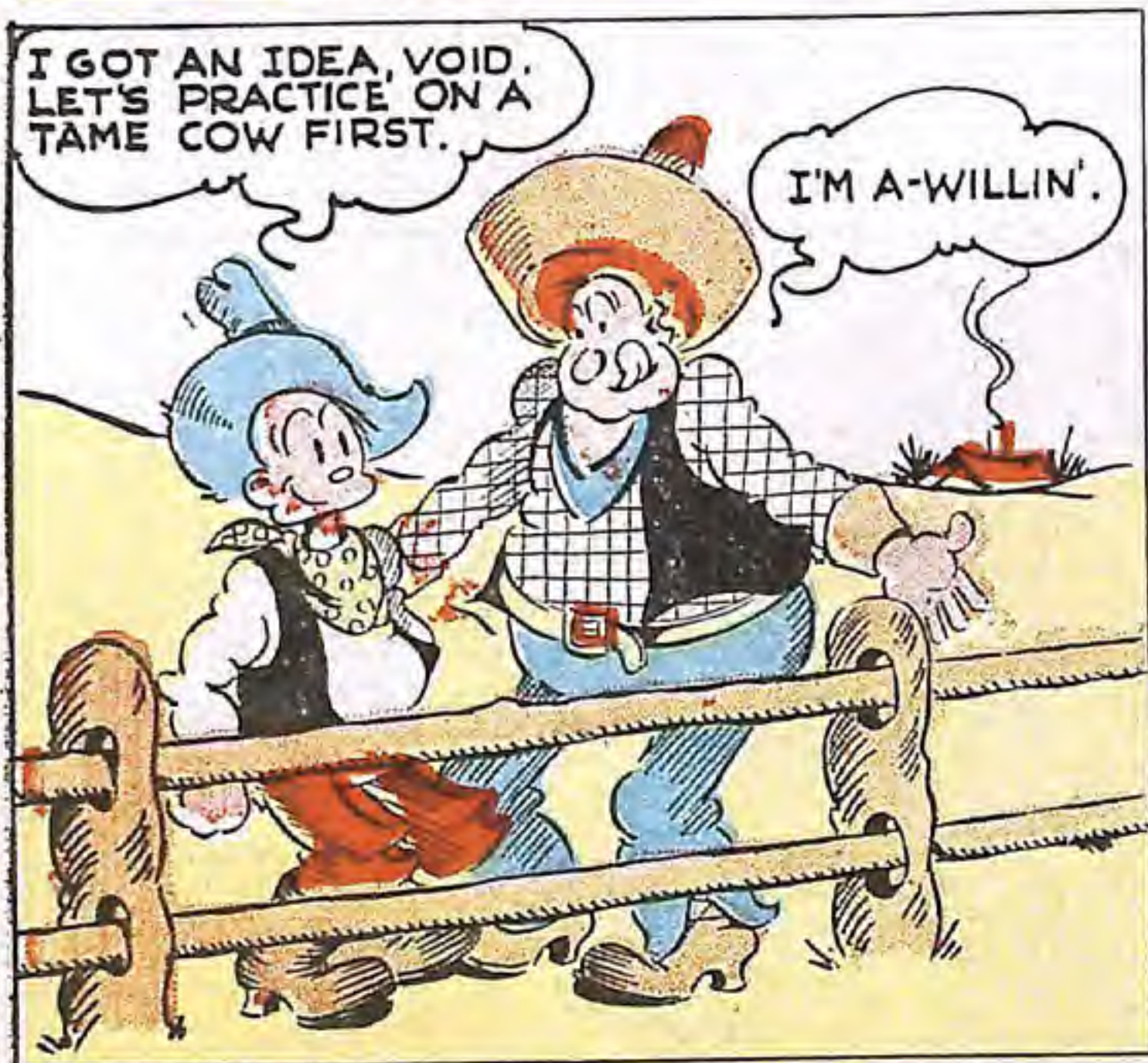
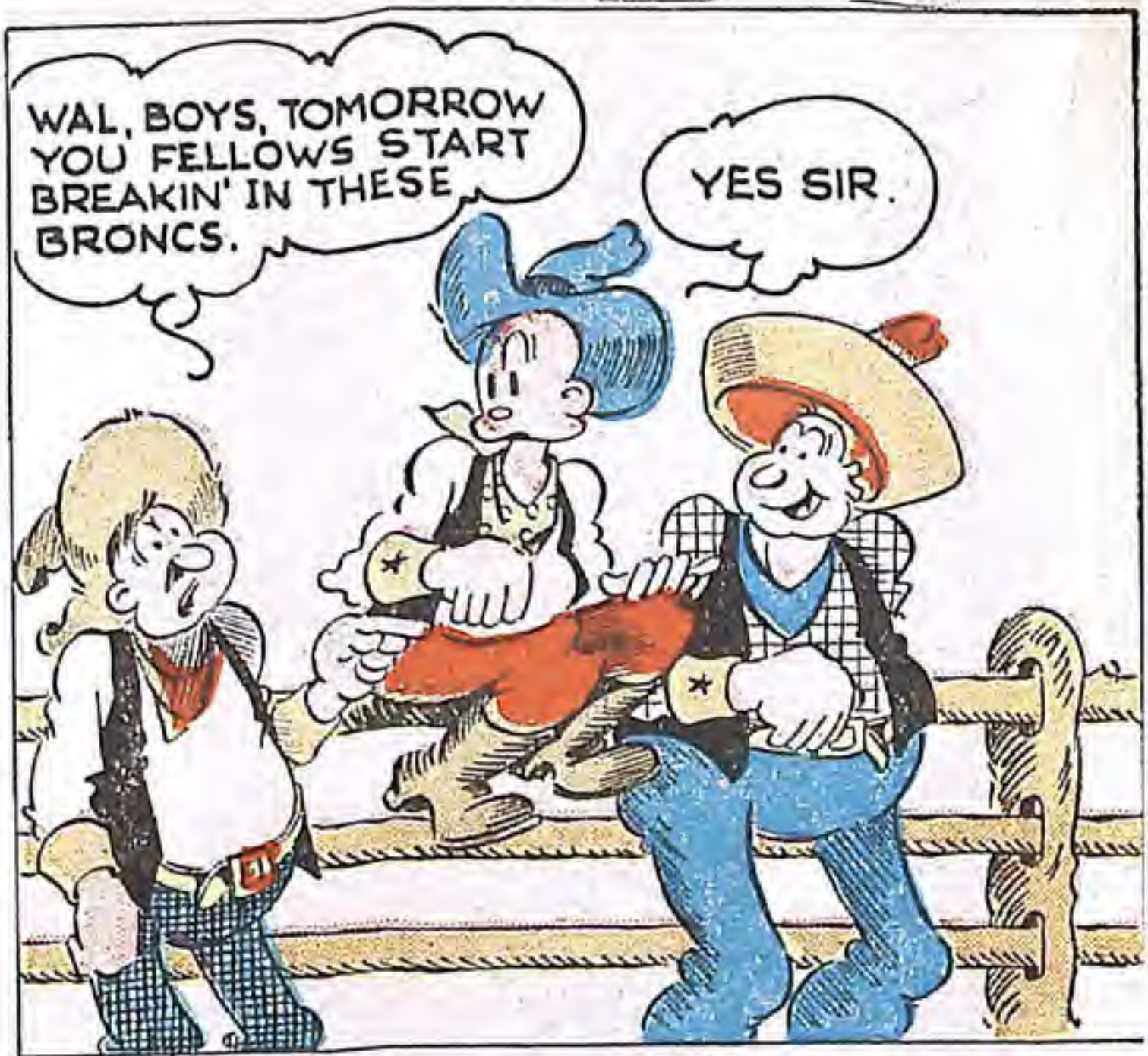
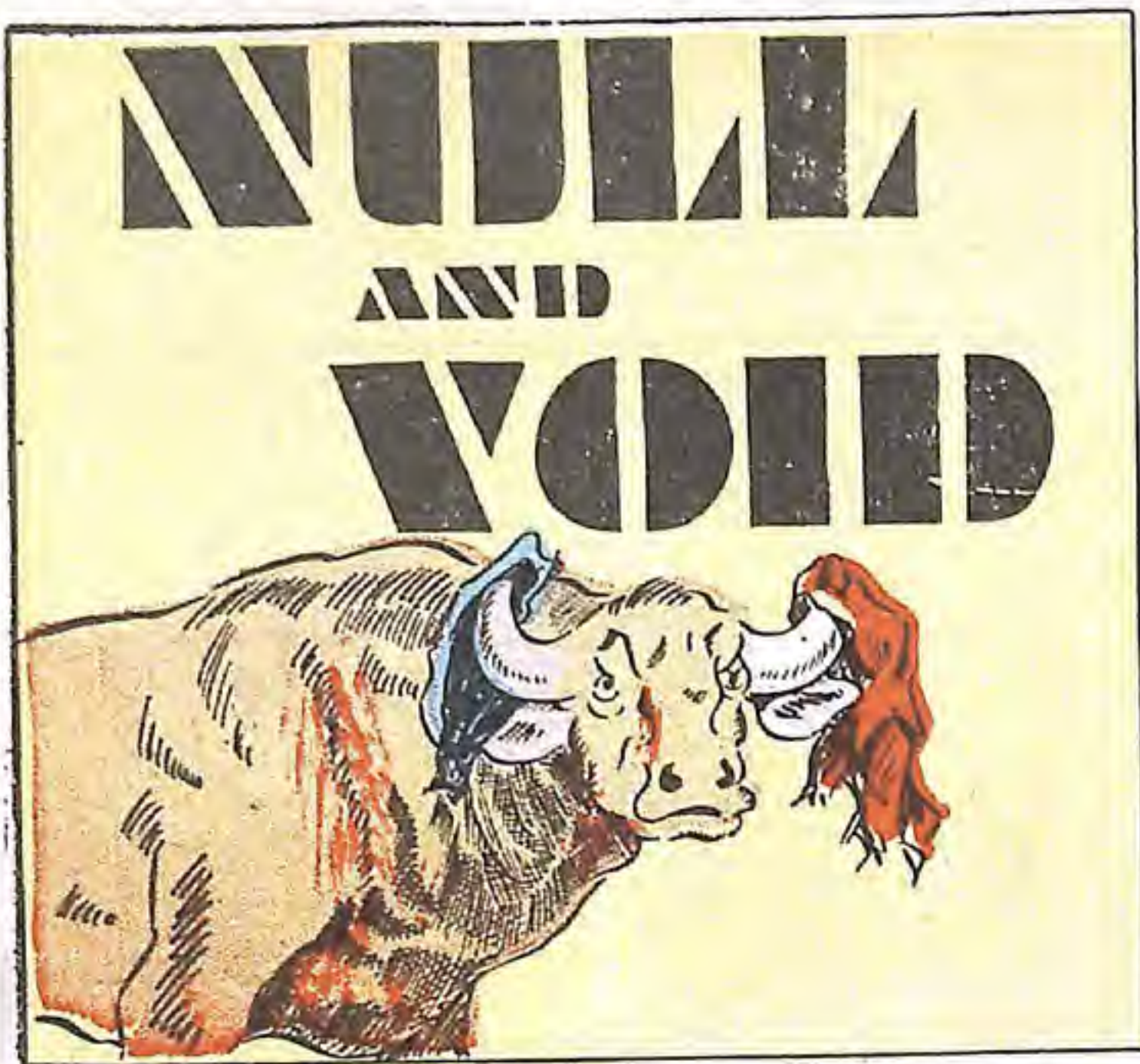


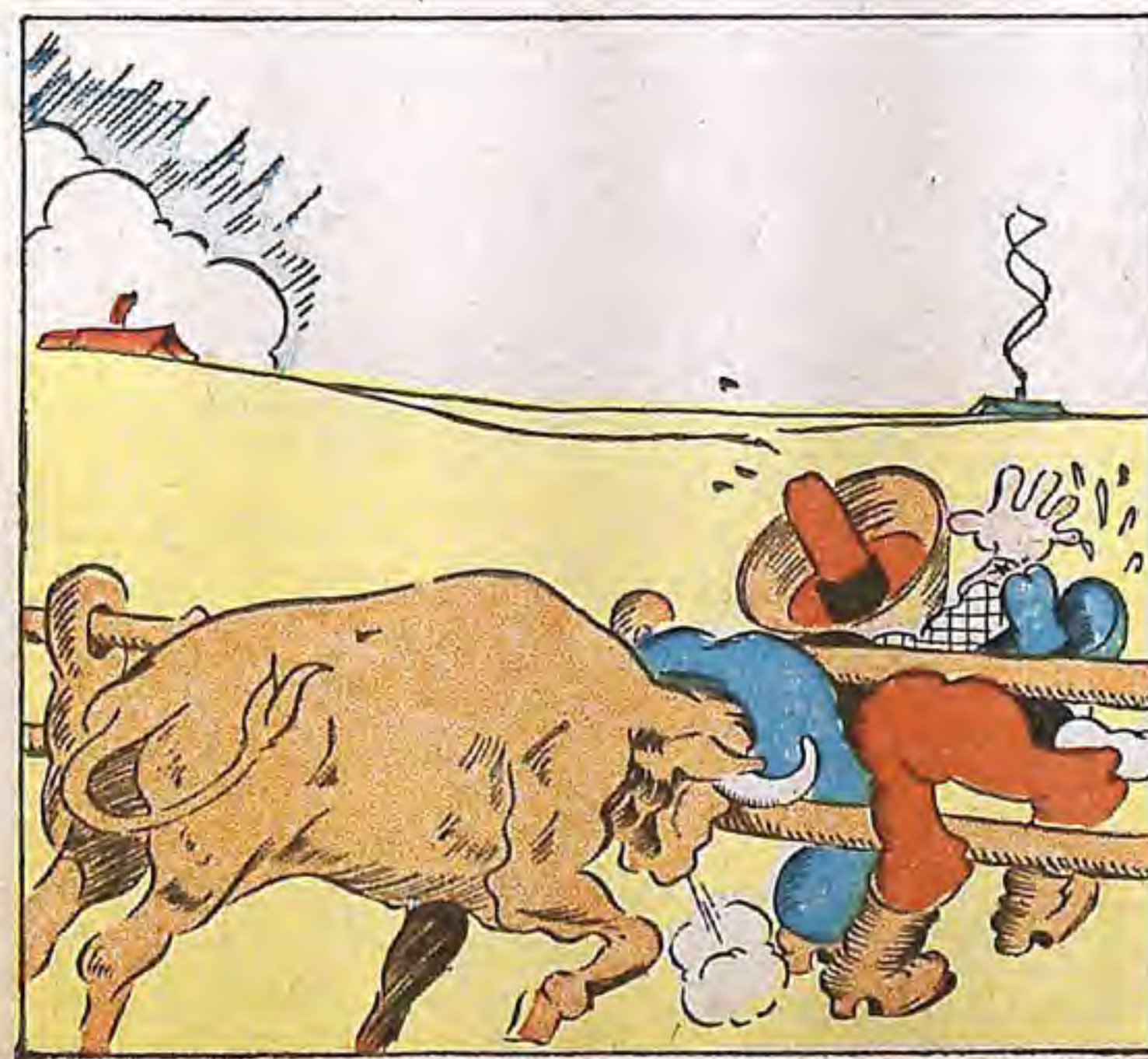
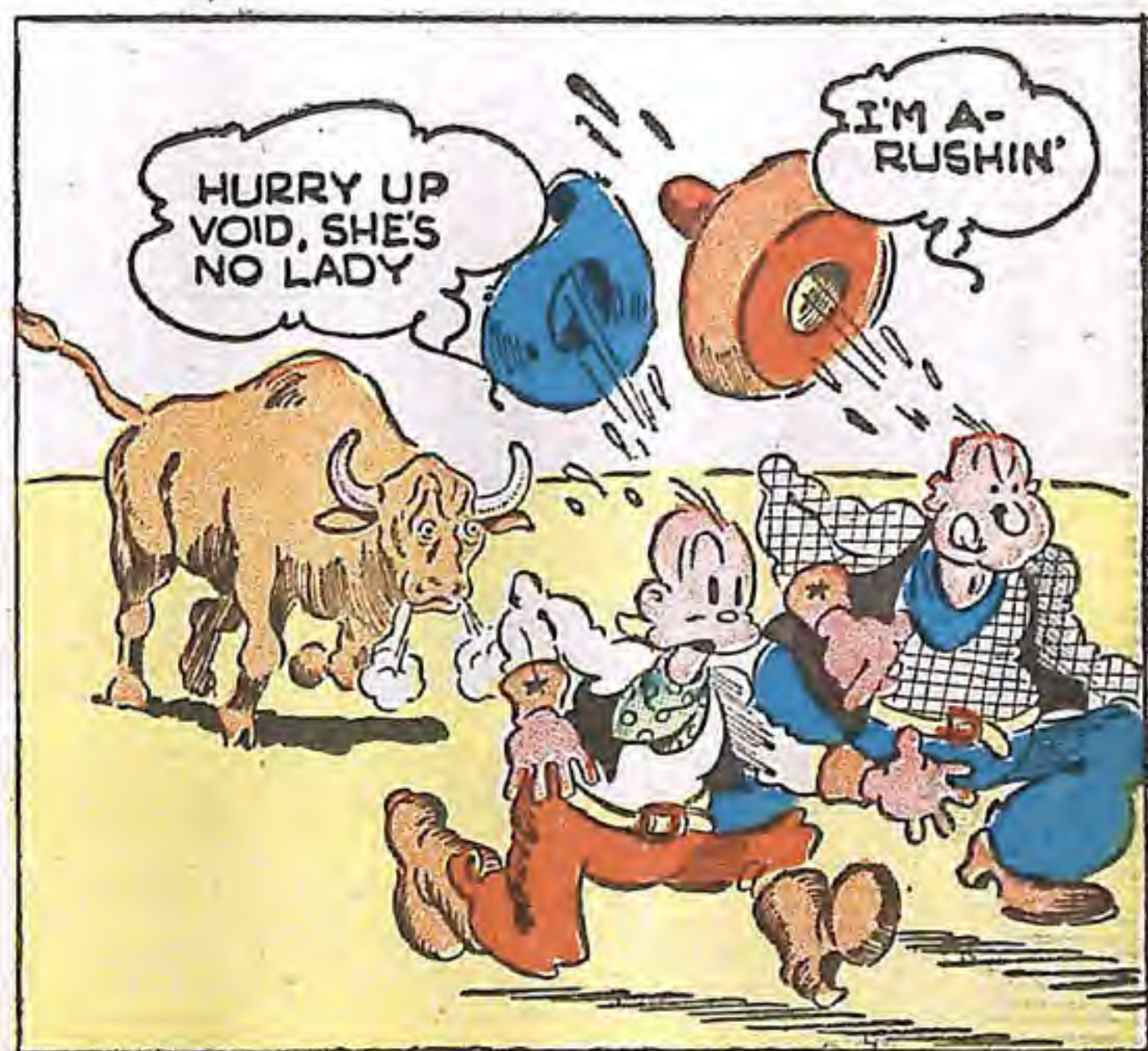
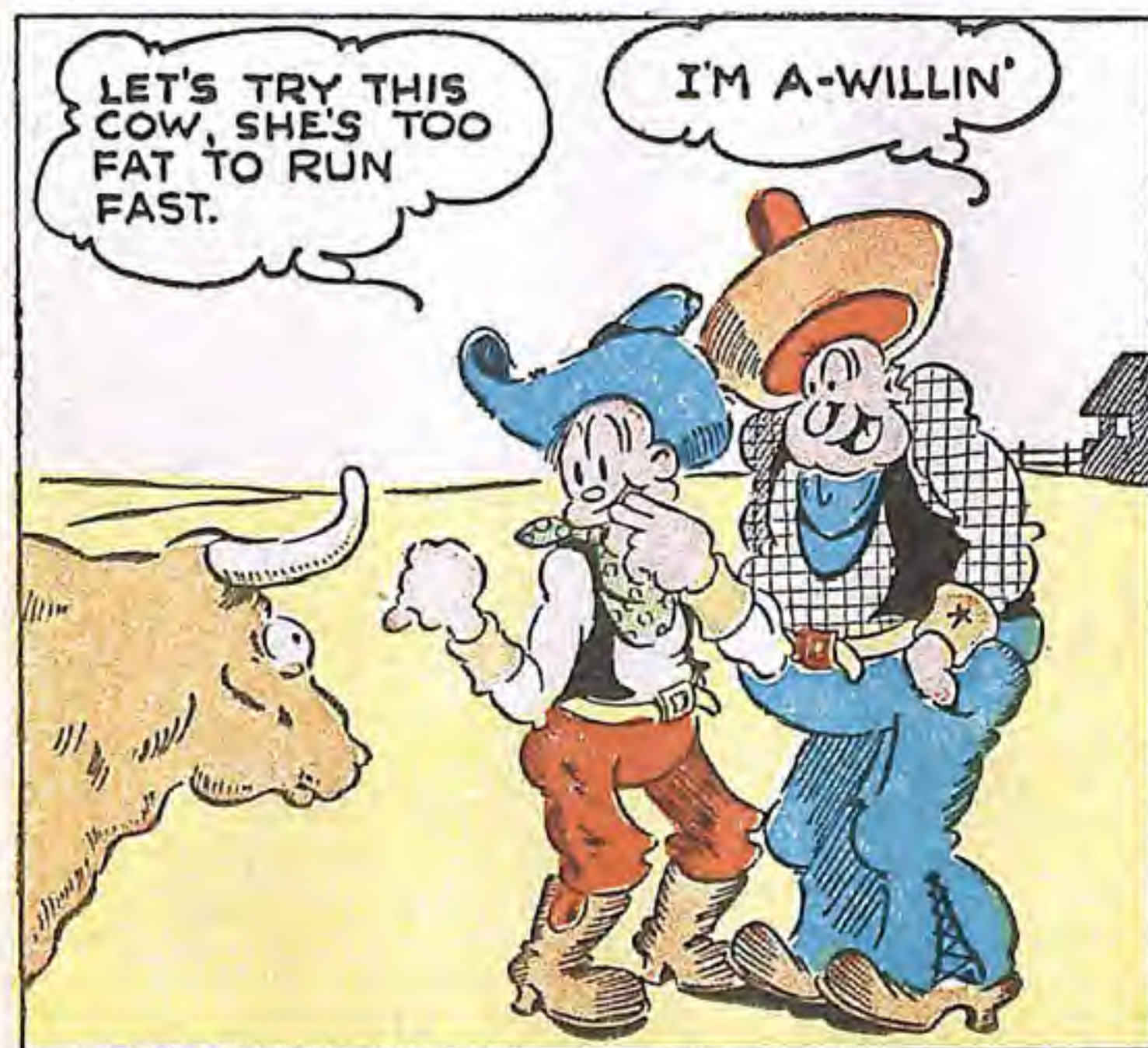
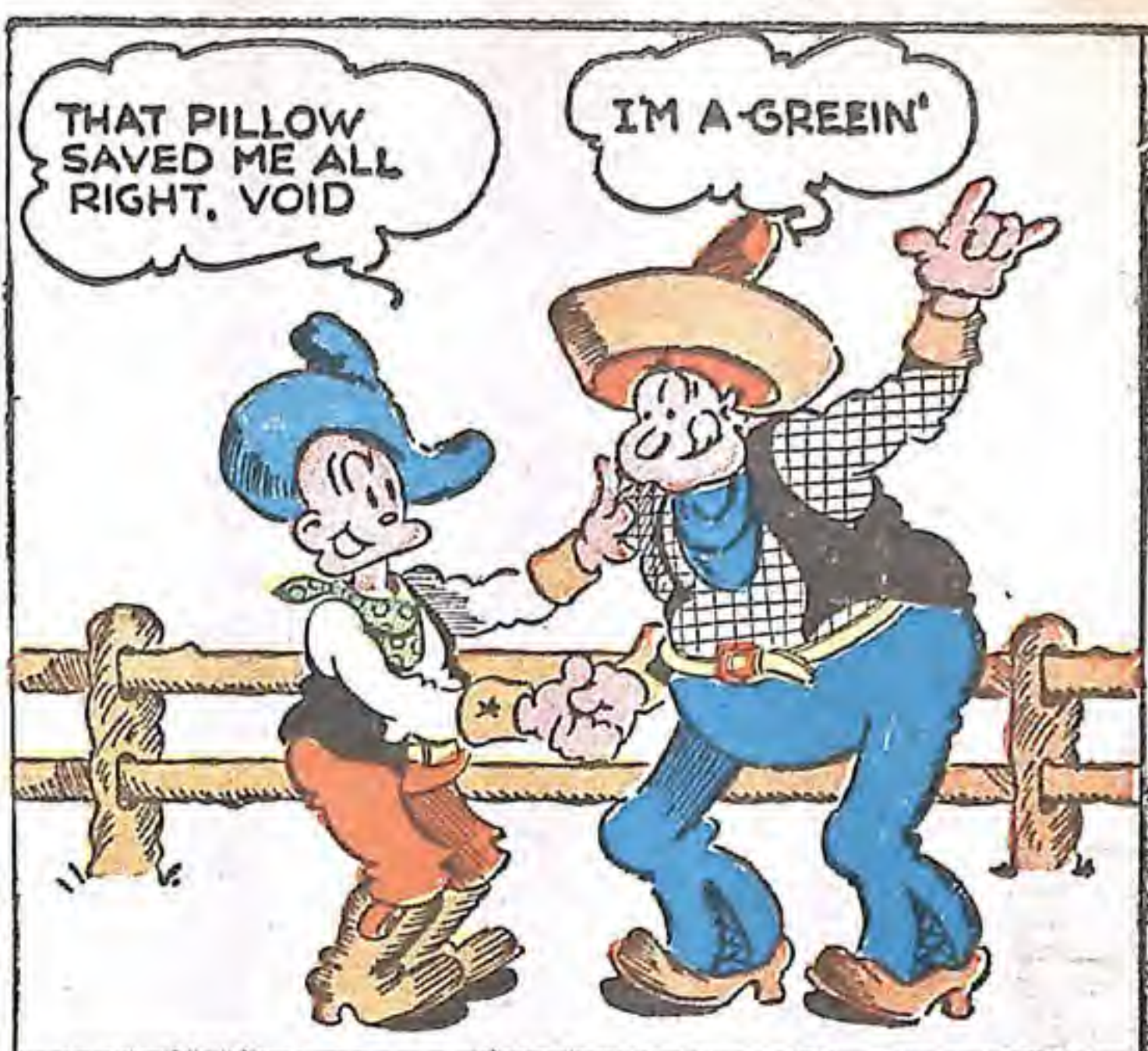
JEST A-WALKIN' AND A-TALKIN'
OVER THINGS TO DO AND SAY,-
OH, WE GUESS THERE'S NO USE SQUAWKIN'
AT WHAT HAPPENS THRU THE DAY.



WHILE WE'RE LOPIN' WE'RE A HOPIN'-
THAT WE'LL FIND SOME GRUB AND SOON,
CAUSE OUR STOMACHS ARE A-WARNIN'
THAT THERE'S TOO MUCH EMPTY ROOM.







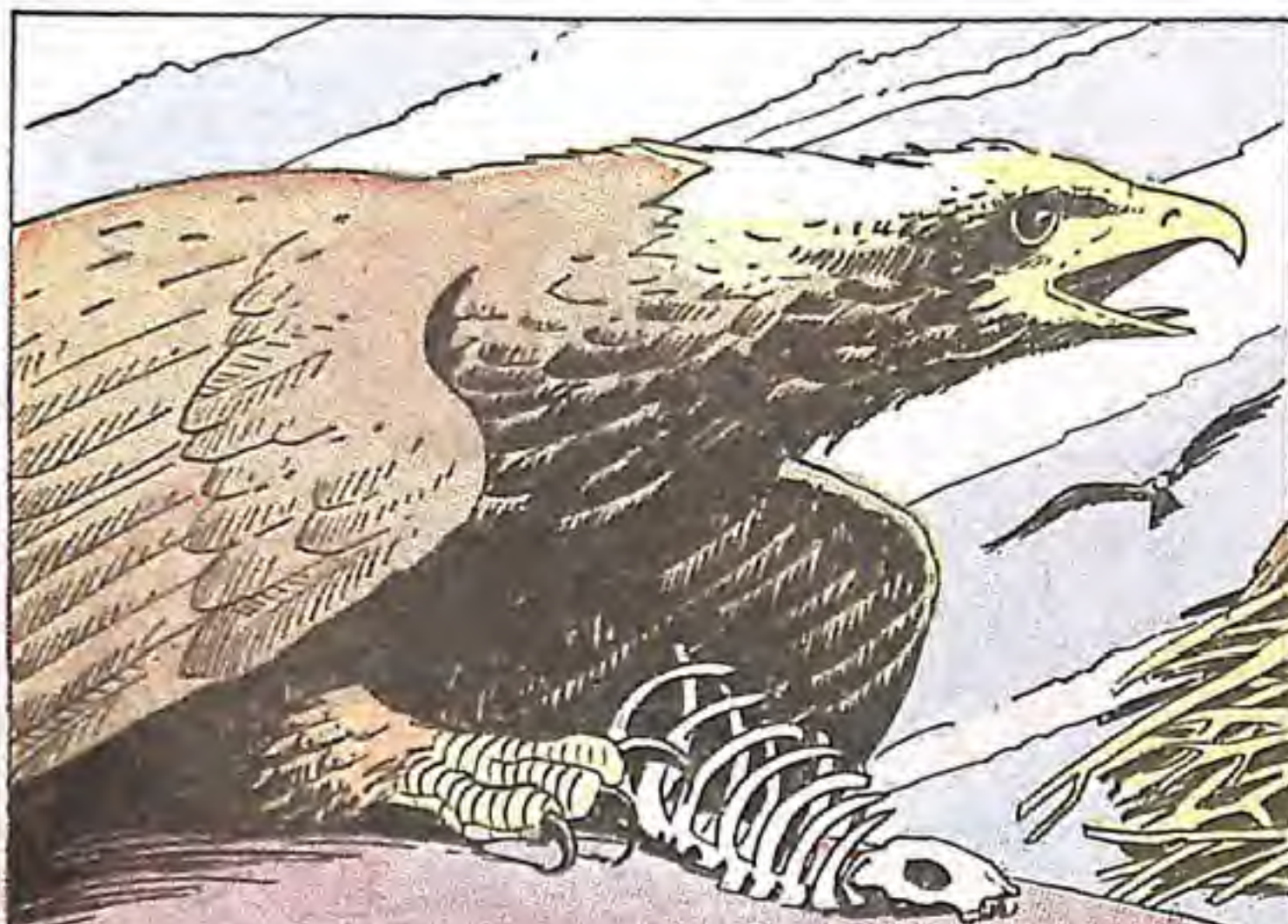
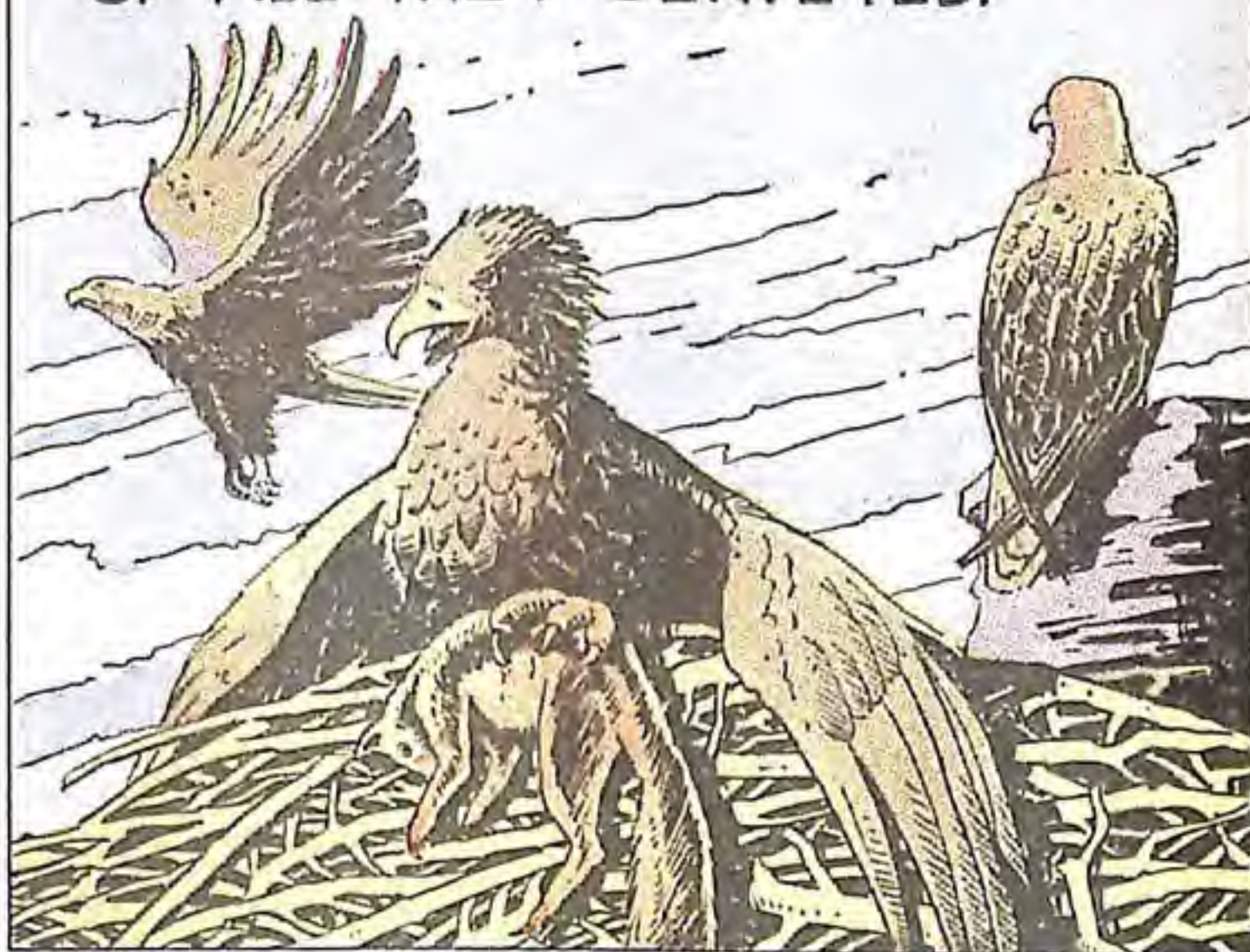
BALDY

BY
NORMAN
DANIELS

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED GUARDINEER



HIGH ON A ROCKY CLIFF BALDY
AND HIS FAMILY WERE KINGS
OF ALL THEY SURVEYED.



BALDY, ALMOST A HUNDRED YEARS
OLD, STRUTTED IMPORTANTLY
FOR HIS NEW SON.



TO HIS EAGLET, BALDY
BOASTED OF HIS PROW-
ESS AND HIS PAST
GLORIES AS A FIGHTER.

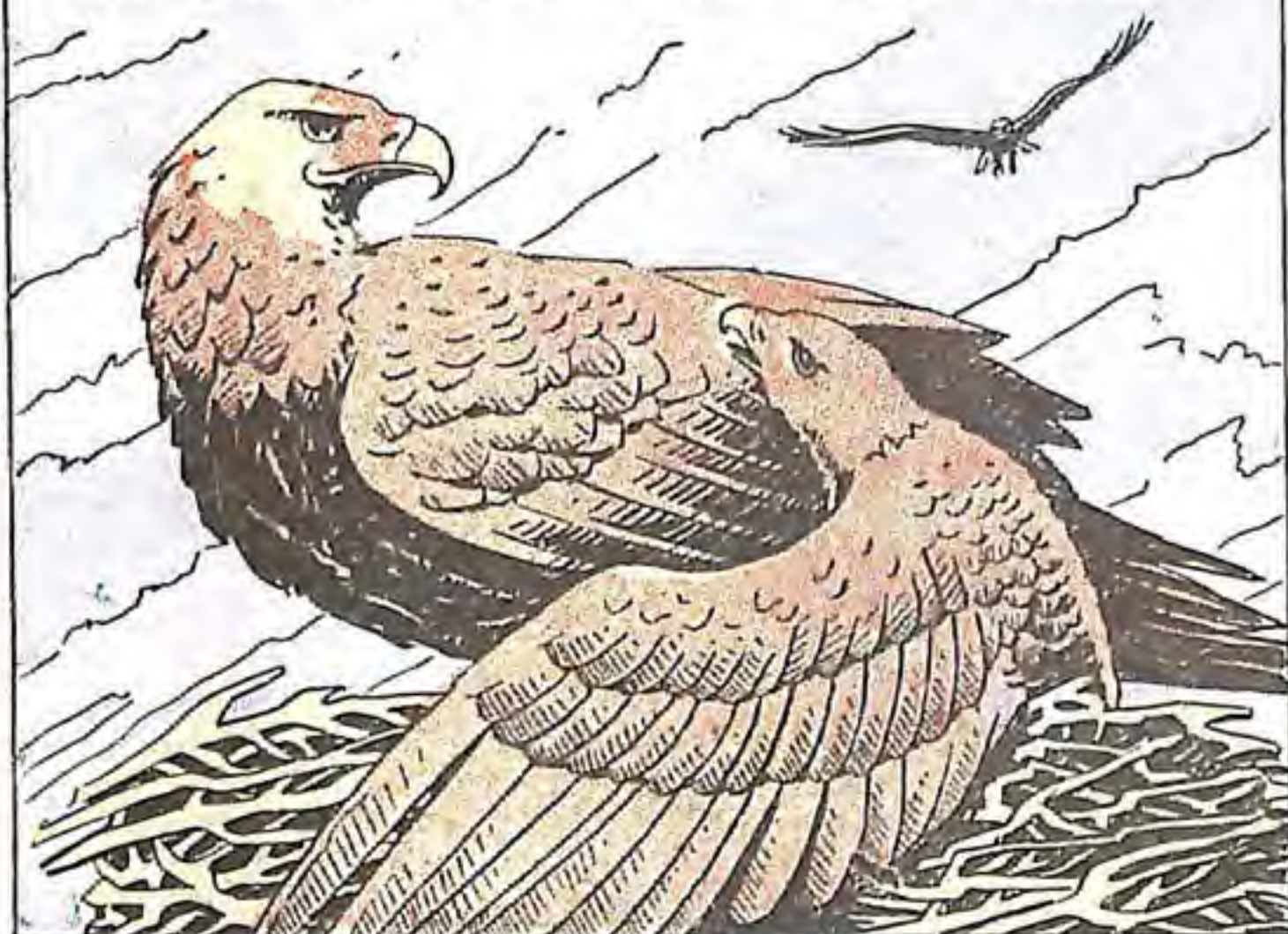


HE TOLD THE EAGER
YOUNGSTER THAT AN
EAGLE IS SUPREME
AND FEARS NOTHING.

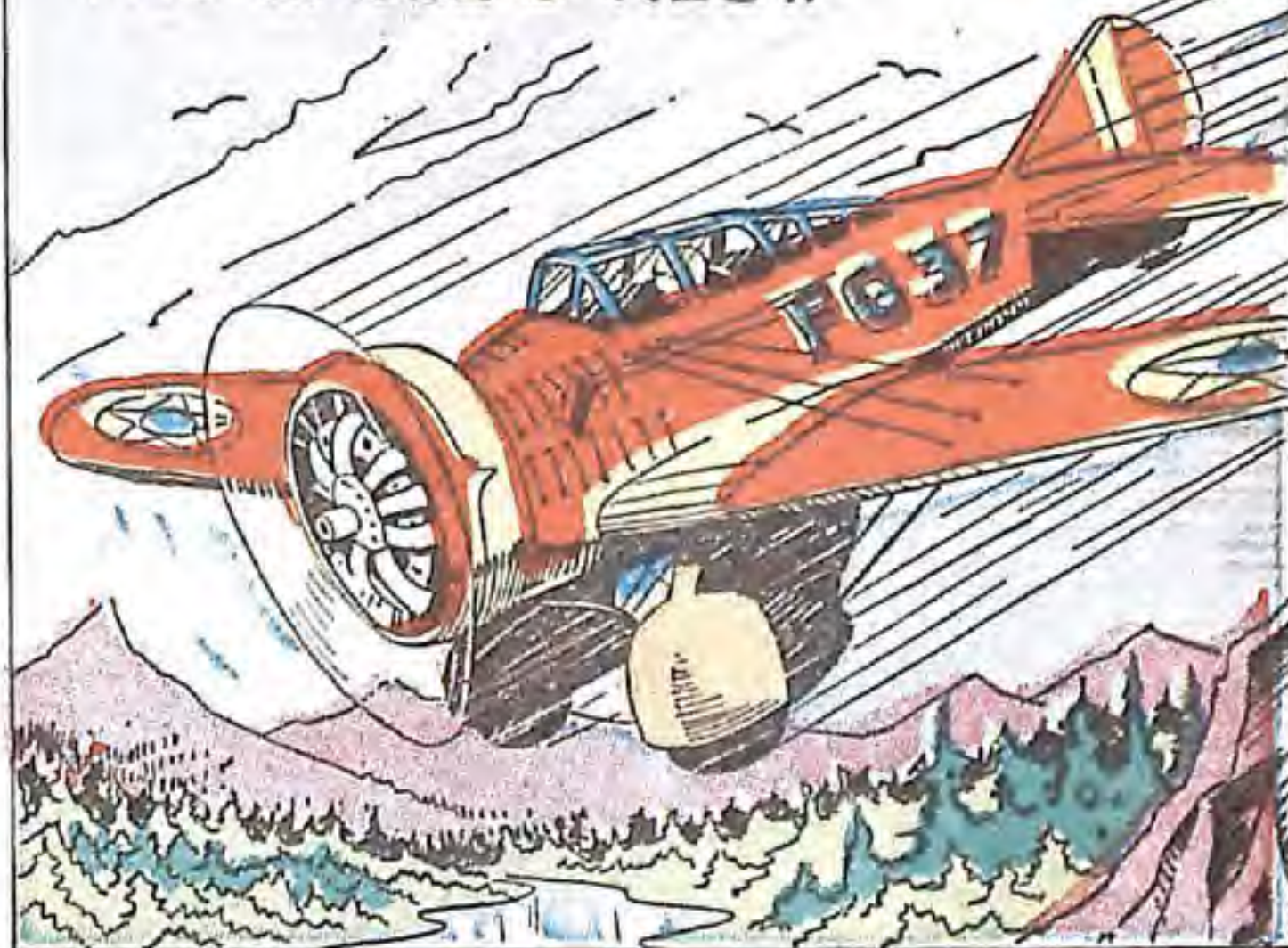
IMPRESSED BY HIS FATHER'S
STORY, THE EAGLET TRIES HIS
WINGS, BUT FLEW HASTILY
BACK TO THE NEST.



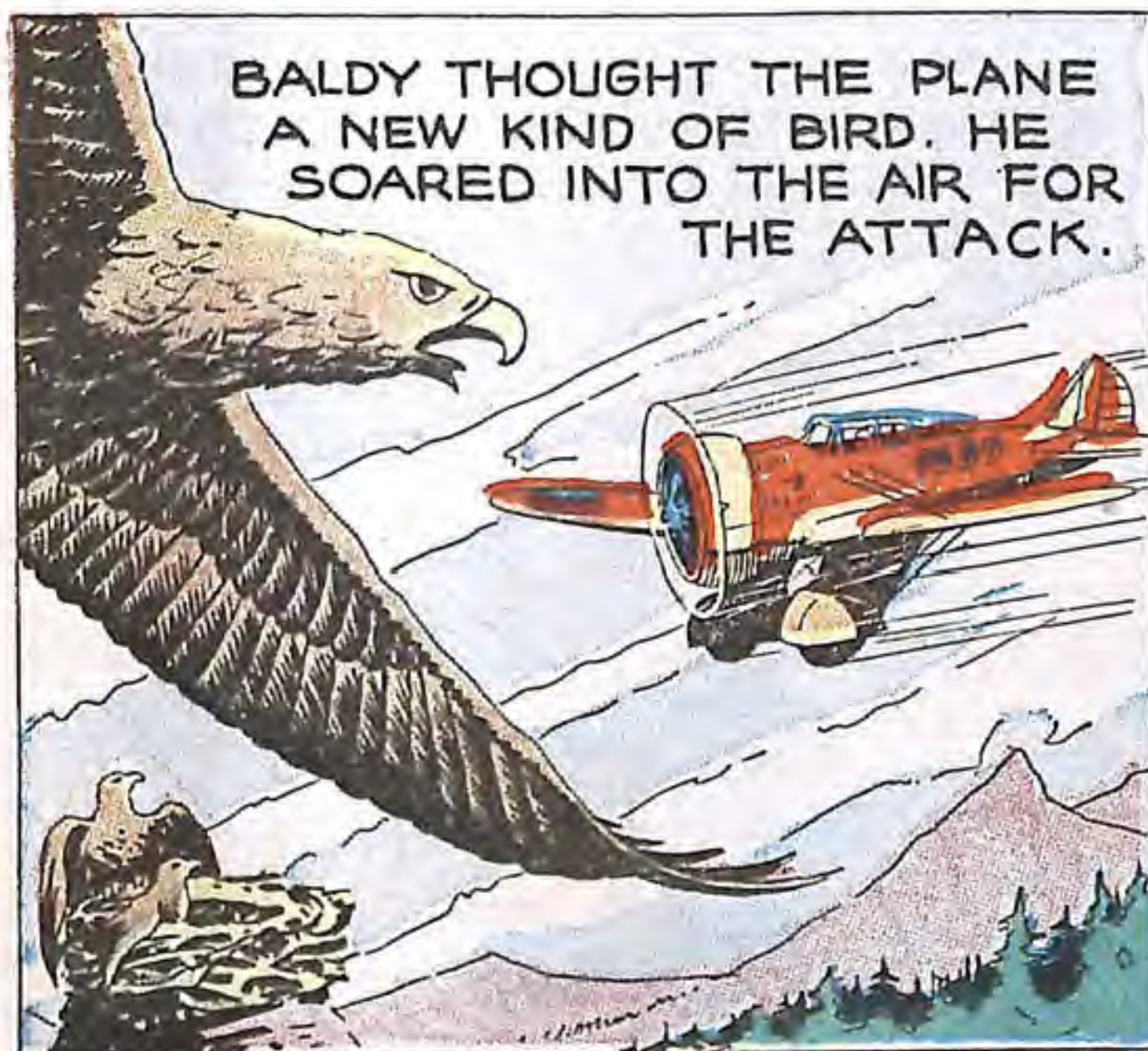
HIS MOTHER CAUTIONED HIM
WISELY AGAINST TOO MUCH HASTE.
"THERE IS PLENTY OF TIME TO FLY."



IN THE DISTANCE A SMALL CABIN
PLANE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR
THE EAGLE'S NEST.



BALDY THOUGHT THE PLANE
A NEW KIND OF BIRD. HE
SOARED INTO THE AIR FOR
THE ATTACK.



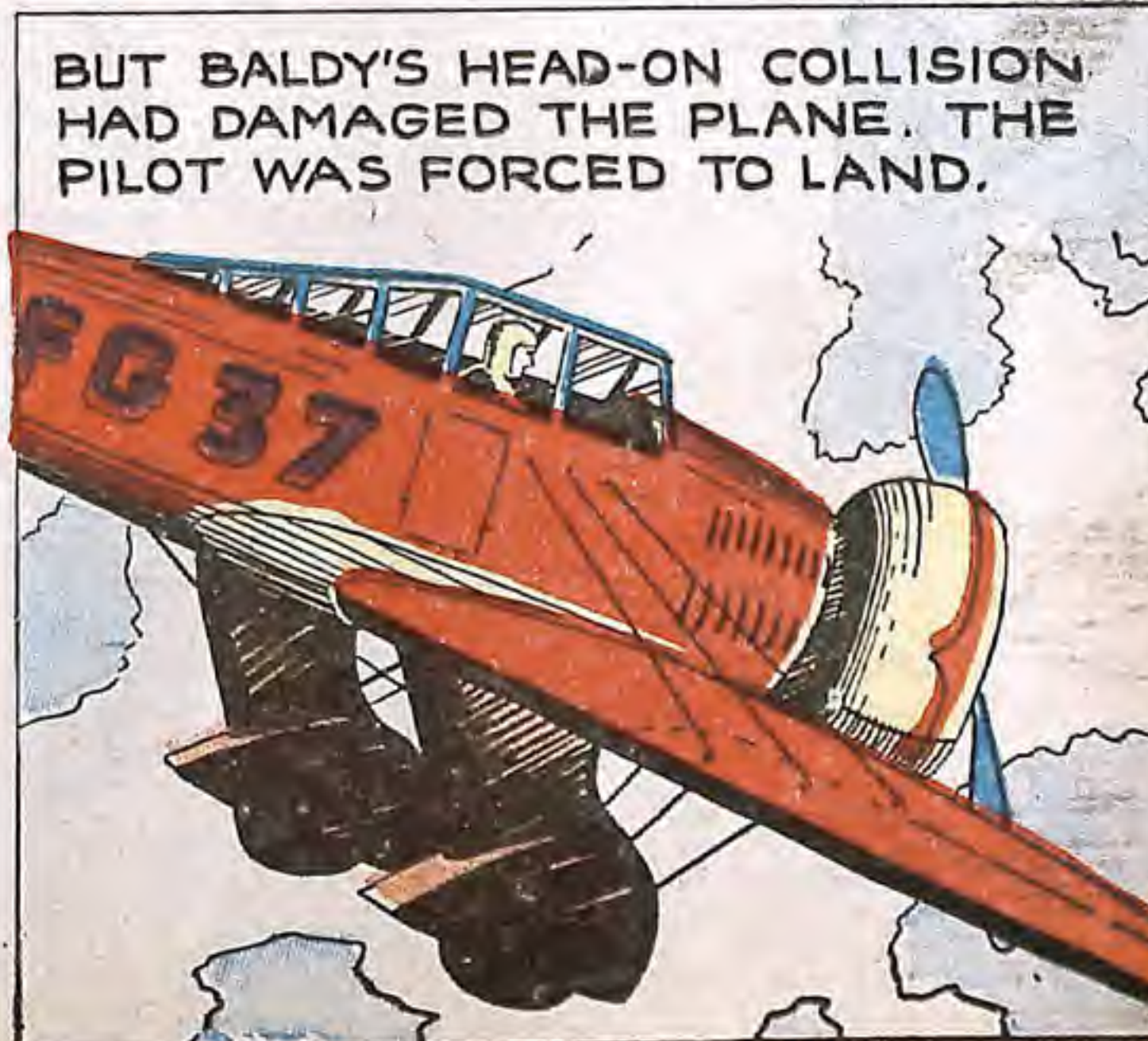
BALDY, THOUGH AMAZED AT THE SIZE
OF THIS ROARING BIRD, CHARGED
IT WITH A CHALLENGING SCREECH.



BUT BALDY'S HEAD-ON COLLISION
HAD DAMAGED THE PLANE. THE
PILOT WAS FORCED TO LAND.



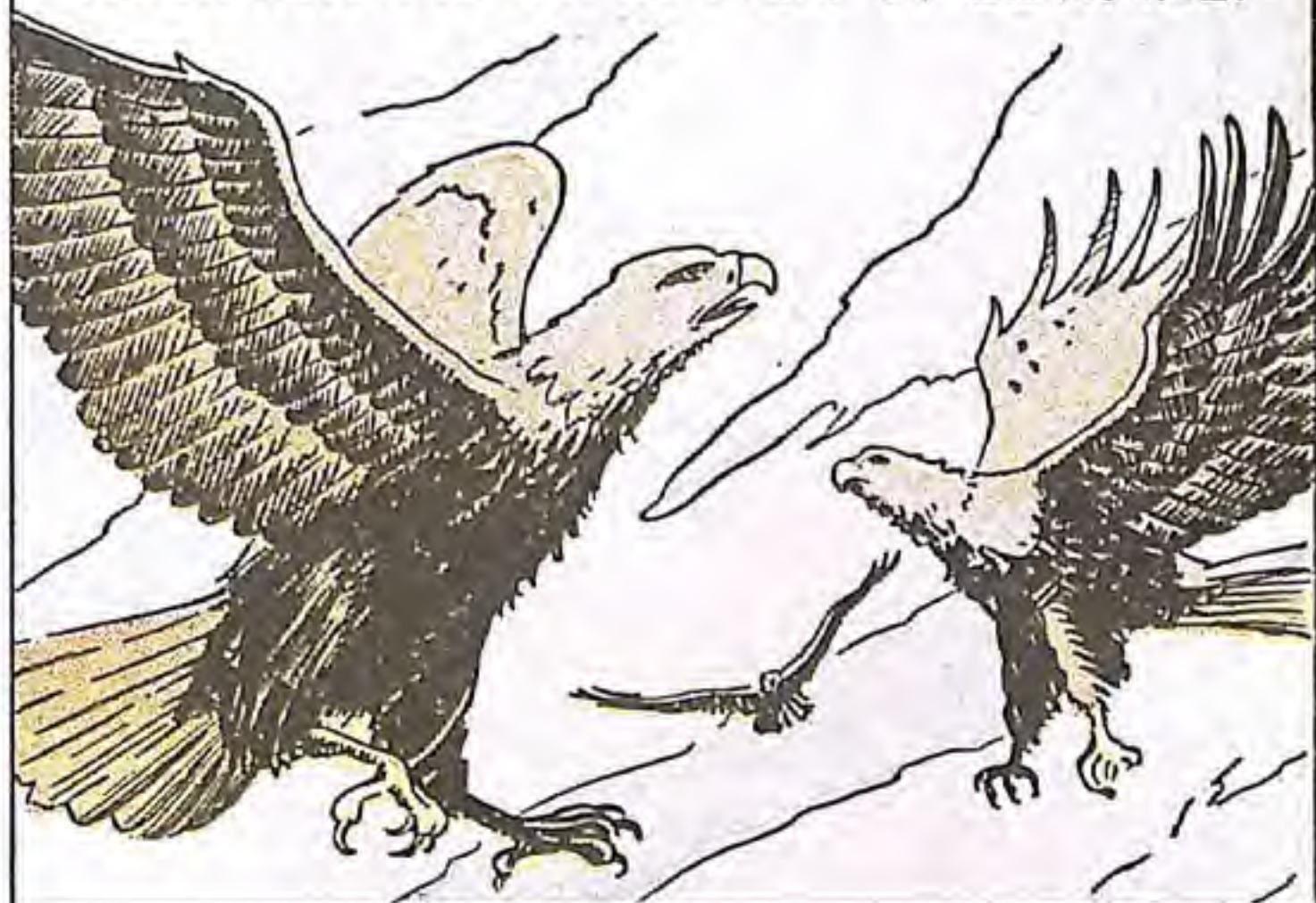
MISSING THE PROPELLOR BY INCHES, BALDY
CRASHED AGAINST THE MOTOR. STUNNED,
HE DRIFTED TO THE GROUND.



SAFE IN HIS NEST AGAIN, BALDY SCREECHED A CHALLENGE AT THE PLANE ON THE GROUND.



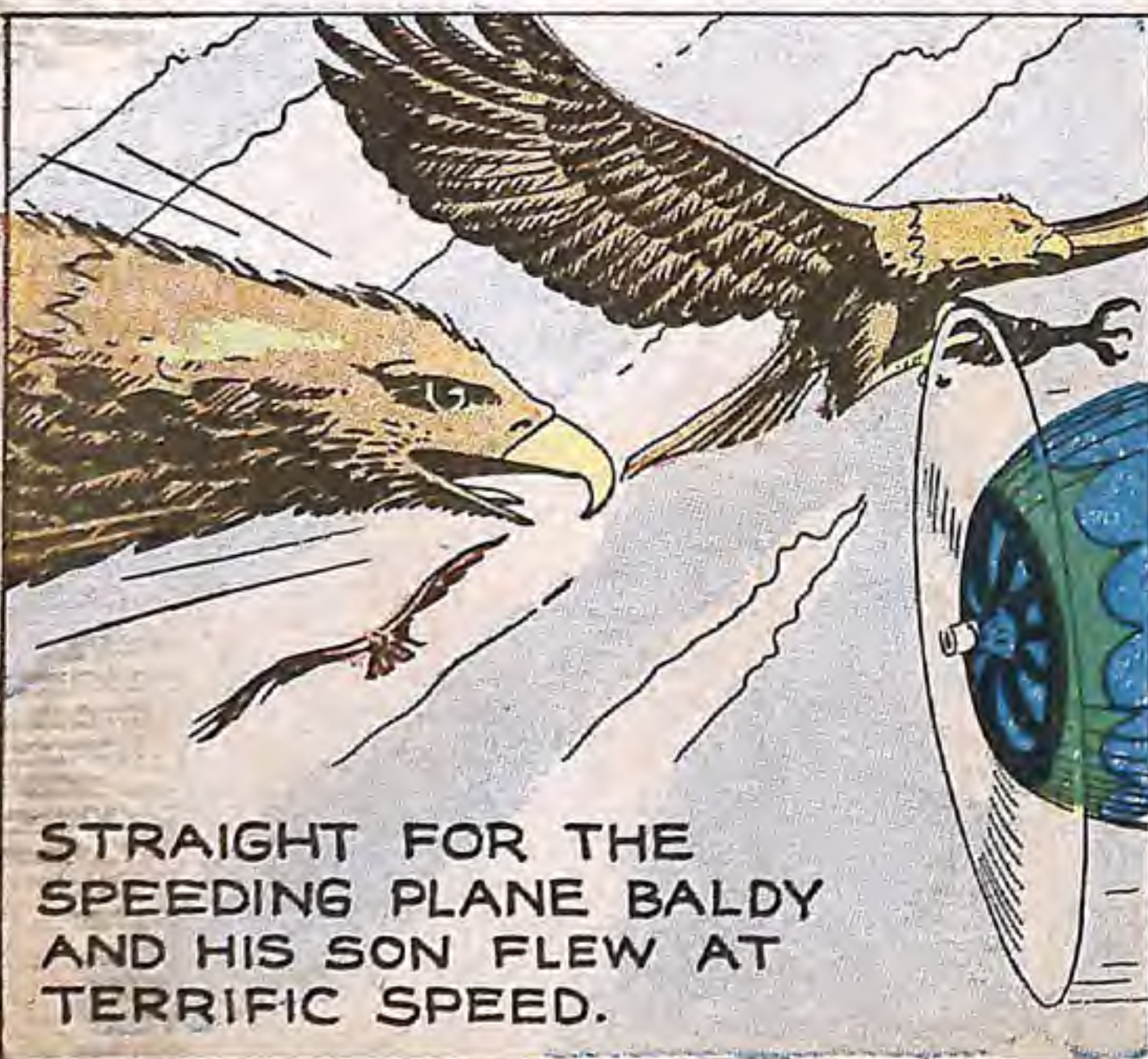
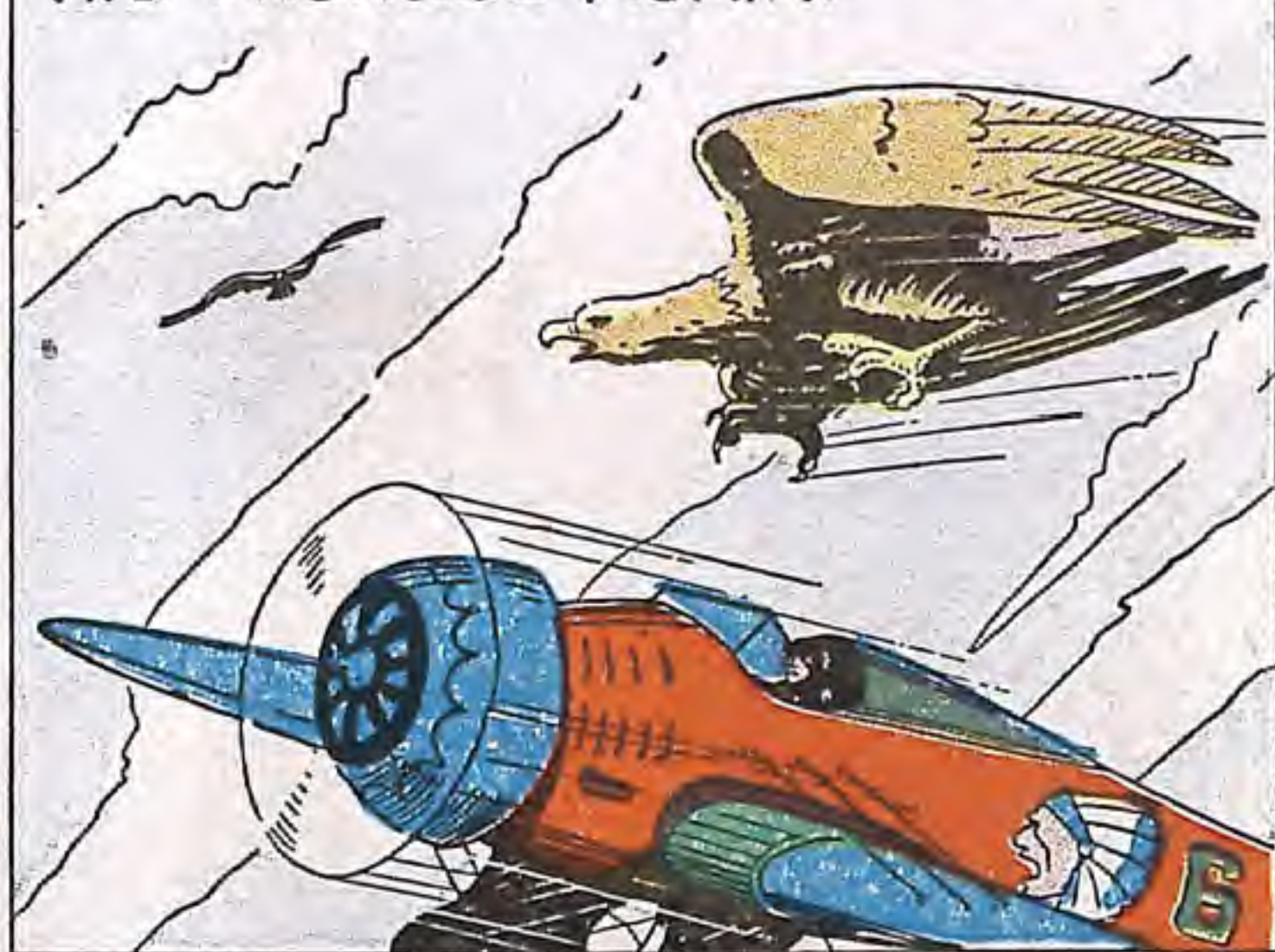
ENCOURAGED BY HIS FATHER'S BRAVENESS, THE EAGLET TRIED HIS WINGS AGAIN, DETERMINED TO SHOW HE WAS NOT A COWARD.



BALDY FLEW CLOSE TO HIS WIFE, SCOLDING HER FOR MAKING A COWARD OF THEIR SON.

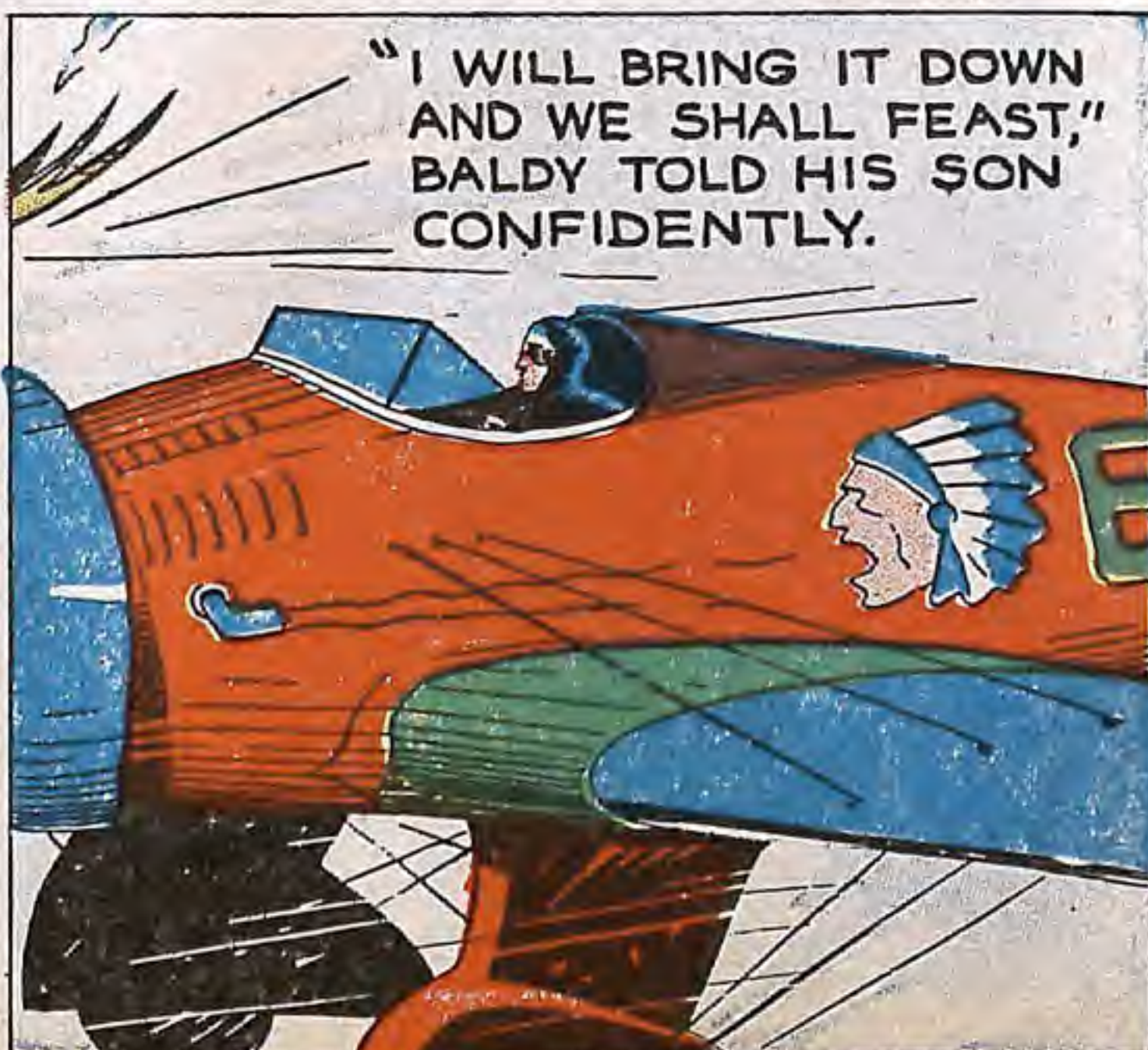


A RESCUE PLANE HOVE INTO SIGHT AND BALDY SAW A CHANCE TO PROVE HIS PROWESS AGAIN.

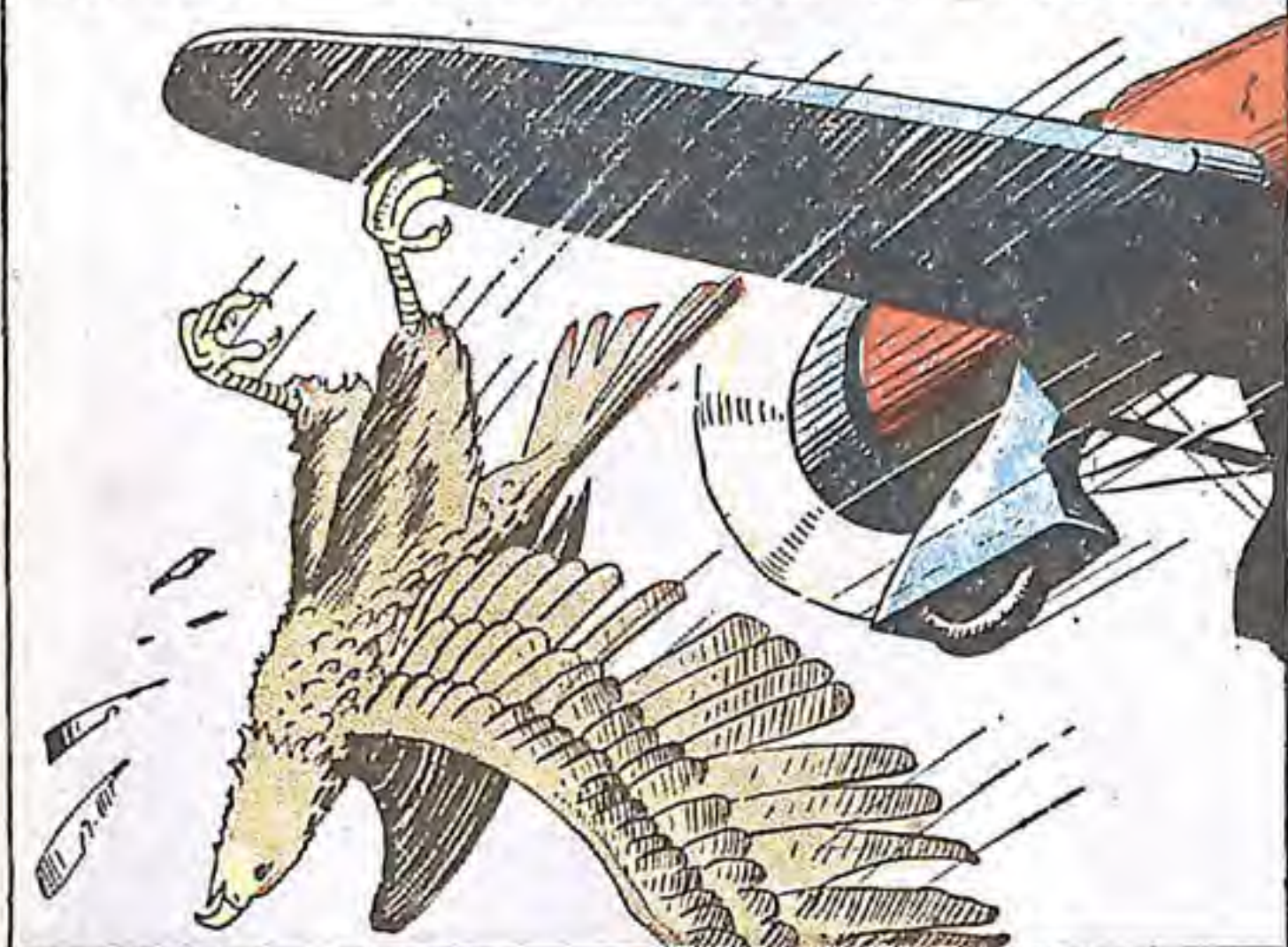


STRAIGHT FOR THE SPEEDING PLANE BALDY AND HIS SON FLEW AT TERRIFIC SPEED.

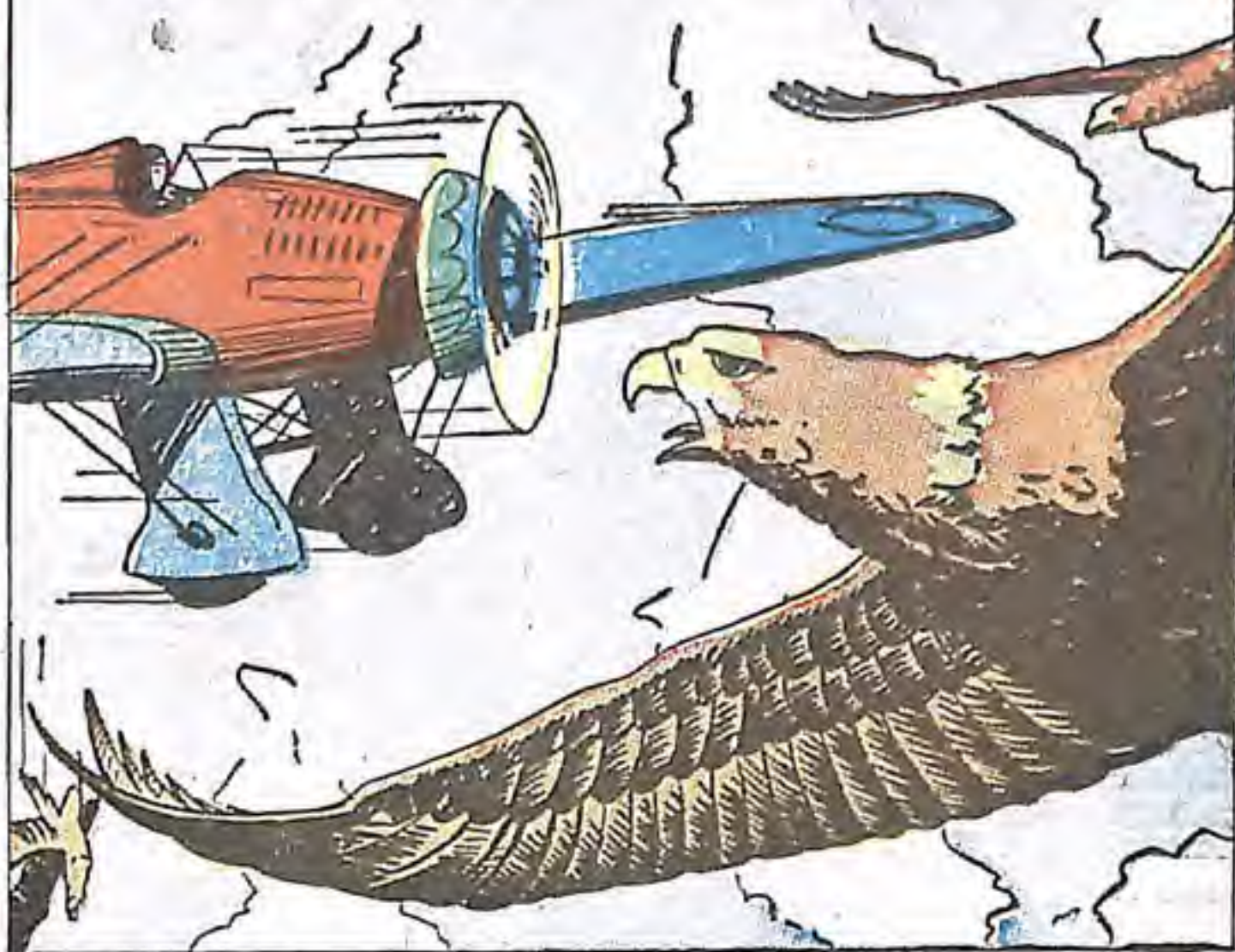
"I WILL BRING IT DOWN AND WE SHALL FEAST," BALDY TOLD HIS SON CONFIDENTLY.



NOT SO LUCKY THIS TIME, THE PROPELLOR TIP SMASHED AGAINST BALDY AND HE DROPPED LIKE A STONE.



THE EAGLET, BURNING WITH ANGER, DARTED STRAIGHT FOR THE PLANE.



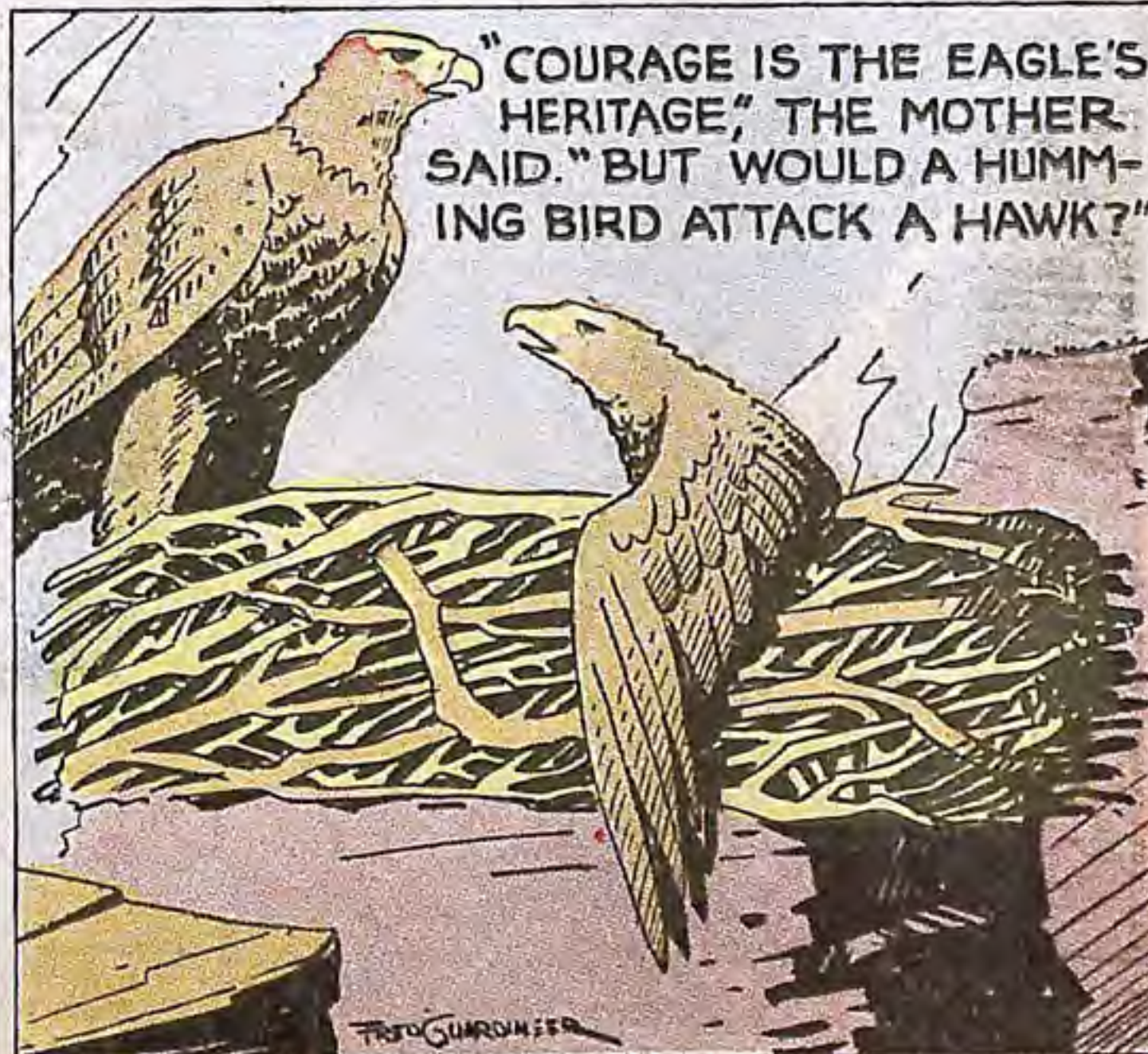
SWOOPING DOWN, THE MOTHER EAGLE SEIZED HER SON IN STRONG TALONS AND WHISKED HIM OUT OF DANGER.



SHE BROUGHT HER SON TO SAFETY AND WITH A WORD OF WARNING FLEW DOWN TO RESCUE HIS FATHER.



BALDY, DAZED AND HURT, WAS BROUGHT BACK TO THE NEST.



"COURAGE IS THE EAGLE'S HERITAGE," THE MOTHER SAID. "BUT WOULD A HUMMING BIRD ATTACK A HAWK?"

FRED GARDNER

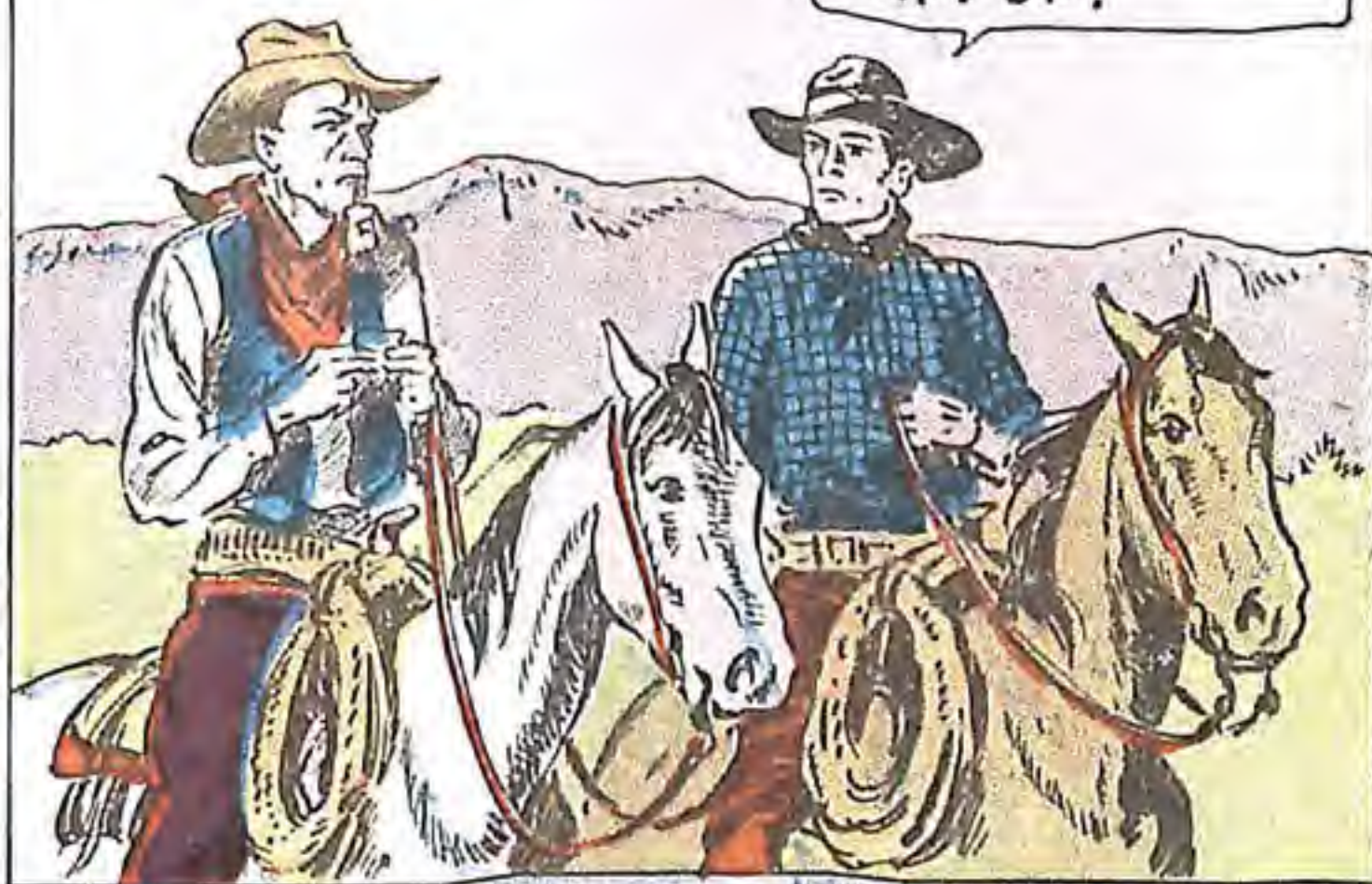
ACE & DEUCE

Star Performer

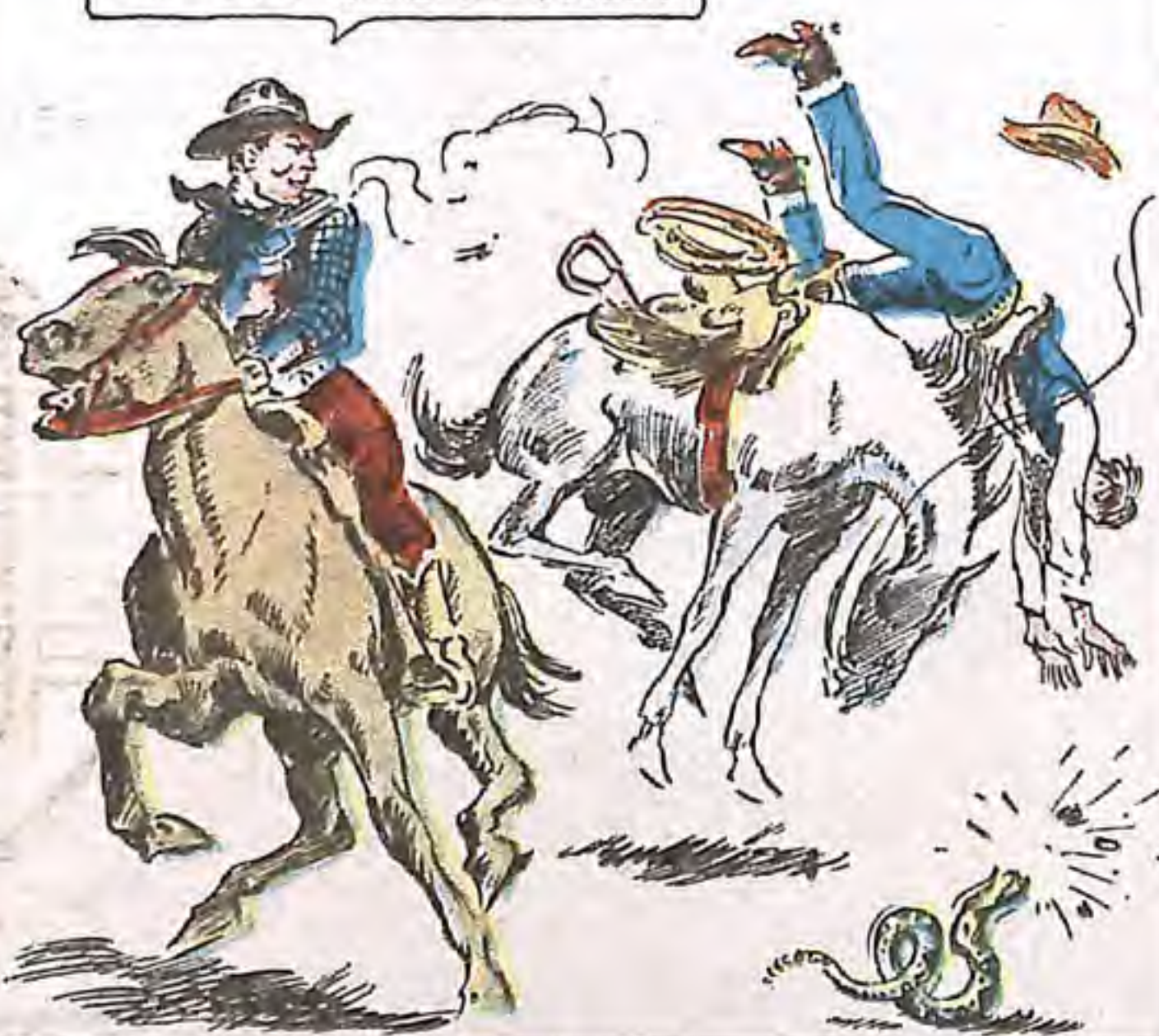


HEAR TELL OUR DUDE RANCH IS GOIN' TO HAVE A MOVIN' PITCHER COWBOY ON DECK.

YEP-AN' I'LL BET HE PUTS ON TH' DOG PLENTY, WE OUGHT TUH SHOW HIM UP!

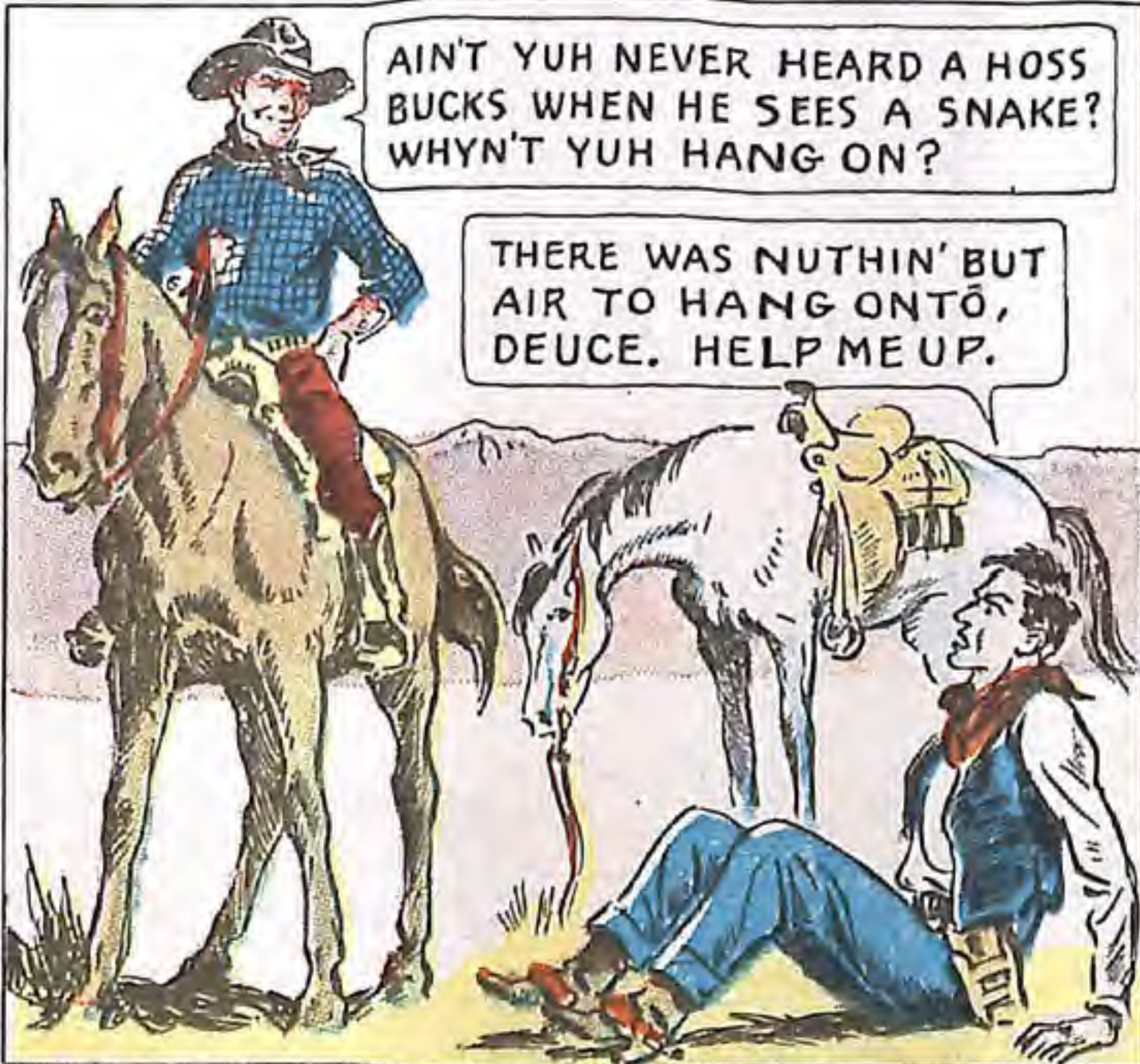


YIP-EE! RIDE HIM, ACE!



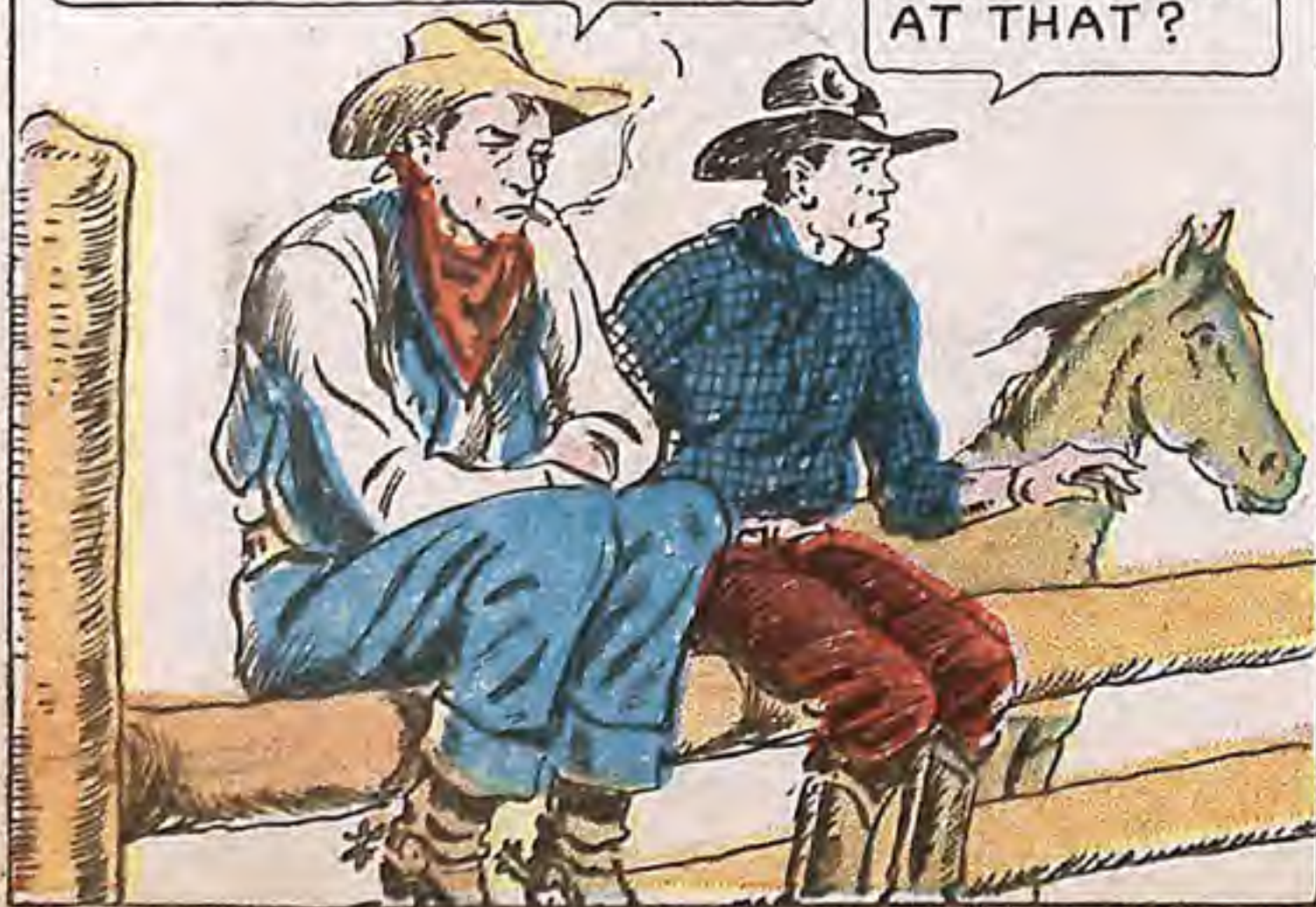
AIN'T YUH NEVER HEARD A HOSS BUCKS WHEN HE SEES A SNAKE? WHYN'T YUH HANG ON?

THERE WAS NUTHIN' BUT AIR TO HANG ONTÖ, DEUCE. HELP ME UP.



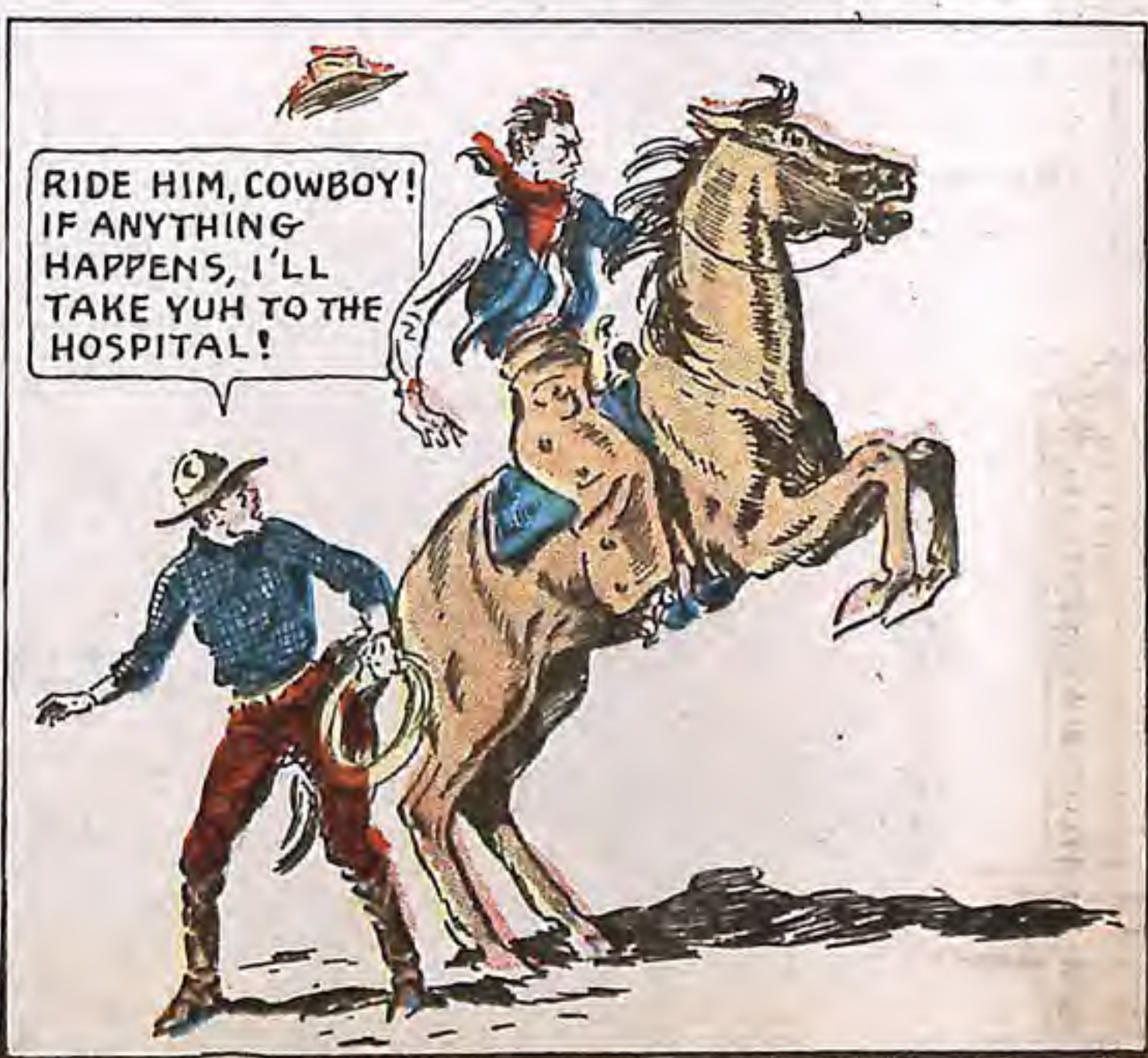
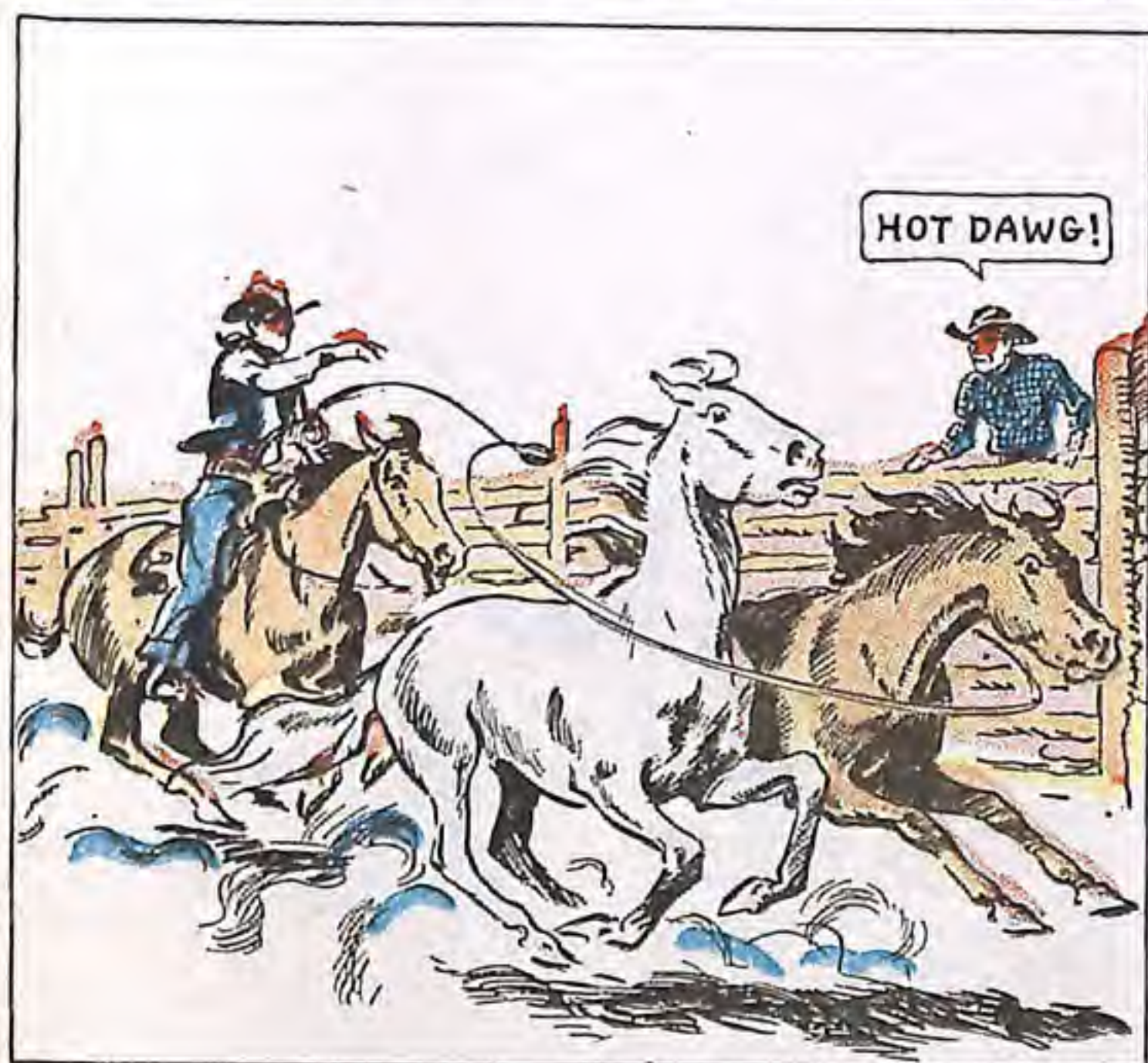
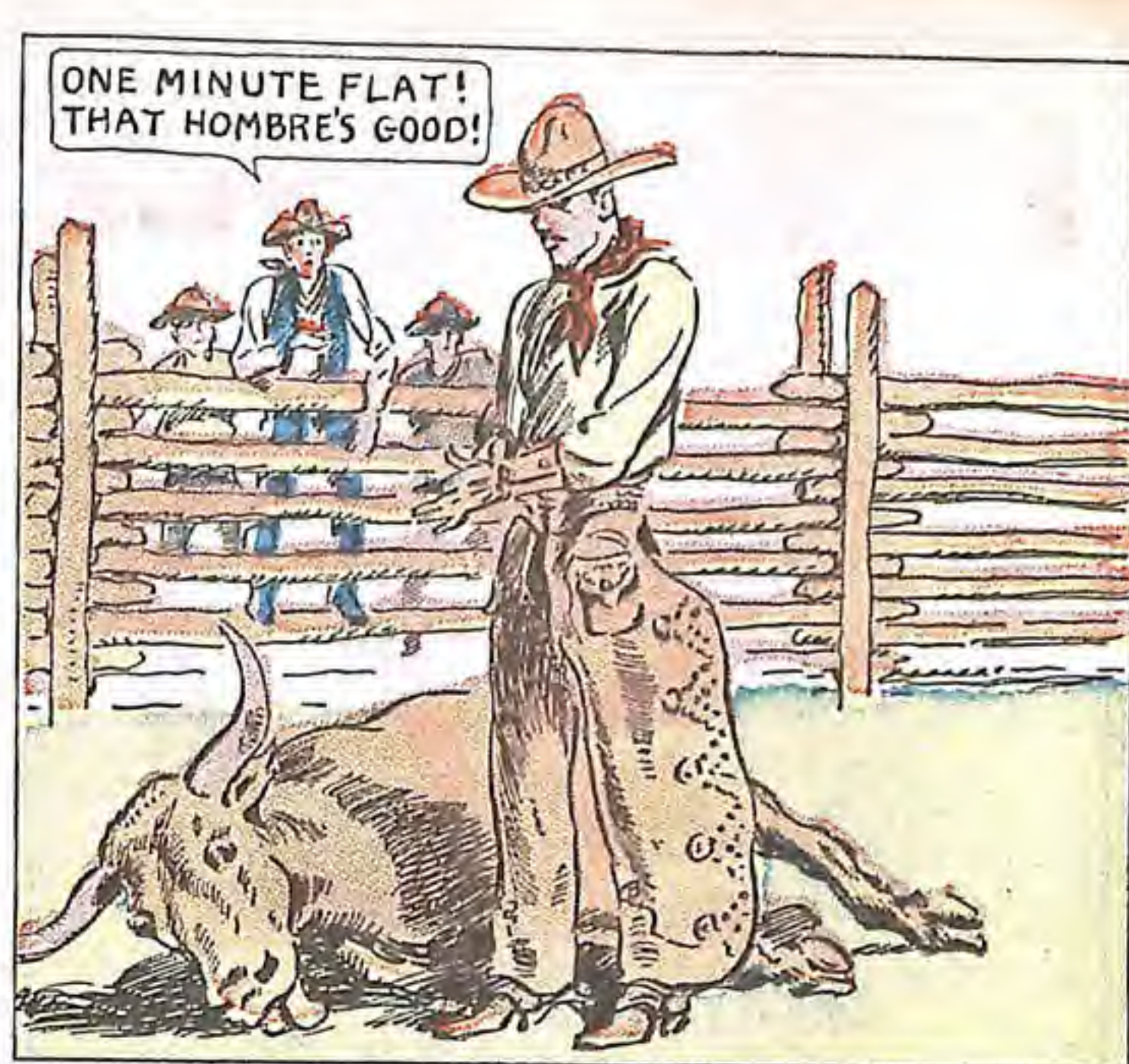
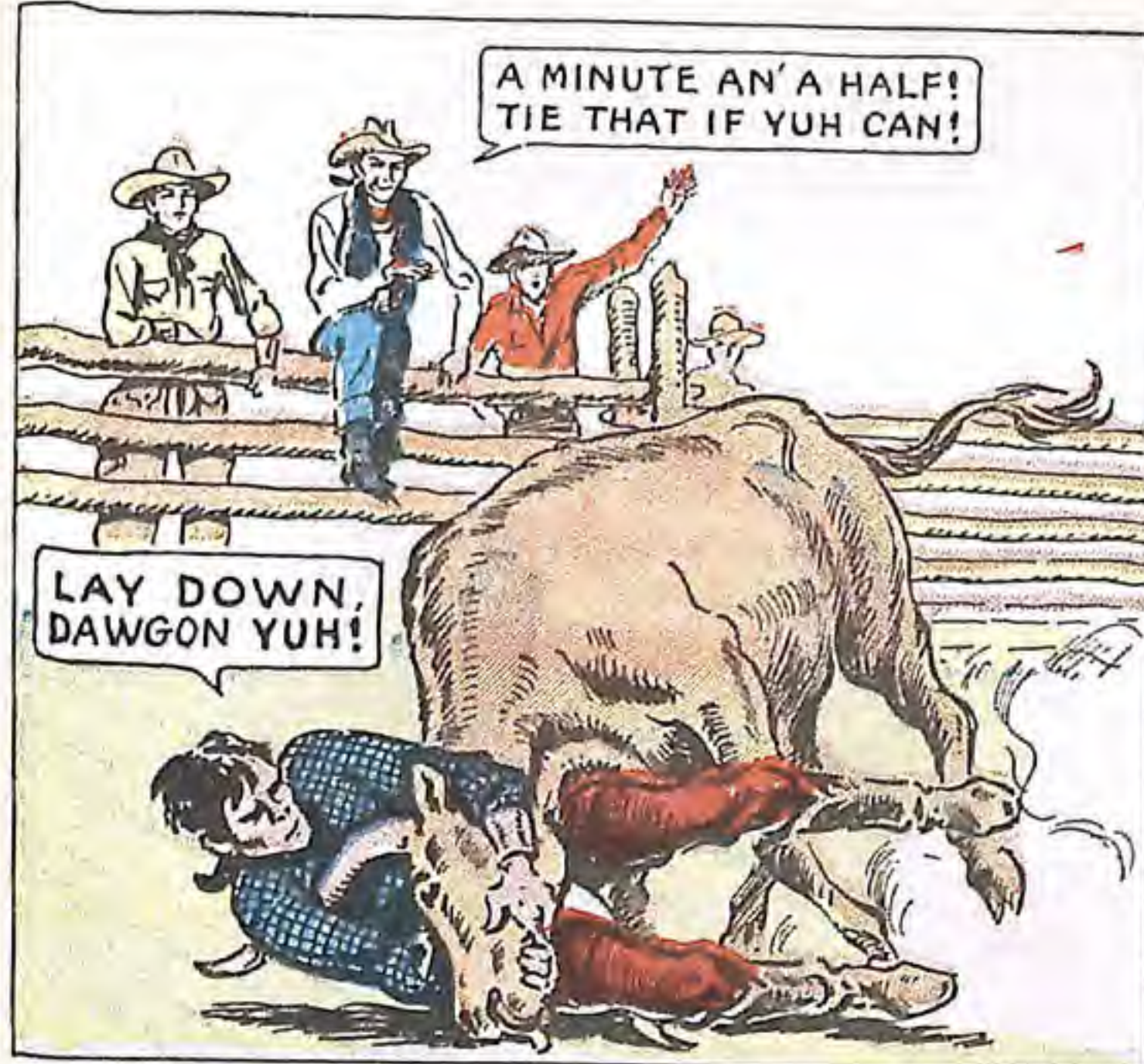
AIN'T NO SISSY GOIN' TUH SHOW ME UP. I AIMS TUH PROVE THIS TEX LOGAN'S A BIG BLUFF!

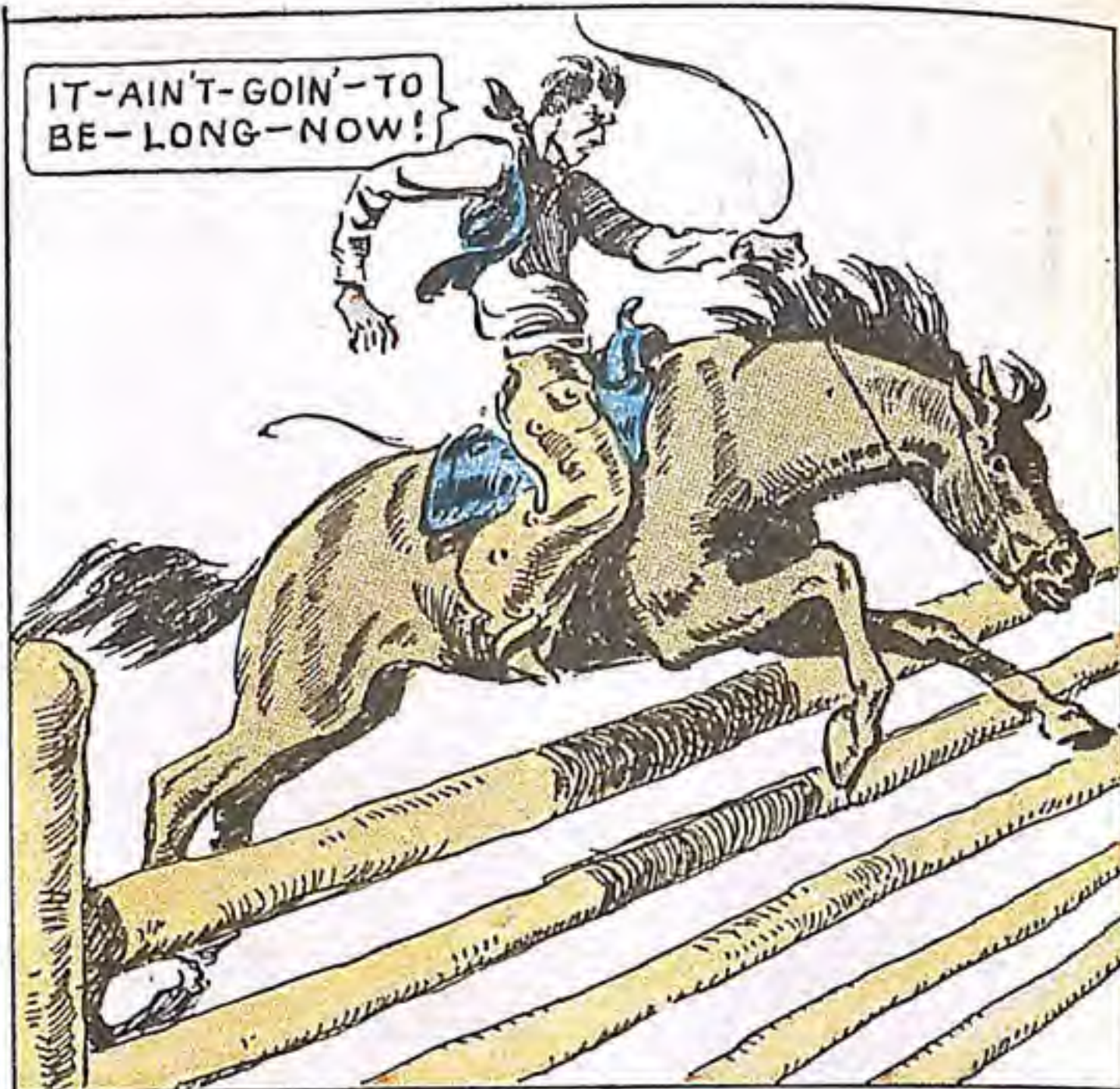
I'M WITH YUH, ACE. I-HEY-WILL YUH LOOK AT THAT?



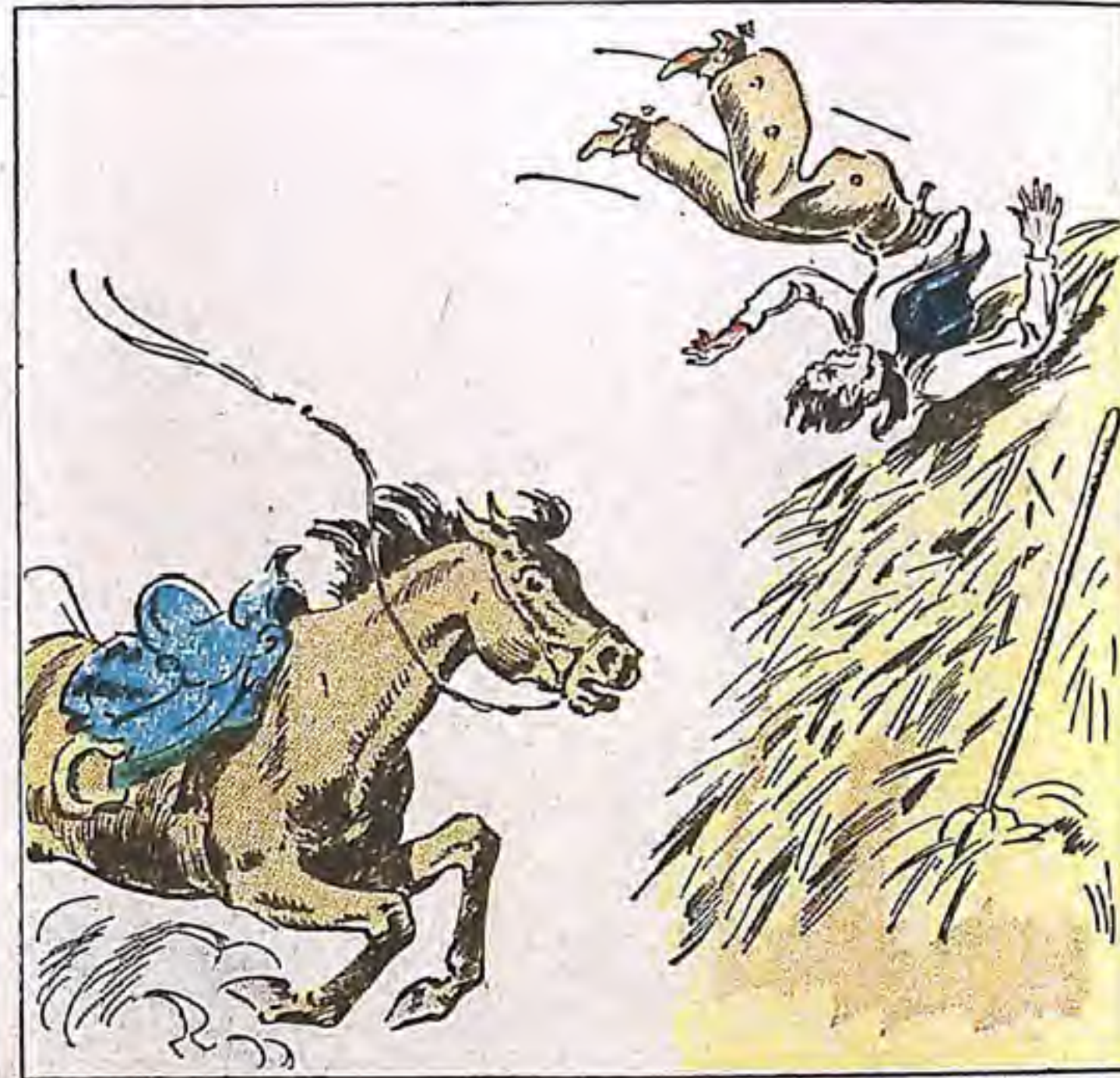
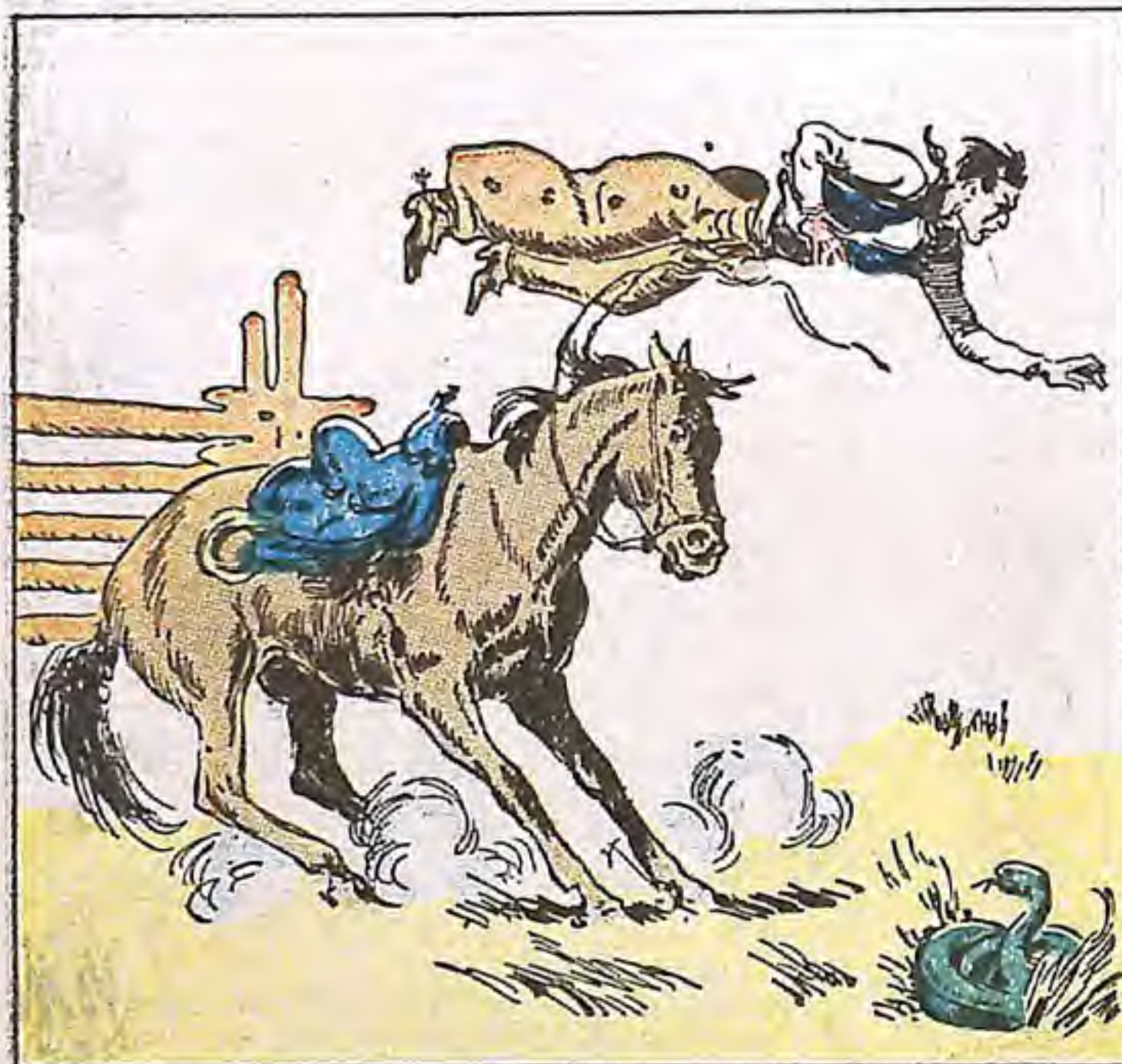
IF ANY OF YOU BOYS WANT TO SHOW ME SOME TRICKS, I'M READY.







IT-AIN'T-GOIN'-TO
BE-LONG-NOW!



YIP-E-EE! HE
DONE IT!



YOU WIN! I WOULDN'T
TRY THAT TRICK FOR
A MILLION DOLLARS!

NEITHER WOULD I! AN'
ANY HOMBRE THAT KILLS
ANYTHIN' LESS'N A RATTLER
HEARS FROM ME! SNAKES
AN' ME IS PALLS!

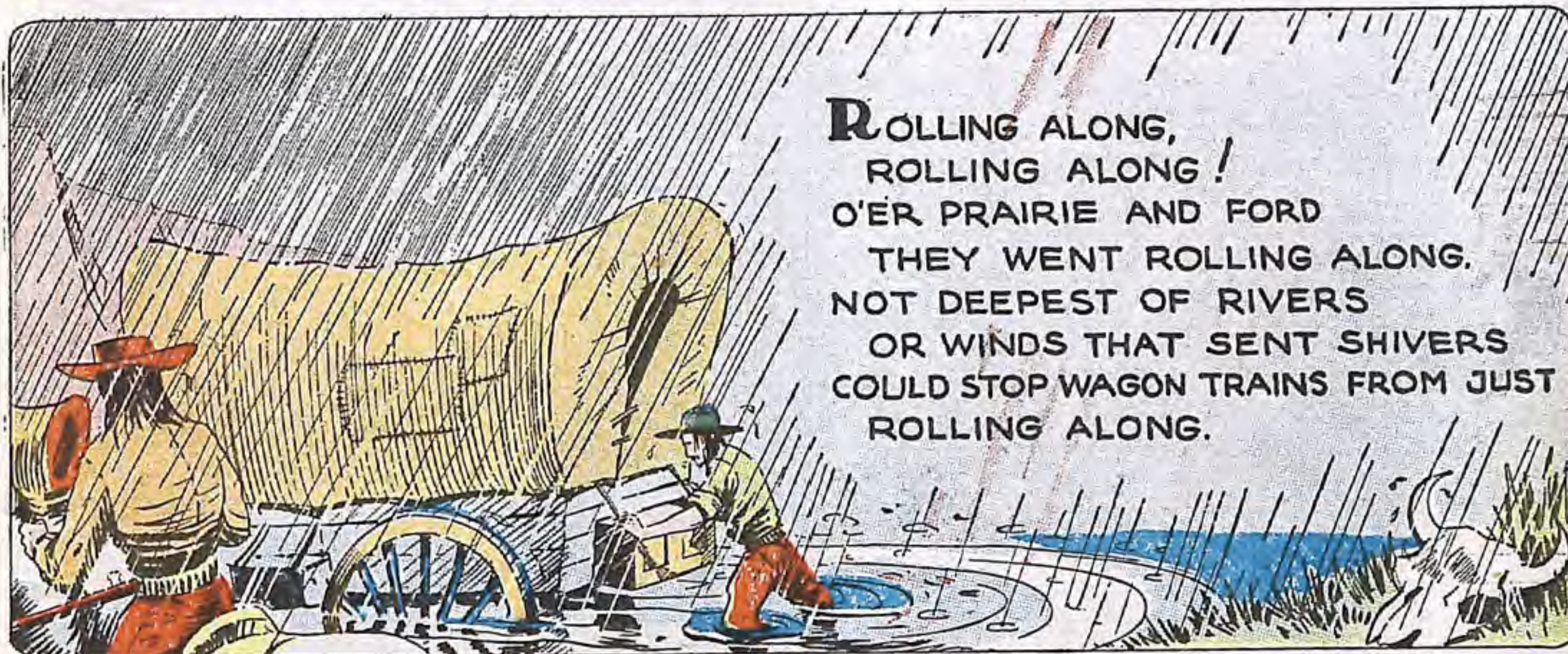
W.M. Allison

Covered Wagons!

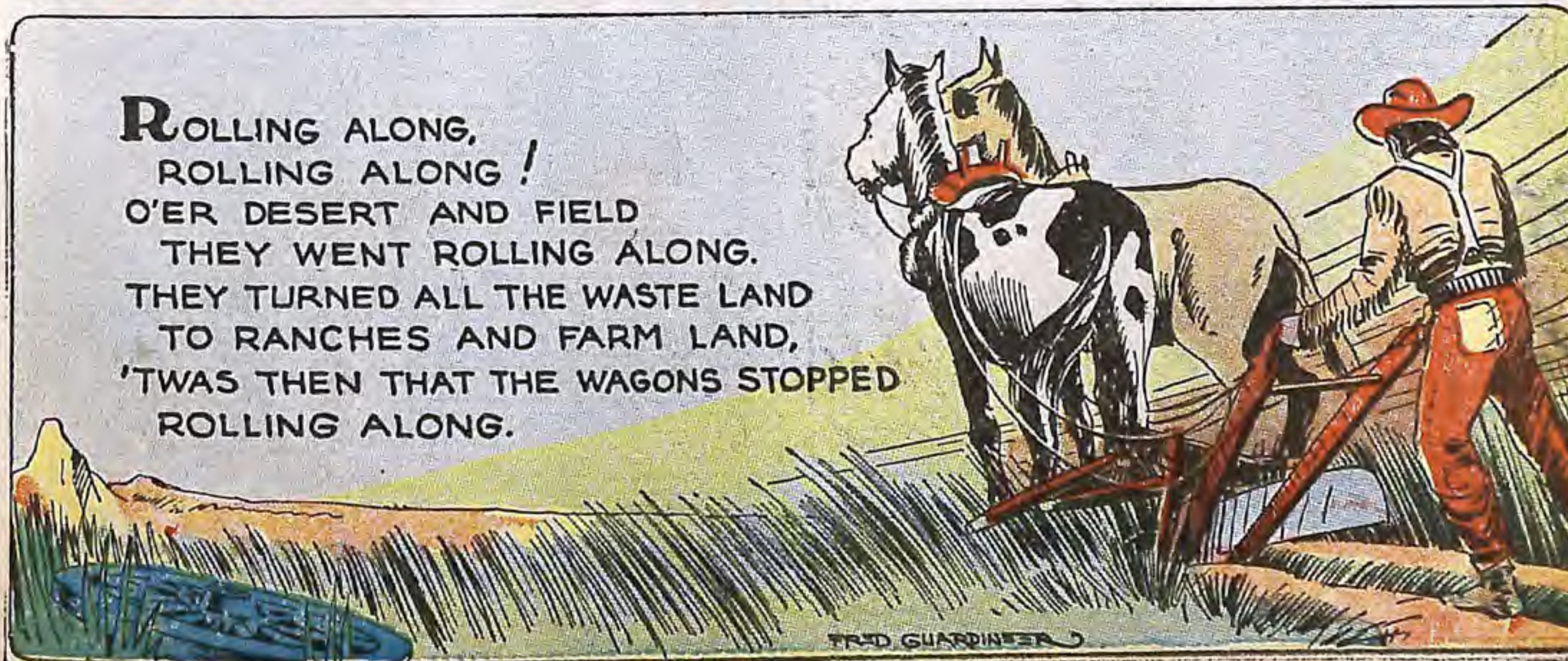
ROLLING ALONG,
ROLLING ALONG!
O'ER QUAGMIRE AND TRAIL
THEY WENT ROLLING ALONG.
UNDAUNTED BY DANGER
BOTH COWMAN AND GRANGER
JOINED HANDS IN THE TASK AND WENT
ROLLING ALONG.



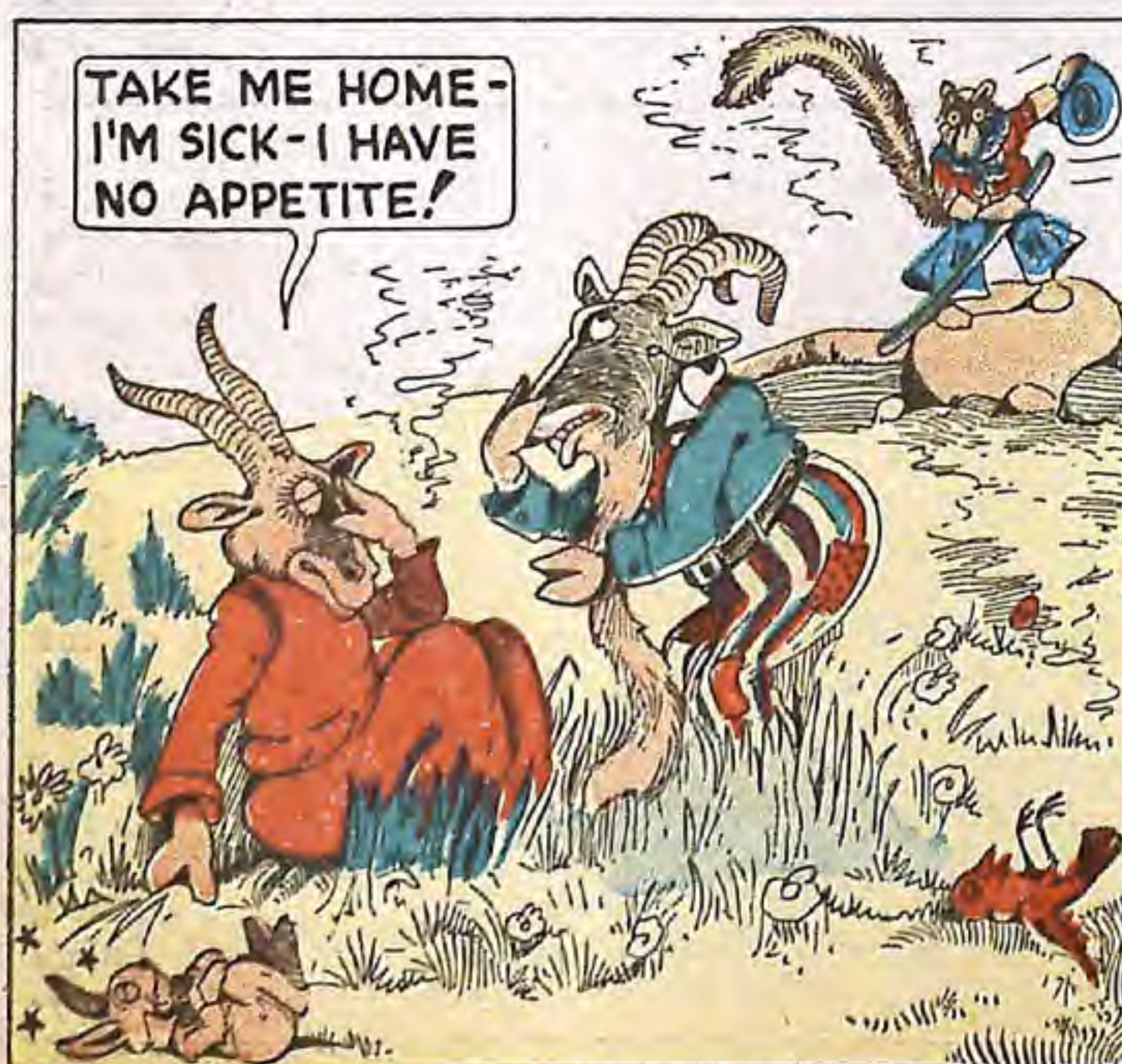
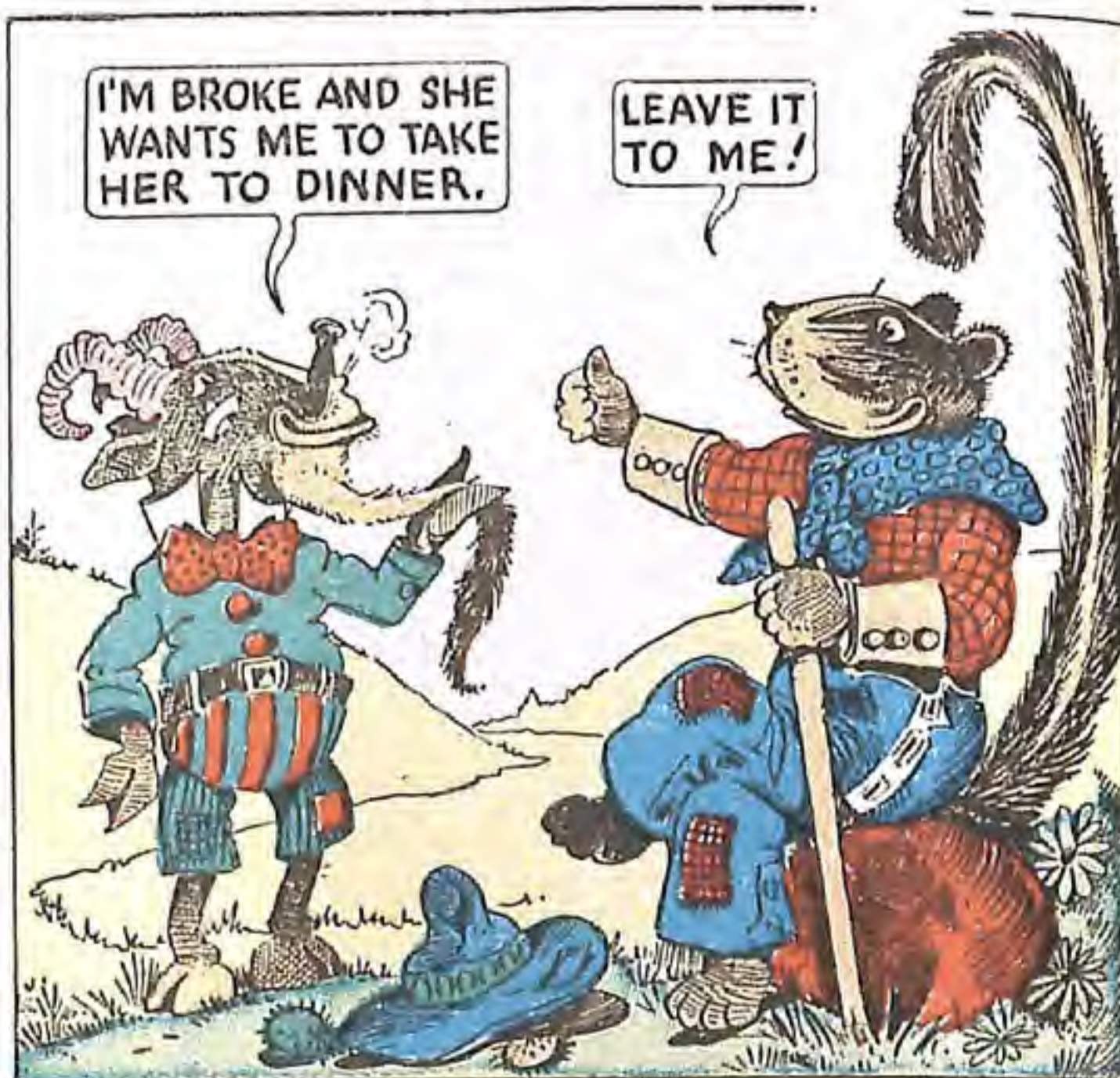
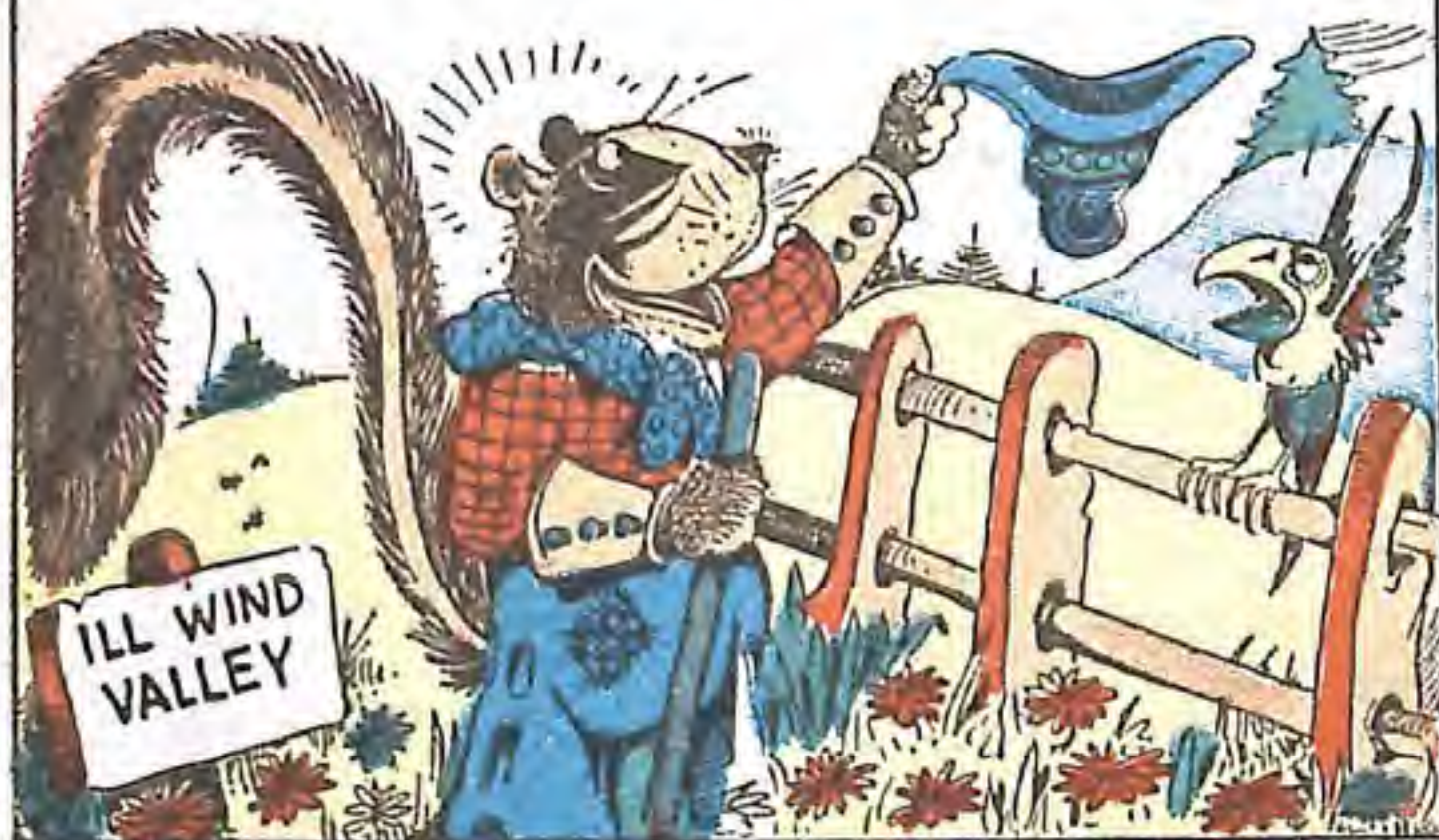
ROLLING ALONG,
ROLLING ALONG!
O'ER PRAIRIE AND FORD
THEY WENT ROLLING ALONG.
NOT DEEPEST OF RIVERS
OR WINDS THAT SENT SHIVERS
COULD STOP WAGON TRAINS FROM JUST
ROLLING ALONG.



ROLLING ALONG,
ROLLING ALONG!
O'ER DESERT AND FIELD
THEY WENT ROLLING ALONG.
THEY TURNED ALL THE WASTE LAND
TO RANCHES AND FARM LAND,
'T WAS THEN THAT THE WAGONS STOPPED
ROLLING ALONG.



HOMELSS OSCAR



Lean legs widely planted, his thumb hooked in his belt not an inch away from his gun butt, Chick Cahill regarded the four menacing weapons that were trained on his chest.

"What yuh intend doin'?" he asked with a slow, lazy drawl. "If it's a holdup, I don't very much think yore goin' to get rich off'n me."

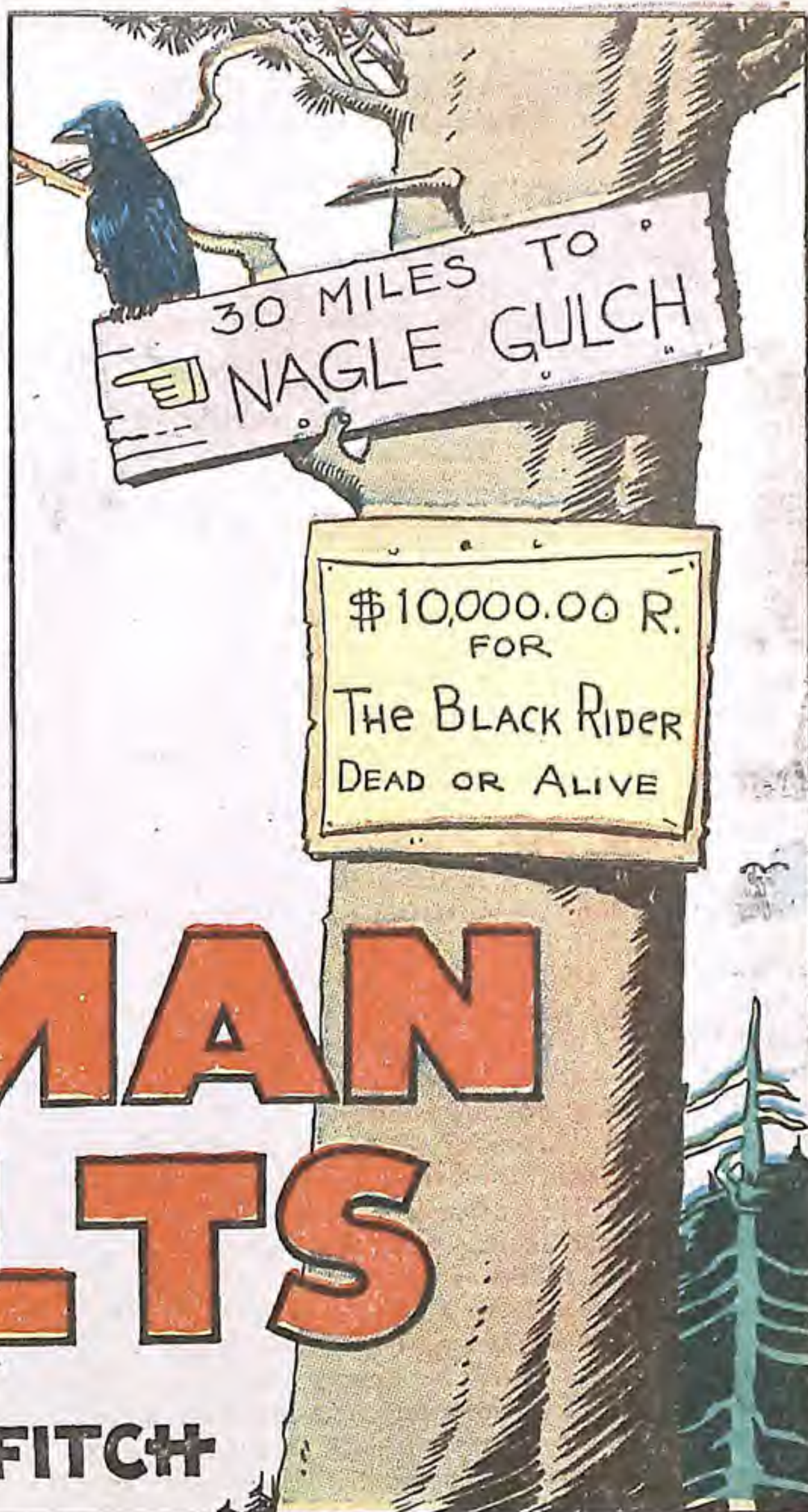
"Don't reach for yore hardware, Stranger," one of the men warned. He was craggy-faced, hard-eyed and he held his gun in a hand as steady as a rock. "What yuh doin' around these parts?"

"Just huntin'." Chick replied with a grin. "Looks like maybe it's me that's bein' hunted now. I don't mean no harm."

"Unhook that belt," came the order. "Let her drop and then step back. Where yuh from, pilgrim?"

"Texas," Chick replied as he let his gun and belt slip to the ground. He raised his arms high and allowed rough hands to search him rapidly. Satisfied, the shaggy bearded man stepped back.

"Yuh can put your hands down. Suppose yuh think it's funny how we been handlin' yuh, pardner, but we ain't takin' chances around here. The Black Rider's been operatin' and there ain't nobody knows who he is. The hills are full of high tailin' posses."



HUMAN PELTS

BY
KEN FITCH



Chick clucked his tongue in sympathy. "It ain't me who they're lookin' for anyhow," he said.

"Come along to the chuck house," the bearded man offered. "Pick up yore shootin' iron, mister, and let's travel. It ain't safe around here with the Black Rider foolin' around these hills."

Chick strapped on his gun belt and felt better with the weight of the six shooter at his hip. He swung into the saddle of his pony, rode to his pack animal and followed the four men down the steep, treacherous incline to a fertile valley below.

He sat down at the long table and ate with a dozen cowhands of the Bar O. No one said much during the meal except the bearded man. He kept up a running conversation to which the hired hands nodded full agreement and laughed at his sallies. To Chick's mind came one thought—that the men of the Bar O were exceptionally stupid. They were hard workers, faithful and kept out of trouble, but none of them showed a spark of intelligence. Chick wondered if his act was impressing the bearded man with the same ideas. Secretly he hoped so.

"Some folks think I'm shiftless," Chick observed. "But it ain't that. I just don't like hard work. That's why I hunt animals for their pelts. Say—I'd do anythin' for a thousand dollar."

The bearded man leaned across the table as if to speak, but he thought better of it and went back to stowing food into his mouth in great forkfuls.

After supper, Chick wandered around the ranch. His bland, innocent appearing face seemed oblivious to his surroundings, but his eyes saw everything and his brain absorbed each last detail. There was something decidedly odd about the Bar O. It might have been the lack of cattle to go with a ranch as big as this one or it might have been the thick headed punchers. Chick was heading for the corral and his horse when the bearded foreman hailed him.

"Yuh ain't goin', pilgrim?" he asked. "I want a little talk with yuh. Trappin' animals in these parts don't pay much. I heard yuh say you'd do anythin' for a thousand dollars. Is that right or was yuh just gassin'?"

Chick looked up with interest. "Sure it was right. I could live a long time on a thousand dollars. Get me a shack somewhere up in Montana and do some real trappin'. Say—yuh ain't offerin' that money, are yuh?"

"Follow me," the foreman said in a low voice. "I'm goin' to take yuh to see the boss of the ranch. He's Tex Gaynor and a fine man too."

Chick followed the foreman into the big ranch house. A man, about Chick's age and build, arose slowly from beside a roaring fireplace. He sized up Chick with a long, calculating glance that swept over him from head to foot.

"So you're the trapper," he said and his voice didn't have the drawl or soft quality usual to the West. Rather his tones were sharp, clipped and brisk. "Logan here tells me you'd like to earn some money. Been around this section long?"

"Only ridin' through," Chick replied. "I'm from Texas and I'm headin' North where trappin is better."

"Are you willing to risk your life for a thousand dollars?" Gaynor asked. "It's not so much of a risk. All I want you to do is carry some cash about ten miles across the hills to a friend of mine. You see, there is a bandit known as the Black Rider hanging around the hills. I think he knows I'm going to send cash to this friend of mine and he's probably watching me every moment. But you—all you have to do is pretend you're just riding away. When you get into the hill, you can high tail it for my friend's shack, give him the money and get back here. Is that worth a thousand dollars to you?"

Chick's eyes gleamed. "Shore is, boss. That ain't no hard way to earn that much money. Guess this musta been my lucky day to have seen yuh. When do I start?"

"As soon as it's dark. You'll ride my pony—one of the best mounts for a hundred miles around. I keep her in a coral back of the spring. Only Logan knows where and he'll take you to her."

"I'm ready whenever yuh say, boss," Chick said.

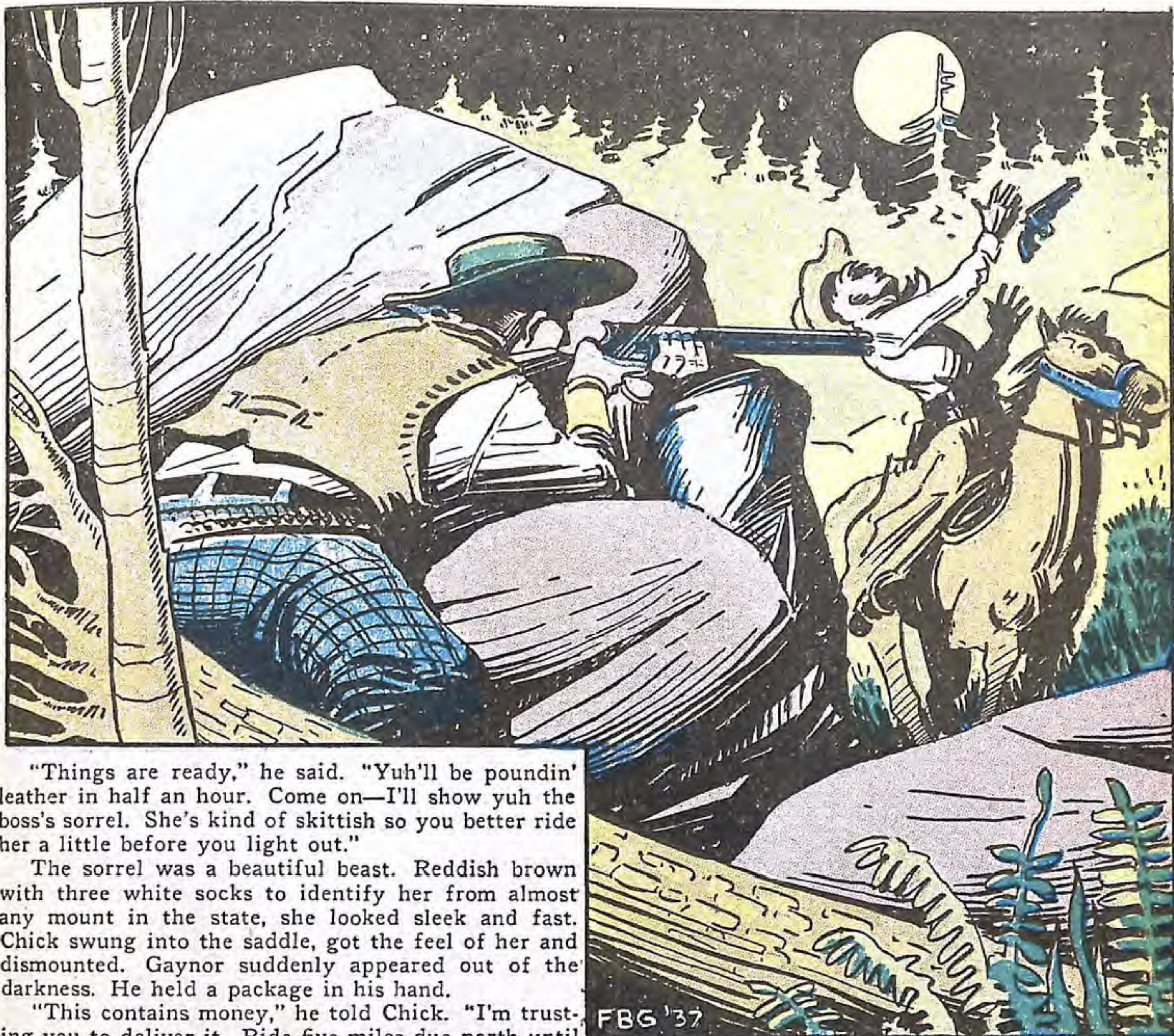
"Good," Gaynor said. "And don't tell anyone of this matter. The Black Rider may have spies among my own men."

Chick walked out to the ranch house and sat down, basking in the afternoon sun. Logan came out a moment later and worked always within sight of Chick. The rangy trapper paid no attention to this. He had spread the contents of his pack on the ground in front of him and he oiled and polished his steel traps.

When it was too dark to continue this work, Chick stowed his traps away, carried his pack to the bunkhouse and left it outside the door. He fed his pony and pack horse and occupied himself busily until Logan appeared at his side.



"ARE YOU WILLING TO RISK YOUR LIFE FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS?" GAYNOR ASKED.



"Things are ready," he said. "Yuh'll be poundin' leather in half an hour. Come on—I'll show yuh the boss's sorrel. She's kind of skittish so you better ride her a little before you light out."

The sorrel was a beautiful beast. Reddish brown with three white socks to identify her from almost any mount in the state, she looked sleek and fast. Chick swung into the saddle, got the feel of her and dismounted. Gaynor suddenly appeared out of the darkness. He held a package in his hand.

"This contains money," he told Chick. "I'm trusting you to deliver it. Ride five miles due north until you top Old Baldy over there. You'll find a trail leading west when you get over the ridge. Follow that until you come to a red painted shack. I'm buying land, see? They'll think it's me coming, but you can explain I was too busy. Just hand them the money, get a deed in return and come back here at once."

"Got yuh," Chick said. He stowed the packet of cash under his shirt, loosened the gun in his holster and raised his hand in a farewell gesture as he gently applied spurs.

The sorrel whisked him away. He skirted the ranch and hit out for the hills. Chick began singing as he rode through the dark night. The sorrel was sure footed and he had nothing to worry about. Not once did he glance behind him, but as he plunged into a thick portion of rangeland forest, he yanked the rifle out of his saddle scabbard, jerked the magazine open and grinned. There had been a full clip of cartridges in the gun. Now it was empty.

From beneath his shirt he removed another clip of bullets and inserted them into the weapon. He placed the rifle across the saddle and whistled happily.

Once he reined in his mount, stood up in his stirrups and listened intently. He was sure that he heard pounding hoofs behind him, but they seemed to veer off and die away. He jogged on, but he no longer whistled and he kept one finger against the trigger of the rifle.

FBG '37

A HOWL OF AGONY TESTIFIED TO HIS MARKSMANSHIP.

He was nearing the top of the highest of the hills. From there his trail would change. Chick rode slowly now and the sorrel seemed to sense an element of danger.

Suddenly there was a crash to his left. Chick let himself drop sideways and he heard the whine of a bullet as it passed through the spot where his head had been.

He applied spurs, kept low in the saddle hugging the sorrel's neck as he streaked up the side of the mountain. Once more he heard a rifle crash and the bullet zipped through leaves inches to his left. He reached the top, swung out of the saddle with his gun in one hand. He rapped the sorrel sharply on the flank and made a wild dive for the shelter of a big rock.

Now he could hear the sound of scores of hoofs. The guns in front of him began to bark again. Chick rested his rifle on the smooth top of the rock, squinted behind the sights and waited. He saw the jab of orange flame from a gun and he squeezed the trigger of his own weapon, aiming straight at the spot where that streak of flame emanated. A howl of agony testified to his marksmanship.

Chick grinned and kept his finger tight on the trigger. The riders were coming closer. Enough of them could hem in a deadly circle of spitting guns. He wouldn't have a chance if that happened. But there was a certain fascination in remaining where he was and watching for more of the blind shooting on the part of those who sought to kill him. Then he heard a gruff voice.

"I saw him myself. It's the Black Rider surer than blazes. He was ridin' that sorrel all right. I saw the three white socks plain as day."

"Let's get him," someone suggested. "He's up there, near the big rock. We can ride rings round him."

"We'll give him a chance first," the man with the gruff voice said. He raised that voice to a husky shout.

"This is Sheriff Bragg. If yuh want a chance for yo're life, stand up with yo're hands in the air. Yuh can't get away Black Rider. There's thirty of us here and we aims tuh weight yuh down with lead if yuh don't surrender."

Chick thought swiftly. If he stood up, surrendered with the idea of explaining, anyone in that posse could shoot him down and say they saw him reach for iron. That was too dangerous. There had to be another way.

"Then come on," he shouted back. "I'm waitin' for yuh and I got plenty of lead."

There was a hasty conference, but Chick didn't wait to hear what it was. He ran lightly across the hard ground, streaking toward the trail leading down the side of the mountain. As he reached it, he slowed up and looked skyward. There were tall pines and thickly branched cedars all around. He chose one that he could climb easily, gave a running jump and grabbed the lowest branch. Easily and silently he drew himself up among the thick branches. He crawled out on one that hung directly over the trail and waited, hardly daring to breathe.

This was a dangerous game he played. Anyone could shoot him down and as a reward for their marksmanship receive the ten thousand dollar reward on the head of the Black Rider.

The posse was coming, hell bent. Hard riding men, each one of them, they circled the spot where he had been hiding. It took them a few moments to determine that he had fled.

"He's gone down the old trail," someone shouted. Chick smiled with deadly coldness as he heard the voice. "He's too smart to follow the regular path. After him!"

Horses pounded the trail below the branch where Chick was hidden. The riders streaked by with their quirts lashing the sides of their mounts. In single file and silhouetted against the sky line at the top of this mountain, each man could be identified by Chick from his lofty perch.

The last one approached and he was careful not to overtake those ahead of him. Chick tensed and waited until that rider was directly below. Then he came down from that tree like a thunderbolt.

His arms wound around the rider and pulled him out of the saddle. He snapped two hard blows to the man's face. His opponent whipped a gun from its holster, raised it and pistol whipped Chick across the face, drawing blood. Chick set his jaw, lowered his head and charged in before the other man could pull the trigger of his gun. He stayed close, jabbing a left, then a right in a steady tattoo against a paunch of a stomach. "The other man screamed in pain and yelled



HE DROVE A HAYMAKER
STRAIGHT FOR THE CHIN.

for help. Already the riders were turning back. Chick threw out one leg, neatly tripped the man and jumped on him as he went down. He drove a hay-maker straight for the chin, connected and felt his opponent go limp.

He leaped to his feet as a gun cracked and a slug slammed into his shoulder. His right hand darted for his hip, came away with a gun spitting fire as it rose. The nearest rider who had started shooting threw up both hands and lurched sideways out of his saddle.

"Hold yore fire!" Chick shouted. "I'm standin' with my hands high."

A circle of men surrounded him. Sheriff Bragg leaped out of the saddle and approached with drawn gun.

"So yuh used your head after all," he said bitterly. "But yuh had to shoot down two men before yuh saw yuh couldn't get away."

Chick grinned. "I could outride all of you hombres put together, sheriff. I didn't want to. You men are after the Black Rider. Well, don't look at me. Yore man is on the ground where I put him with a nice little smash on the jaw. Gaynor is the Black Rider, Sheriff. I can prove it."

Bragg gaped and the posse closed in with low menacing growls. Chick spoke again.

"Lift my hat, Sheriff," he said. Look inside the sweat band. What yuh see there will prove I'm talkin' right."

Bragg knocked Chick's hat off, picked it up and gave vent to an exclamation of amazement.

"A Texas Ranger!" he cried. "Are you the hombre sent up here to run down the Black Rider?"

"That's me," Chick laughed. "I been workin' on this case for a week. Gaynor filled the bill. He had a ranch that didn't pay, yet he always had money. His cowhands were specially picked because they were too dumb to notice anythin'. I fixed things so the Black Rider had to quit, then I made it profitable for him to do that by having the governor post a reward of ten thousand dollars for the capture of the Black Rider dead or alive."

Sheriff Bragg scratched the back of his head. "But how'd that make him want to quit?" he asked.

"He knew he was at the end of his rope," Chick said. "That ten thousand dollars looked good to him. If he could get some poor fool to ride his horse, carry some money that was marked and tote other evidence like a black mask, that would hang him to the nearest cottonwood, he might be able to collect that reward for hisself. Logan is the Black Rider's lieutenant. I rode into the ranch, let him look me over and I figured he'd show me to Gaynor. He did—and the rest you know about."

"Gaynor rigged you out with the Black Rider's horse, his mask and the marked money he stole from the Mount Pleasant Bank!" Sheriff Bragg gasped. "The low down rat. He woulda shot yuh in the back and fooled all of us, pardner. He'd a collected the reward and nobody would look for the Black Rider again."

Someone jerked Gaynor to his feet. The bandit snarled a string of curses at Chick.

"I thought you was a trapper?" he raged. "Curse Logan for trusting you!"

Chick laughed. "Shore I'm a trapper. I was after valuable pelts all the time—ten-thousand-dollar ones. To some people them pelts might look like skunks, but to me they look like the Black Rider."



A CIRCLE OF MEN
SURROUNDED HIM.



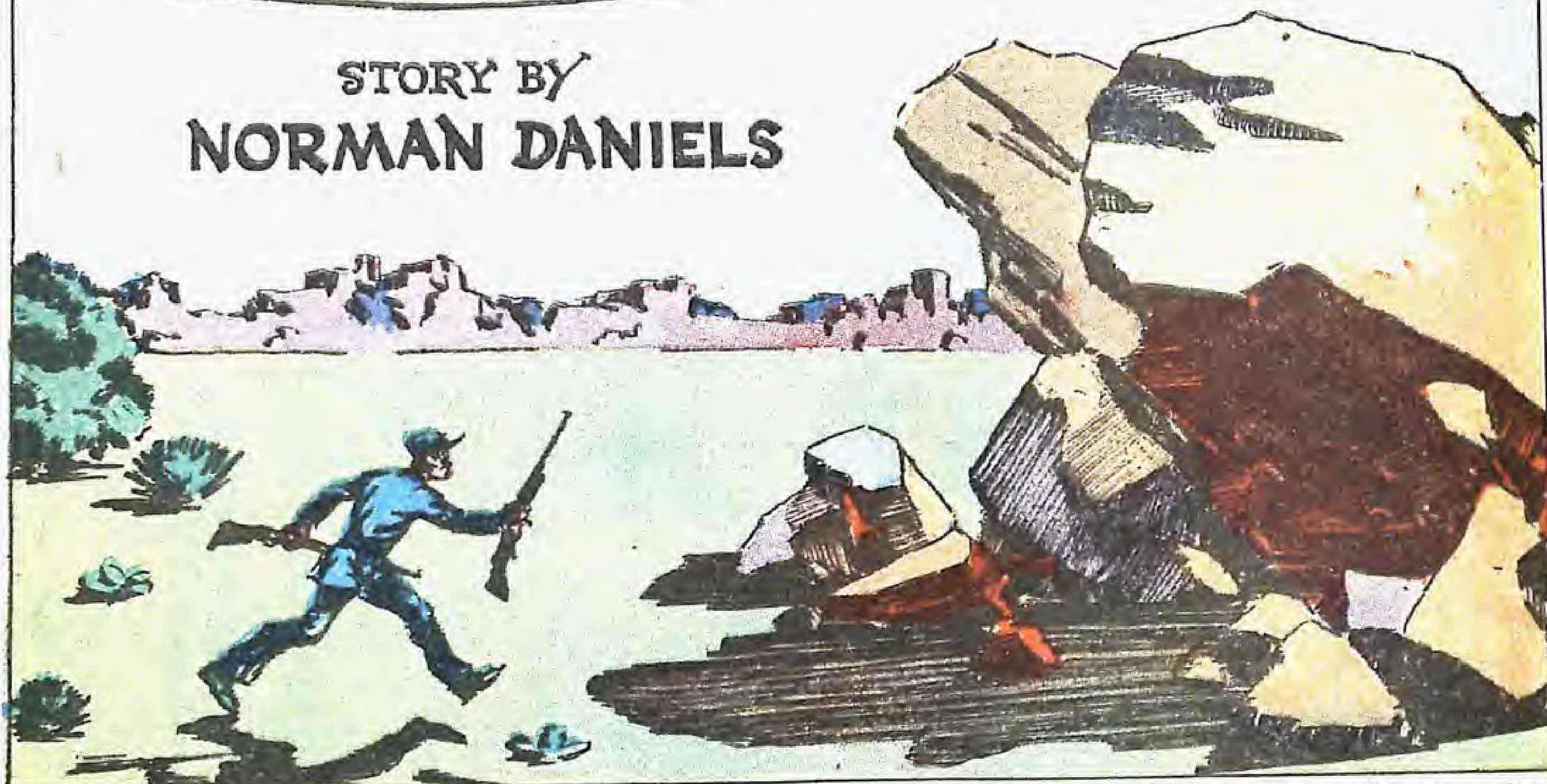
MIDNIGHT BANDIT RAID

FRED
GUARDINEER
'37

ILLUSTRATED BY
RAFAEL ASTARITA

PILOT'S
COURAGE

STORY BY
NORMAN DANIELS



Ted Thompson, lean, sun-browned flight lieutenant, watched the mechanics tune up his plane. He heard a siren screech and turned in time to see a big sedan come to a grinding stop outside the Colonel's office. Men in blue uniforms climbed out and vanished inside. Two minutes later an orderly sped toward Ted's ship. He saluted and delivered a brief message "Colonel's orders, sir. You will take off in five minutes, but first you are to report to him, sir."

"What's up?" Ted asked.

"I don't know for sure," the orderly said. "Something about a gunman who is roaming around the country near the border. Guess they want you to spot him—maybe drop a bomb on him."

Ted hurried to the Colonel's office. Two police officials were in close conference. The Colonel looked up.

"Lieutenant," he said in clipped tones, "you are to take off at once. Fly around the arroyo near the Black Mesa area and look for a single man dressed in a grey convict's uniform. When you see him, relay his location to headquarters."

"Yes, sir," Ted snapped. "Shall I try to get him, sir?"

"No," the Colonel snapped. "He's a killer, half mad with fury against everybody and everything

that represents law and order. He murdered a prison guard and so far he has killed a ranger and wounded three others. You are simply to find him."

Ted saluted, turned abruptly and sped back to his plane. Mechanics had the prop spinning and everything was set for the take off. Ted climbed into the cabin of the plane, waved his hand and the mechanics stepped away. He gave her the gun and the ship taxied smoothly across the perfect runway. It took to the air with all the grace of a wild bird.

Ted glanced at his instrument board, set his course for the Black Mesa and its deep arroyo where half a hundred killers could hide and defy police ten times their number. He tuned in on his two way radio and contacted the operator at field headquarters.

"Who is the mug I'm to look for?" he asked.

"Name is Chick Miller. Remember him? He killed a couple of G-Men two months ago when they cornered him. They finally trapped the rat on a roof top. He was afraid to jump to the next roof and get away. But don't get me wrong, Ted. This bird is as dangerous as T. N. T. He'll shoot it out with half the army and the marine corps thrown in."

"I get it," Ted said. "What's he got to lose anyway. They've already sentenced him to die. Okay, pal, I'll keep in touch with you and if I see him, I'll



drop a monkey wrench on his bean."

Ted grinned, gained altitude and raced for the arroyo. He saw it, a glistening deep ravine through which a mighty river had at one time flowed. He nosed down, circled the spot and used powerful field glasses to scan the countryside.

He saw a score of mounted rangers, rifle armed and ready for instant action. They looked up and waved to him. Ted wiggled his wings in reply and descended still lower until he was barely skimming the tops of the trees. He cut down his speed to a minimum, plotted a course and began to sweep over it so that he would cover every foot of land.

Suddenly he clapped his field glasses to his eyes. There was a tiny form moving rapidly toward the ravine. Whoever it was, he carried a rifle and when Ted had focussed the glasses, he saw that the man also had two heavy guns strapped to his waist. This was Chick Miller without question. He wore the grey denim uniform of the prison from which he had escaped and he was a surly, dangerous looking brute.

As Ted watched, the man looked up and shook his fist at the plane. Ted grinned and reached for the radio mike. His hand paused as he brought the instrument to his lips. Miller was making his way down the side of the ravine, choosing the part that sloped the most and took away the idea that he was descending from a great height. Ted circled the spot and watched the man intently. Miller reached the dry, level bottom of the arroyo, raced toward a big overhanging rock and dropped his rifle. He began to roll huge stones into a barrier from which he could shoot and yet be safely hidden. The overhanging rock prevented anyone from shooting down at him and he was in a veritable fortress.

Four rangers suddenly appeared at the mouth of the arroyo. They saw the escaped convict and put spurs to their horses. Miller raced behind his rock

barricade and thrust his rifle through a narrow crevice. The rangers separated as best they could in the narrow ravine and with wild whoops charged straight at the barricaded killer.

Miller's rifle barked. One of the rangers tumbled from his horse. Another sagged in his saddle, wheeled his mount and started back. Miller fired again and the already wounded ranger toppled to the ground. The other two men opened fire, but Miller was far too well hidden. He was a crack shot and every time his rifle spoke, it brought down one of the law officers.

The third man lolled in his saddle, clinging desperately to the pommel as he turned back. The fourth ranger dismounted, concealed himself behind a small rock and began shooting. Ted looked down at the fight in horror. Miller was intent on murdering anyone who came within range of his rifle. He seemed to have plenty of ammunition and he took no pains to spare any of it.

"He can hold off fifty men where he is now," Ted told himself grimly. "And he'll kill a dozen before they get him. One dozen men who will have to die so that a rat of a killer like him can be captured."

He contacted headquarters. "Miller is holed up in the arroyo," he reported. "He's barricaded behind big rocks and there's a ledge over his head to protect him. Better bring an armored car."

"Can't get any equipment like that over those hills," the announcer said. "Try to blast him out with your machine gun, Ted."

"Impossible," Ted answered. "That ledge would shield him. Hang on, brother. I'm going to try a fancy stunt. It may mean my neck, but that gunman will wipe out any number of men who come after him. I'll either land him at the field or I'll crash and rub him out that way."

"You're crazy," the radioman gasped. "But anyway I know I can't stop you. Good luck, Ted. Don't

let him throw you."

Ted set his jaw, dropped down until he was almost dusting the rim of the arroyo. He could see Miller looking up anxiously. Once the killer raised his rifle and fired several shots. Two of the bullets ripped through Ted's right wing.

He grabbed the controls, banked and came back until he was at the far end of the ravine. His motor suddenly began to sputter. The plane dropped swiftly until it seemed certain one of the wings would smash against the rocky side of the ravine. There was barely ten feet of extra space for the ship to land, but Ted knew this plane and it responded to everything he demanded.

The motor was dead as the wheels struck the level bottom of the arroyo. The plane taxied dangerously close to the sheer walls and came to an abrupt stop. Ted was almost a thousand yards from where the gunman lay hidden. He leaped out of the plane, ran around and climbed up to the propellor and engine. He brought out wrenches and hammers and pretended to work hard repairing some damage to the ship.

He heard the killer's rifle bark and a bullet smash into the side of the plane. Ted looked up. Miller was approaching him with his rifle ready for action.

"Stay where you are, wise guy," Miller yelled. "If you reach for a rod, I'll blow you in half."

Ted balanced himself on his precarious perch and raised both hands high. He knew that his heart was thumping wildly. If he judged this man wrong, that rifle would speak and a slug would rip into his body.

"Okay," Miller came close. "Now jump off there. We're going to get in that plane and fly out o' here. Just say we ain't and I'll give you a taste of lead."

Ted swallowed hard as he looked into the narrow, closely set eyes of the killer. A lust for murder shone there, starkly. Ted wondered if he had bitten off more than he could handle.

"I'll get you out of here if you promise I won't be killed," Ted offered.

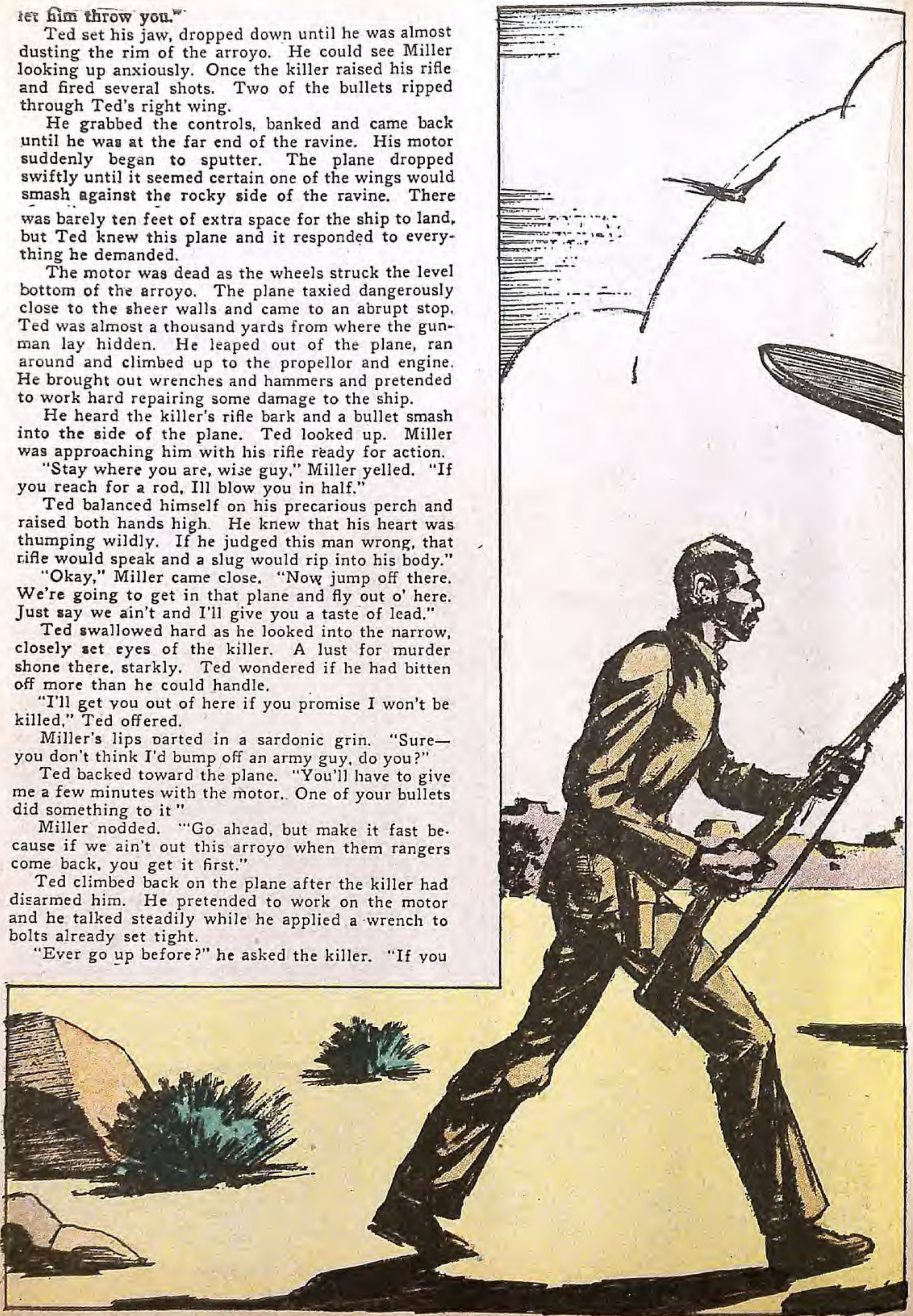
Miller's lips parted in a sardonic grin. "Sure—you don't think I'd bump off an army guy, do you?"

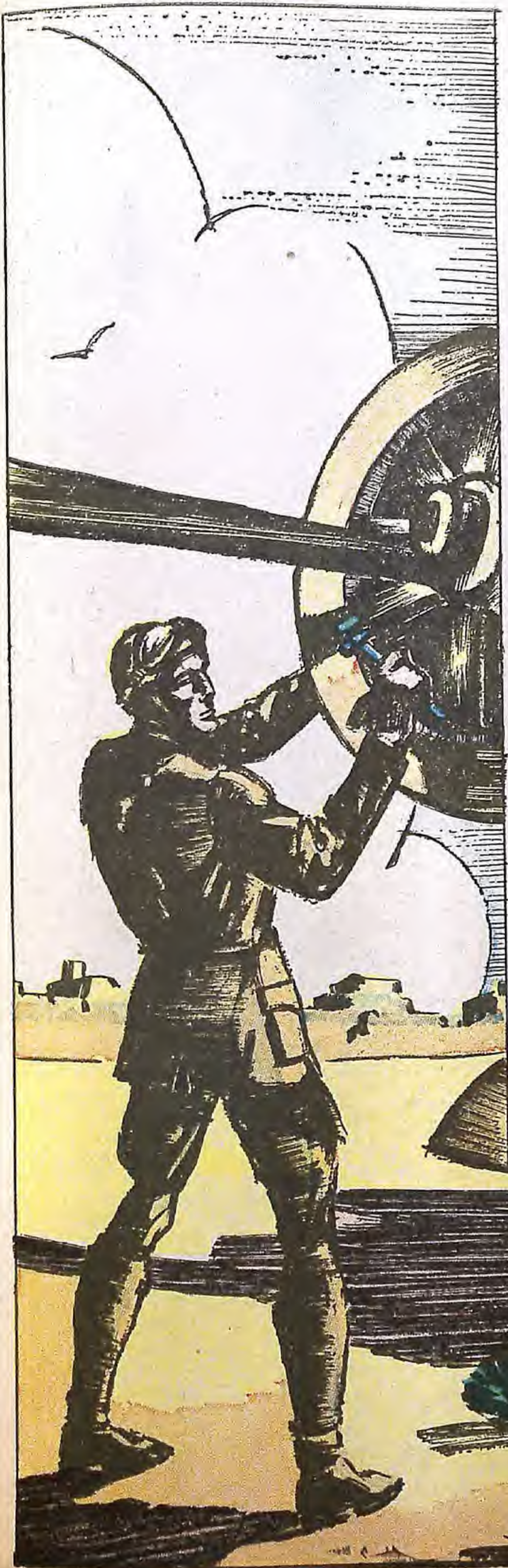
Ted backed toward the plane. "You'll have to give me a few minutes with the motor. One of your bullets did something to it."

Miller nodded. "Go ahead, but make it fast because if we ain't out this arroyo when them rangers come back, you get it first."

Ted climbed back on the plane after the killer had disarmed him. He pretended to work on the motor and he talked steadily while he applied a wrench to bolts already set tight.

"Ever go up before?" he asked the killer. "If you





haven't it will be a funny sensation. Just as if you were on top of a high building, higher than any you ever saw and you were right on the edge. It's safe of course, but there's always the chance—"

"Shut up!" Miller roared, but his face was pasty white. "I ain't afraid of a plane or of a pilot either. Get this thing going or I'll plug you."

Ted worked on at his faked job. His words were soaking in and the killer's forehead was beaded with cold perspiration. Finally Ted clambered down, adjusted his helmet and walked toward the cabin door. Miller followed with the muzzle of his rifle prodding the pilot in the back.

"Wait a minute!" Miller ordered and Ted turned around. "You got belts in them seats, haven't you? Something that'll hold me tight in case—in case—"

Ted nodded. I'll strap you in. Of course if we crash, a belt isn't going to do you much good, but I don't think your bullet did any serious damage. I'll see if the motor starts."

A hail from the mouth of the arroyo brought Miller spinning around. Ted reached for a monkey wrench and his fingers closed on it as he tensed for a leap that would take him to the killer's side. But Miller sensed his danger. He whirled, his rifle at his hip. Ted shrugged and dropped the wrench.

"Hurry up and get us out of here!" Miller ordered. "Them rangers are comin' plenty fast."

Ted waited until Miller sank into the cushions of the first seat in the plane's cabin. Under Miller's watchful eye and ready gun, he strapped him into the chair, returned to the controls and started the motor. He took off with barely enough momentum to lift him higher than the rocky sides of the ravine and Miller groaned in horror as he saw the sides of the arroyo appear to reach out for a deadly clutch at the plane's wings.

Ted was sweating profusely too. Partly because he wasn't too sure if he could take off in this narrow space and partly for fear that terror might get the better of Miller and make his trigger finger twitch.

He banked, headed the plane north by west and looked over his shoulder at Miller. The murderer gripped both arms of his chair and he looked straight ahead refusing to glance overside. Ted grinned, banked sharply and Miller was hurled to one side while his safety belt strained.

"Don't do that again," Miller yelled, "or I'll put a slug in your back."

"Then you'd better be able to fly this crate or you'll be committing suicide," Ted yelled back. "This ship won't fly without a pilot. Hang on—I've got to dive."

Miller shrieked in horror as the plane nosed down in a dizzy dive. Ted yanked the stick back and con-



tinued in what became a swift power dive. Then he zoomed up again while Miller yelled threats and dire promises of vengeance. Ted looked back at the killer and set his teeth. He gained altitude to six thousand feet before he put the plane in a spin earthward. There was a loud snap behind him. Miller came hurtling out of his chair as the safety belt broke. His rifle went flying to one side. He was far too shaken to reach for a side arm and all his attention was centered on getting a grip of something solid.

Ted straightened the ship out, leaped from his seat and charged the killer while the plane swept on at a furious speed. Miller saw him coming.

"Get back to the controls," he yelled. "Get back or I'll kill you slow. I'll—"

Ted grinned and swung an overhand roundhouse. It connected with Miller's throat and knocked the wind out of him. Ted followed this up with a second blow that hammered home to the chin. Miller flew backward and fell limply against the rear of the plane.

The ship was rocking and slipping into a spin. Ted raced back to the controls, straightened her out and gave her the gun. He saw the army landing field beckoning and he swooped down toward it. As the wheels of the plane hit the ground, Miller came to life. He whipped a knife out of his pocket and came for Ted with the weapon upraised. It slashed down. Ted dodged, but the blade ripped through his uniform and slashed along his shoulder in an agonizing stab.

He leaped from his chair, despite the fact that the plane was still racing across the field. Before Miller could use the knife again, Ted was upon him with both fists swinging. He slammed a blow to the pit of the murderer's stomach. Miller groaned and doubled up, with his chin out in a perfect target. Ted stepped back a pace, swung from the floor and the killer's head snapped back with an ominous crack. His eyes glazed and his knees buckled up. There was a terrific crash. The unguided plane had smashed against the side of the hangar. The odor of gasoline hung heavily over the ship.

Ted grabbed Miller by the collar, pulled him toward the emergency exit and kicked it open. He dumped his prisoner out on the ground and eager hands grabbed him. Flames licked at the wrecked plane and Ted leaped for his life.

The Colonel, crimson from the exertion of his run from the field office, grabbed Ted's hand and wrung it.

"I thought you were a fool," he cried. "But I take that back. You've got plenty of what it takes, Lieutenant. It was a daring thing to do—land in that arroyo and let this killer force you into taking him up. He wouldn't have permitted you to live if you had landed him."

Ted wiped his face with a handkerchief. "I know it, sir. I figured on that, but I also knew that Miller was scared stiff of high places. He showed that when he was first captured a couple of months ago. So I took him up, all right, and I strapped him in, but I slit the safety belt so it would break under the strain. I put the ship through her paces and believe me, I think Miller would rather face a scaffold than go through that again."

"Just the same," the colonel said. "It was a mighty brave thing to do with a desperate man like Miller."

Ted shrugged. "I don't agree, sir. All killers are cowards. They wouldn't kill if they weren't. All I had to do was scare the daylights out of him and the rest was easy."

AIR PATROL



IT'S NOT AN OFFICIAL ORDER, LIEUTENANT THOMSON. YOU MAY REFUSE IF YOU WISH.



I'M TO GO INTO MEXICO AND LOOK FOR A WHITE CROSS ON THE GROUND AND RANSOM JACK WILLIAMS AND HIS SISTER.



IT'S JOSE, THE MEXICAN BANDIT WHO'S GOT 'EM. HE'S PLENTY POISONOUS.

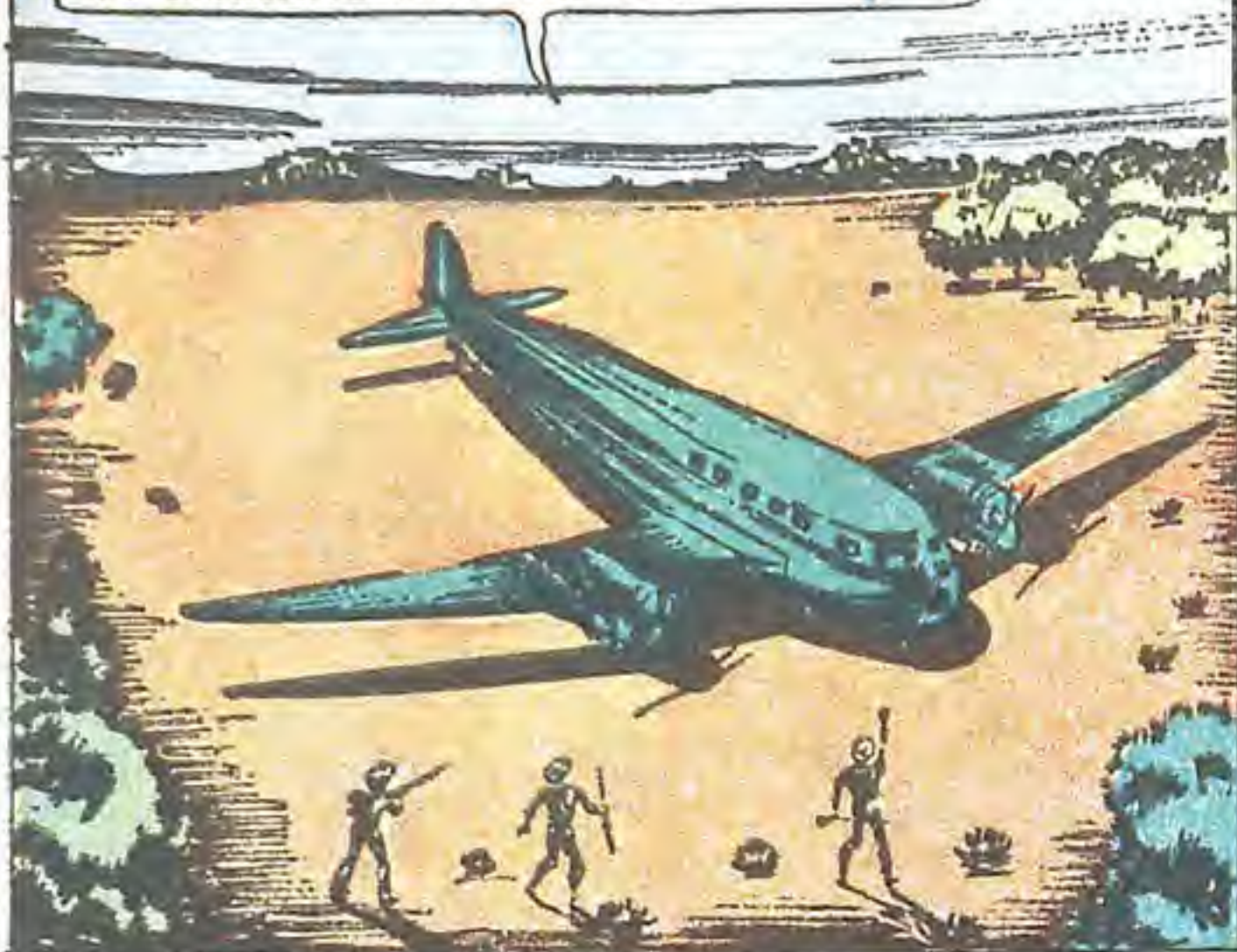
AND I'VE GOT AN ANTIDOTE - HOT LEAD.



DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT WING TIP. GUESS I'D BETTER SIT DOWN.



THEY LOOK LIKE BANDITS. I'LL HAVE TO BLUFF THEM SO THEY WON'T THINK I'M CARRYING ANY MONEY.



BUENOS DIAS, AMIGOS. I MUST REPAIR MY PLANE. YOU DO NOT MIND?



GRINGOS ARE NOT WANTED HERE! IT WOULD GEEVE ME PLEASURE TO KEEL YOU!



WELL MAYBE I DON'T LIKE YOU EITHER AND NOBODYS PULLING A GUN ON ME.



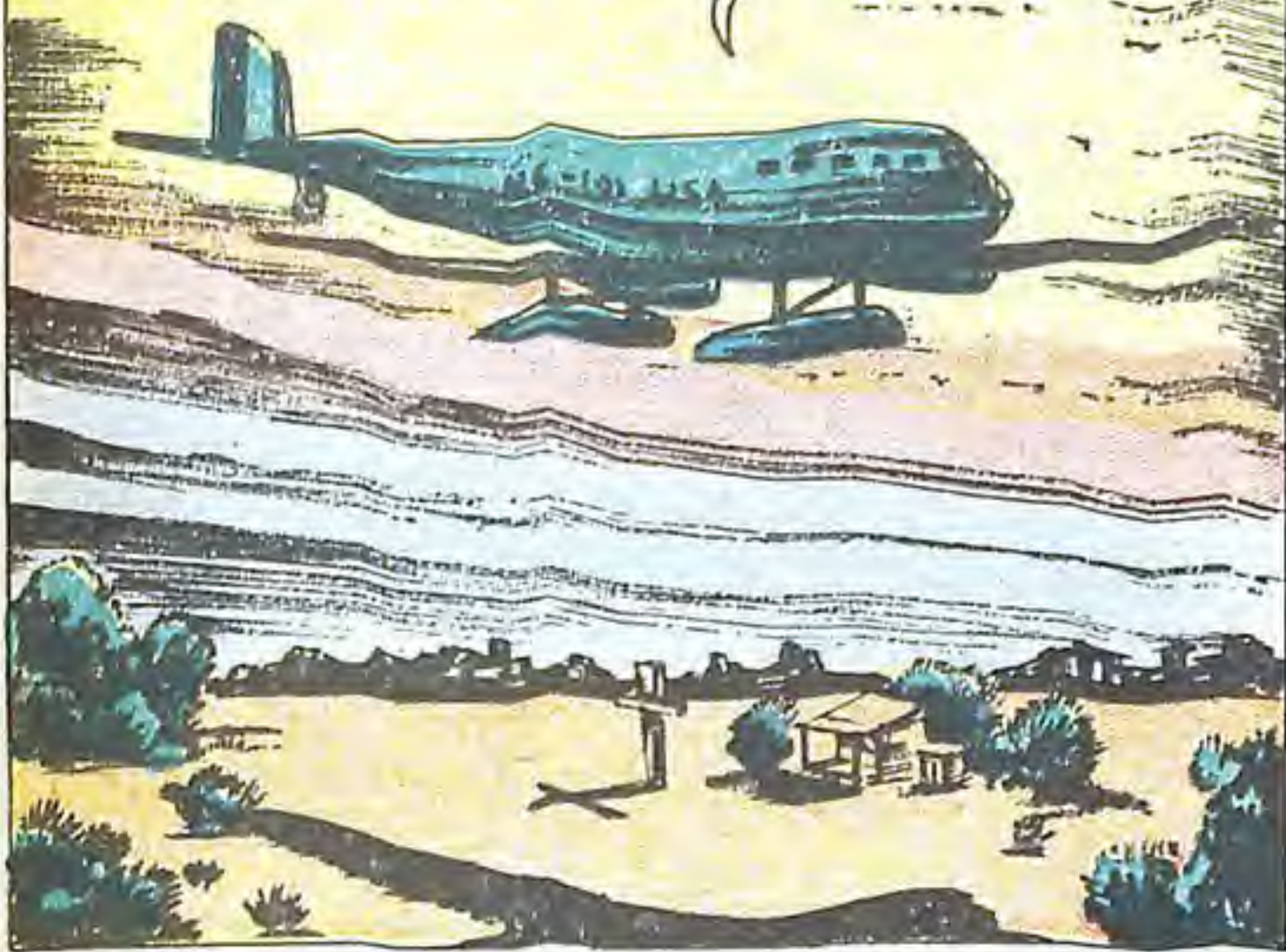
IN A MINUTE I'M GOING TO THINK YOU DON'T LIKE ME.



NOW TO GET THE PLANE FIXED AND I'M OFF AGAIN WITH THE RANSOM. IT WON'T TAKE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF HOURS.



THERE'S THE SIGNAL. I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T HARMED WILLIAMS OR HIS SISTER. IF THEY HAVE ---.



TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER. I HAVE THE MONEY!

BUENO - WALK BEFORE US, SEÑOR AND NO TRICKS.



SO WE MEET AGAIN, SEÑOR. I AM PLEASED, FOR TOMORROW, AT DAWN, I SHALL PERSONALLY SEE YOU SHOT!



BUT YOU MUST LET WILLIAMS AND HIS SISTER GO. I HAVE THE MONEY FOR THEIR RANSOM.

THAT IS BUENO - THE MONEY -- BUT THEY DIE TOO.



DELIGHTED TO JOIN YOUR LITTLE CIRCLE. WE OUGHT TO HAVE SOME GOOD TIMES HERE.

BUT YOU BROUGHT THE RANSOM. WHY ARE THEY THROWING YOU IN HERE?



BECAUSE I THREW A COUPLE OF PUNCHES AT JOSE. WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST - LISTEN.

CAN WE HELP?

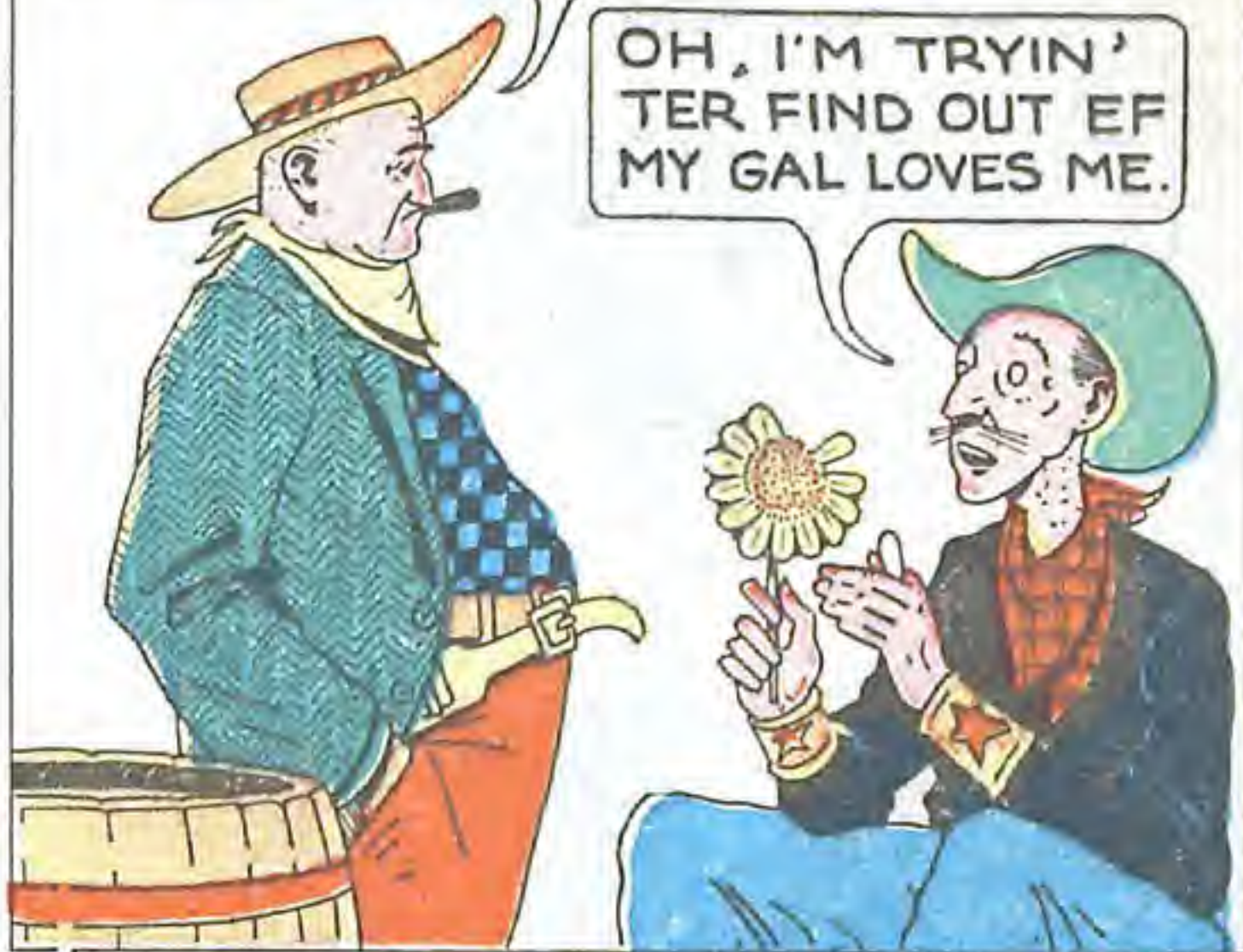




SLIM PICKENS



WHATCHA DOIN', SLIM ?



YOU'RE SUPPOSED TER USE A DAISY FER THAT, NOT A SUNFLOWER !

I KNOW, BUT MY GAL IS A PURTY BIG WOMAN.



I BEEN NOTICIN' YA BEEN SAD LATELY. WON'T SHE MARRY YA ?

OH, I DUNNO. I AIN'T REALLY AST HER YIT.



WHY DON'T YA ASK HER AN' GIT IT OVER WITH ?

WAL, I ONLY KNOW HER ABOUT 15 YEARS...



...AN' I DON'T WANNA RUSH HER !

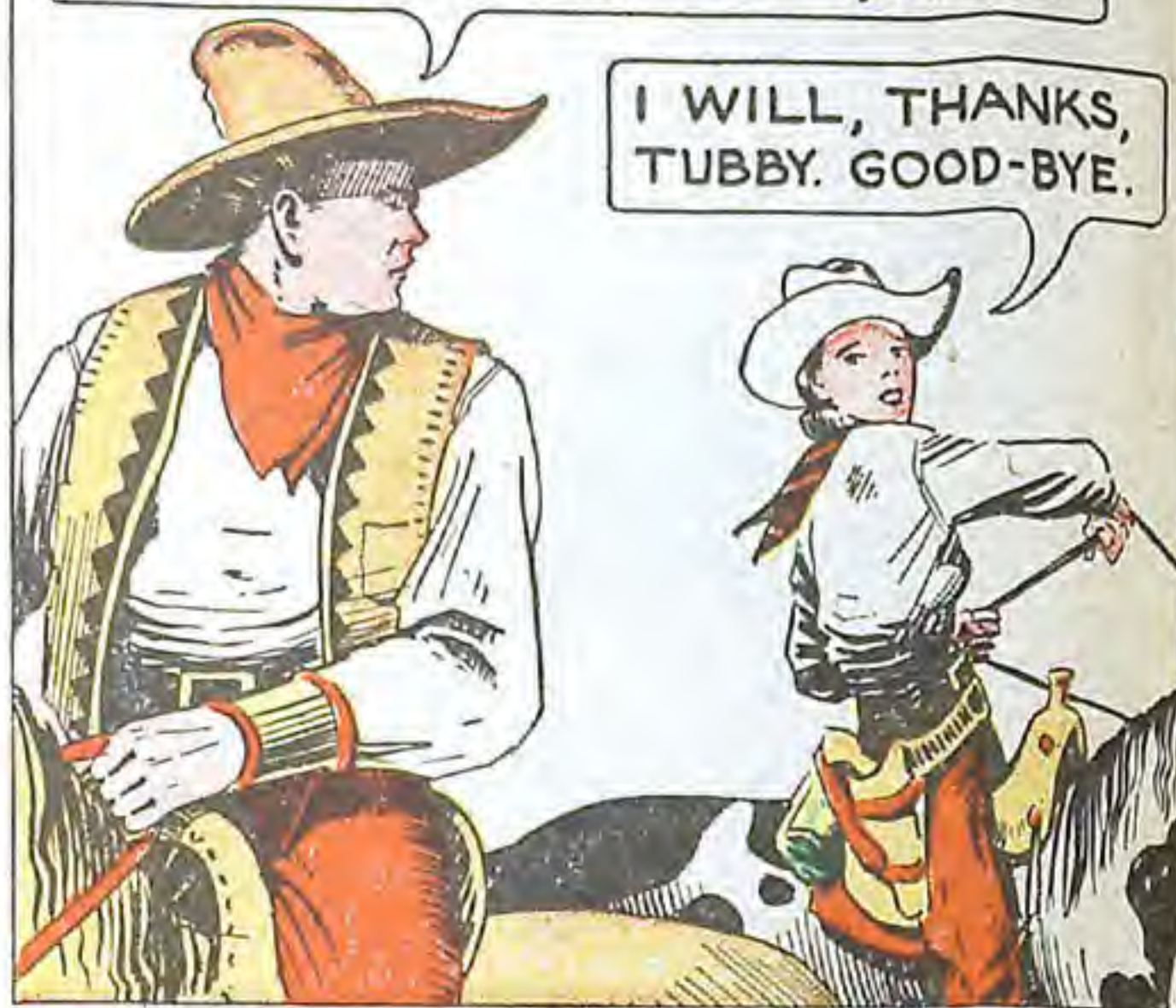


TUBBY OF THE T-BONE RANCH



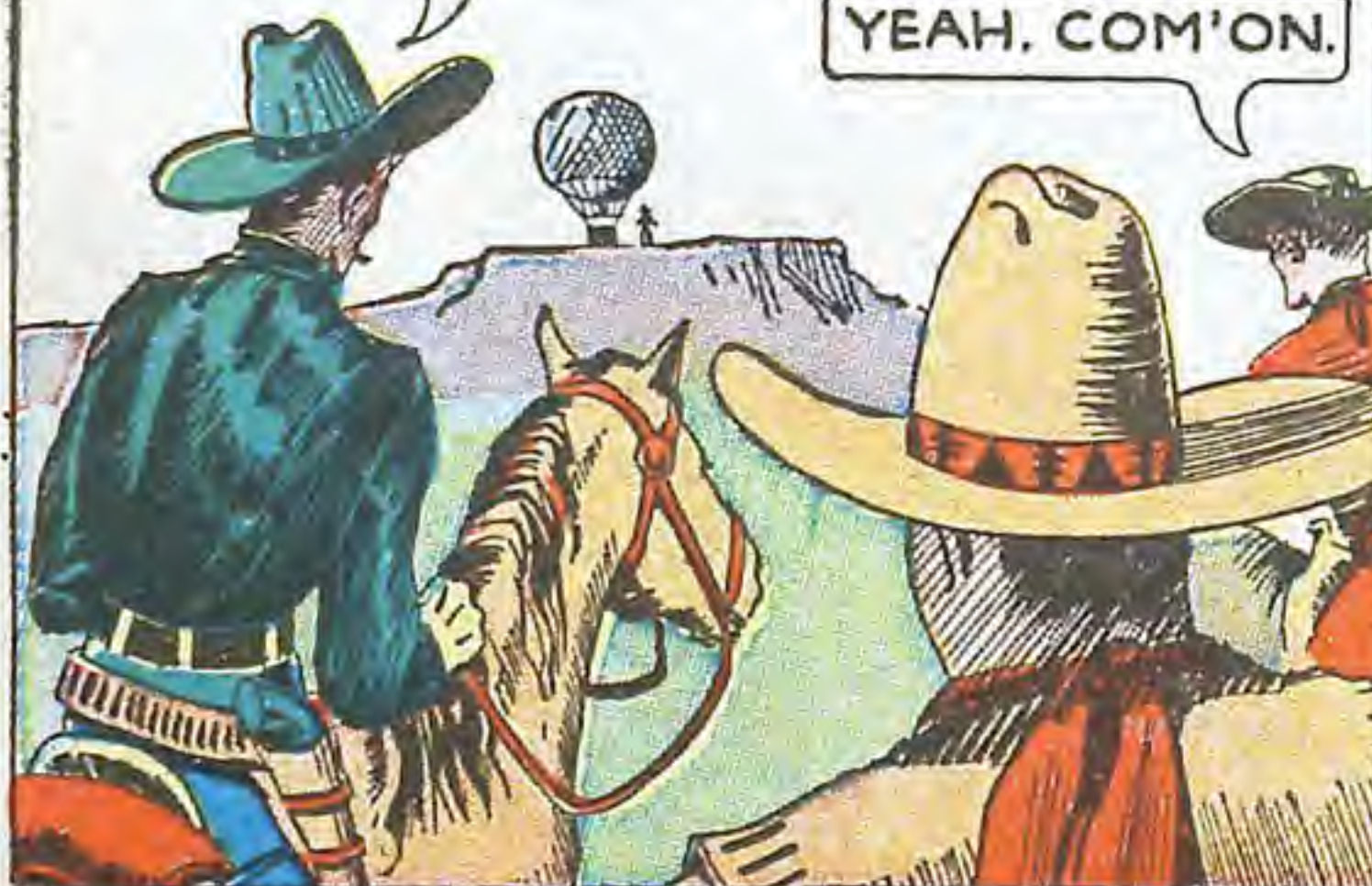
WELL, HAVE A NICE RIDE, DAISY.

I WILL, THANKS, TUBBY. GOOD-BYE.



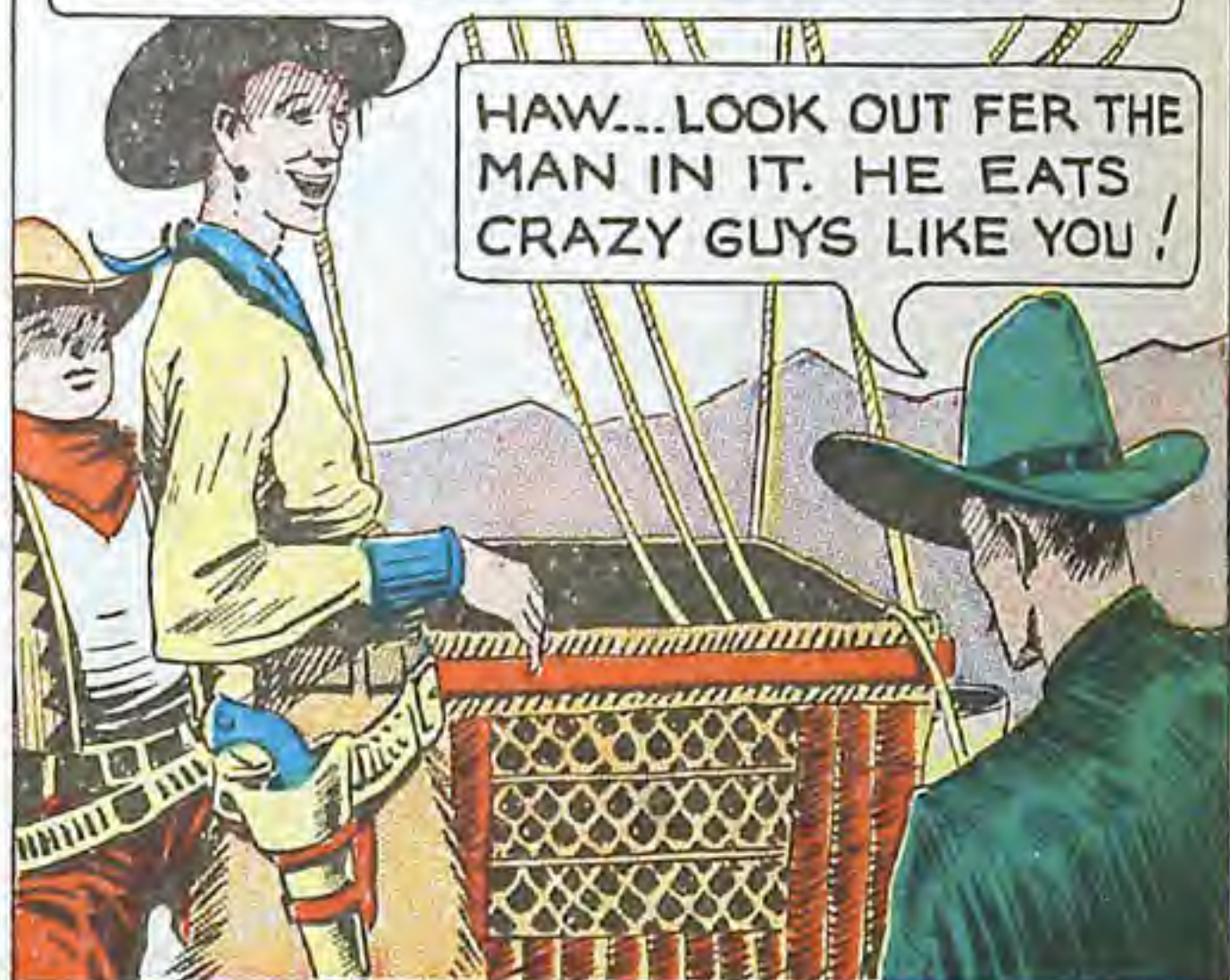
LOOK, MEN. THERE'S CRAZY DAN UP ON THE MESA WITH A NEW INVENTION. LET'S HAVE A LOOK !

YEAH, COM'ON.



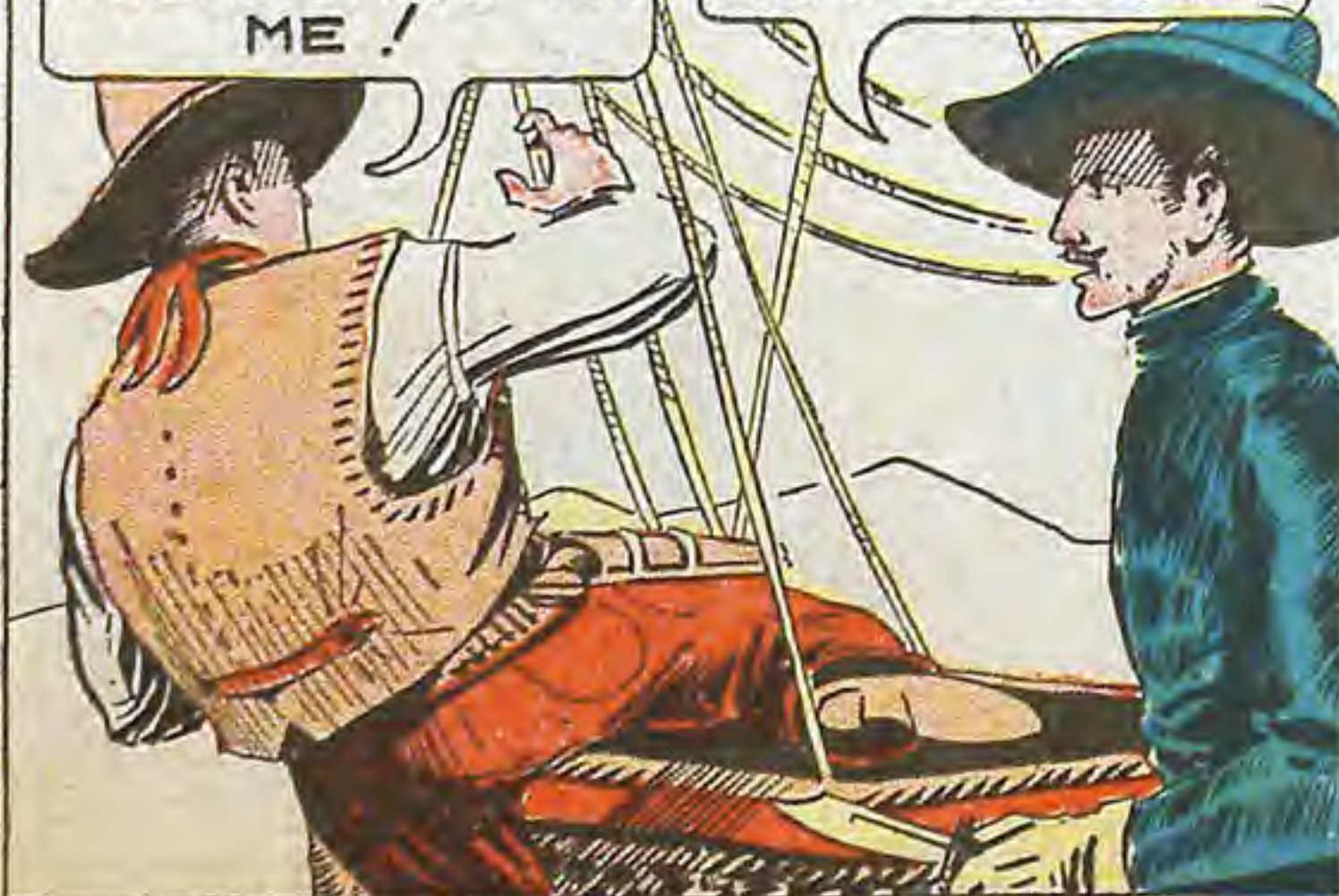
WAL, YUH COME JEST IN TIME TUH SEE ME TAKE OFF FER TH' MOON.

HAW...LOOK OUT FER THE MAN IN IT. HE EATS CRAZY GUYS LIKE YOU !



YUH GOT NO RIGHT TUH CALL DAN CRAZY. THIS THING LOOKS RIGHT SMART TUH ME !

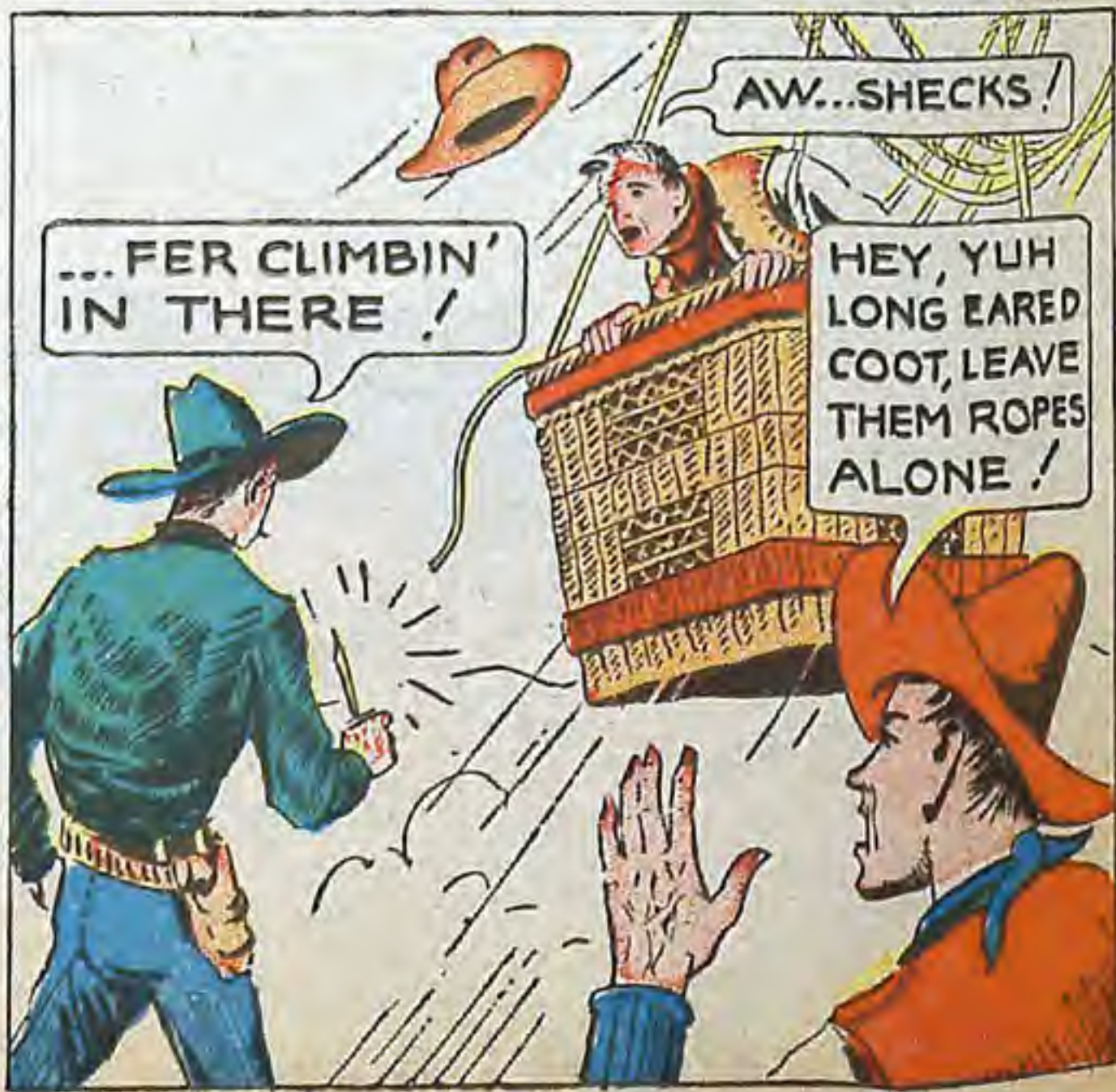
I MIGHT BE WRONG, TUBBY. GUESS MAYBE YO'RE THE ONE THAT'S CRAZY...

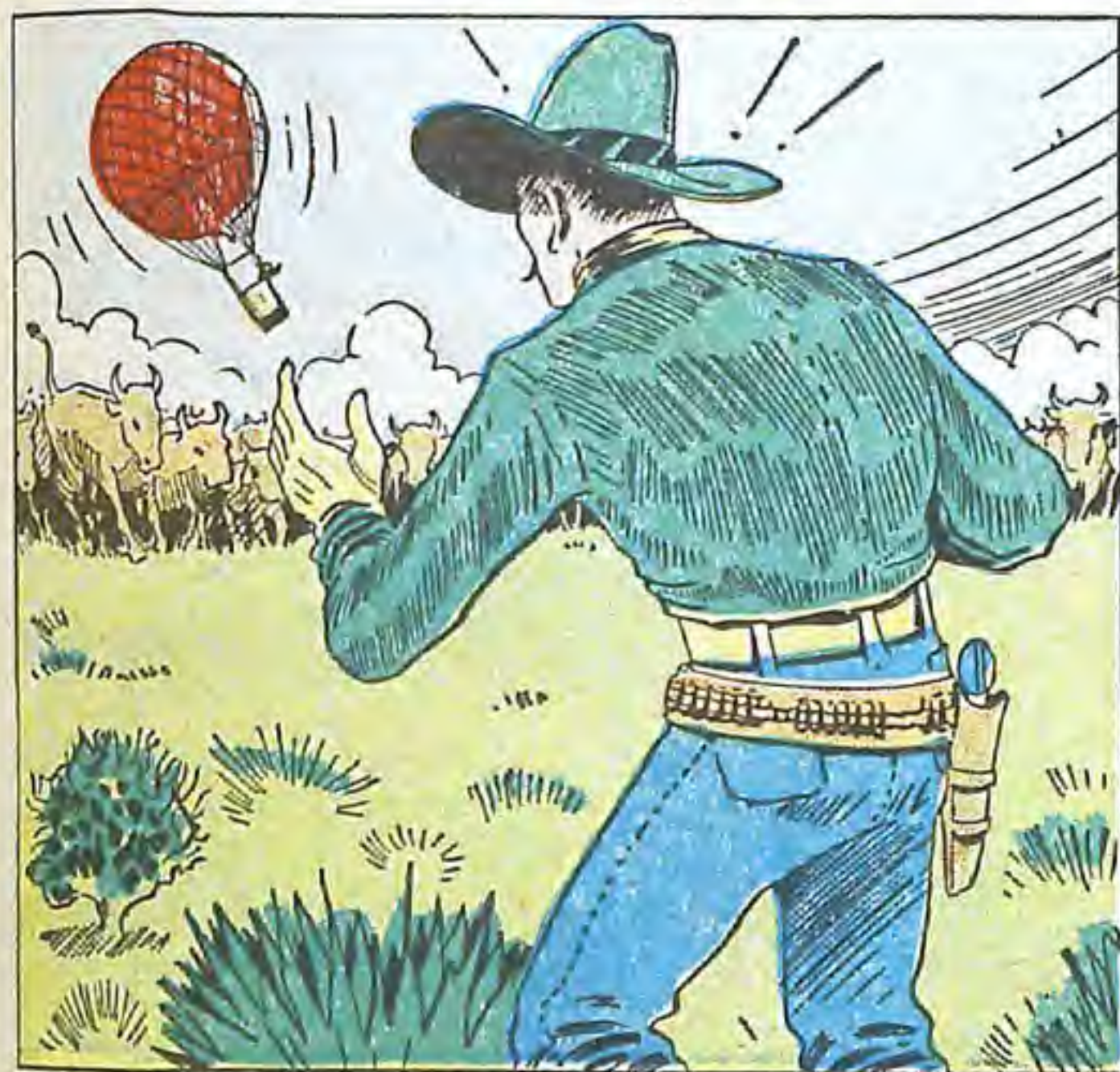
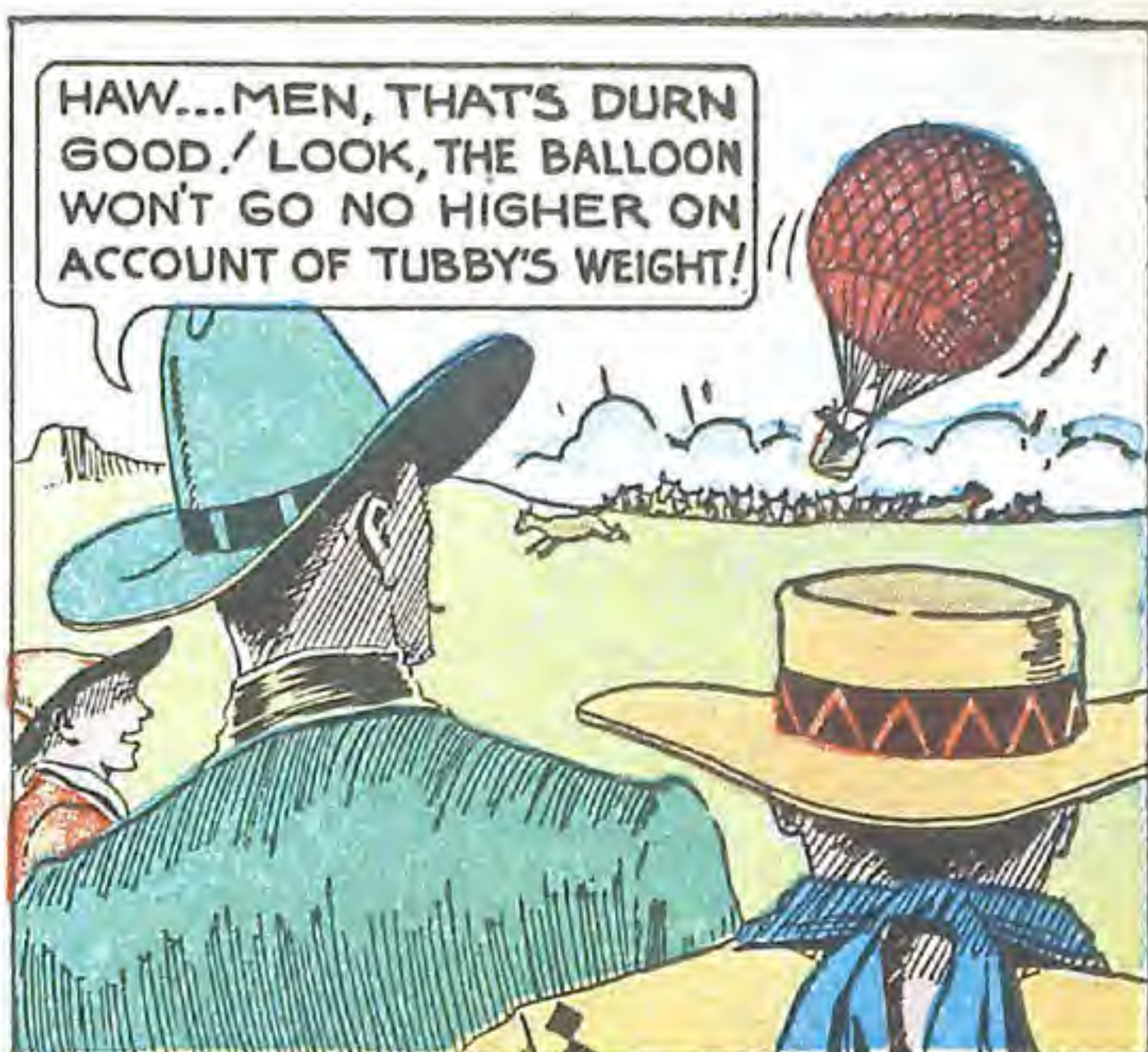
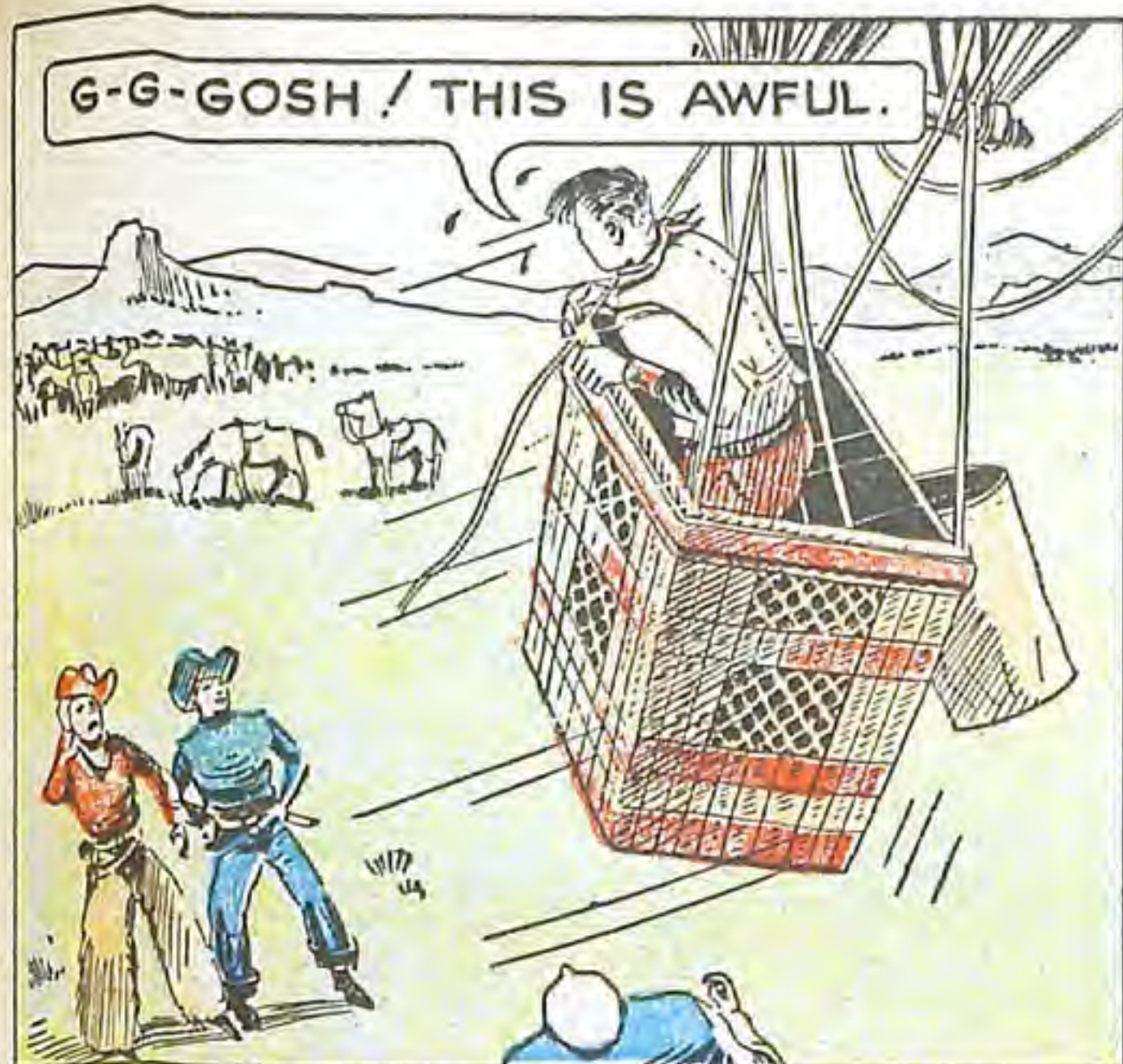


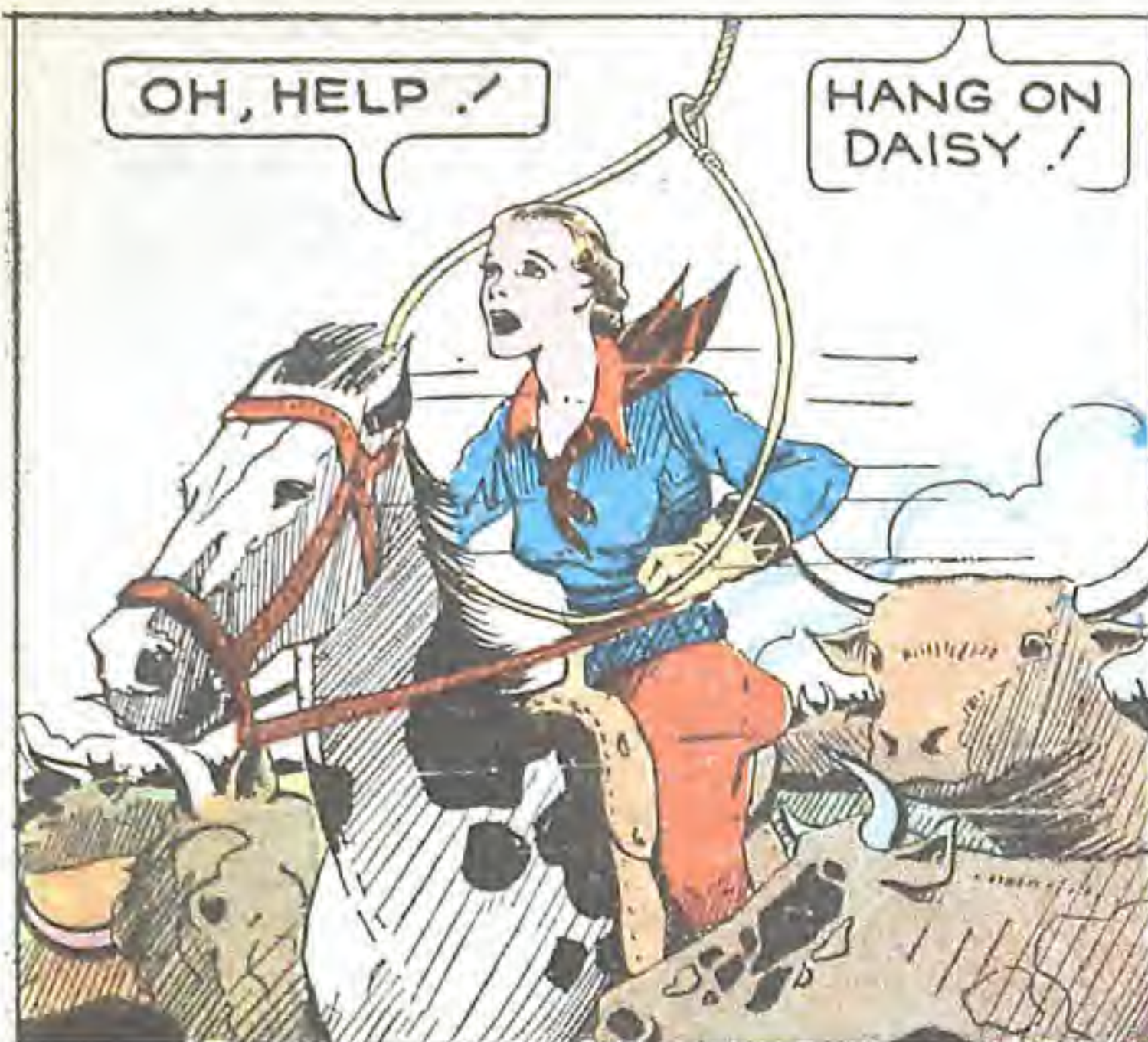
AW...SHECKS !

...FER CLIMBIN' IN THERE !

HEY, YUH LONG EARED COOT, LEAVE THEM ROPES ALONE !







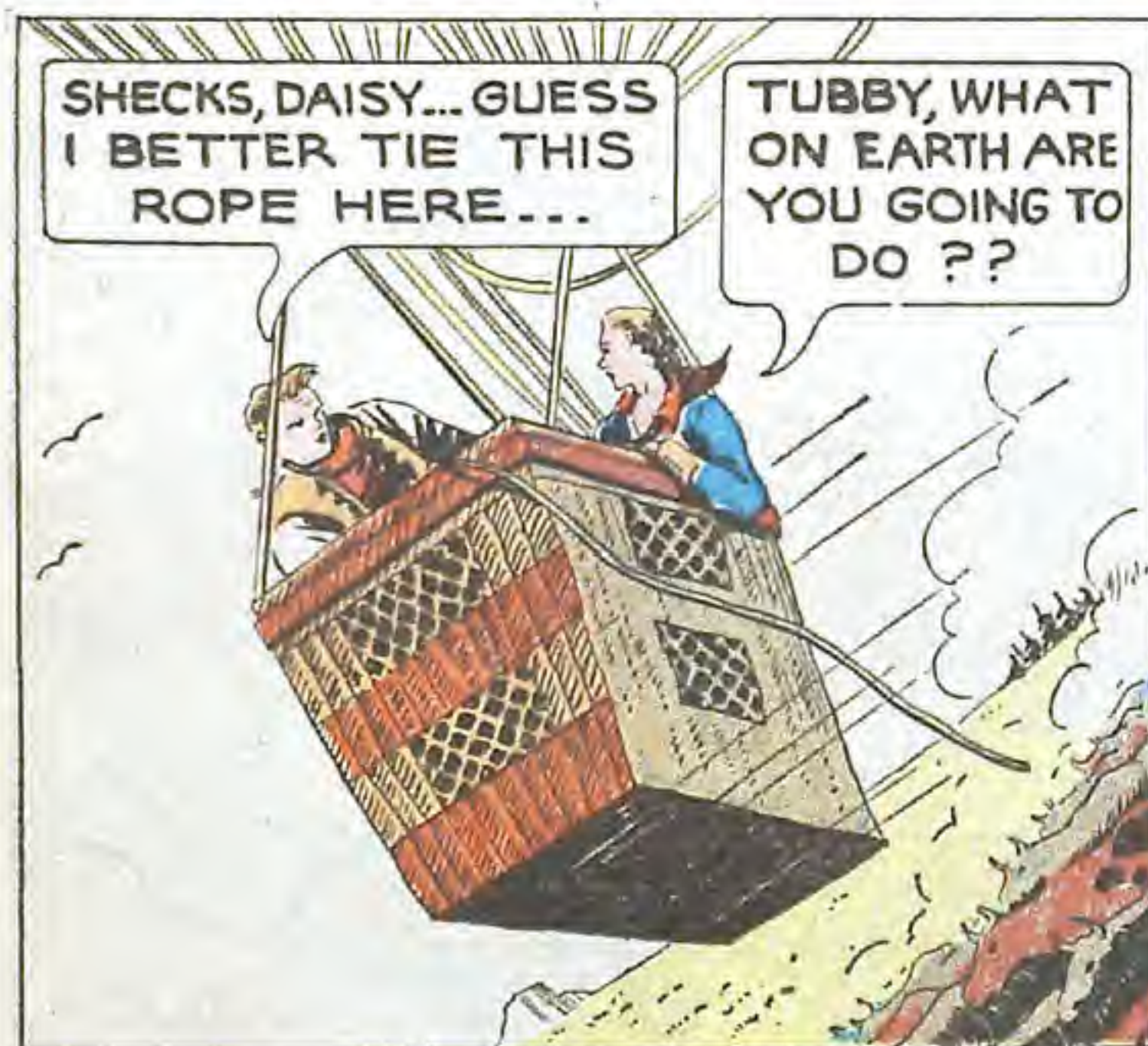
OH, HELP !

HANG ON
DAISY !



GOSH, DAISY, LUCKY
THE WIND BLEW
ME UP TUH WHERE
YUH WERE.

OH, THANKS, BUT
...BUT...TUBBY !
THE BALLOON
WON'T HOLD
BOTH OF US !
IT'S SINKING !



SHECKS, DAISY... GUESS
I BETTER TIE THIS
ROPE HERE...

TUBBY, WHAT
ON EARTH ARE
YOU GOING TO
DO ??



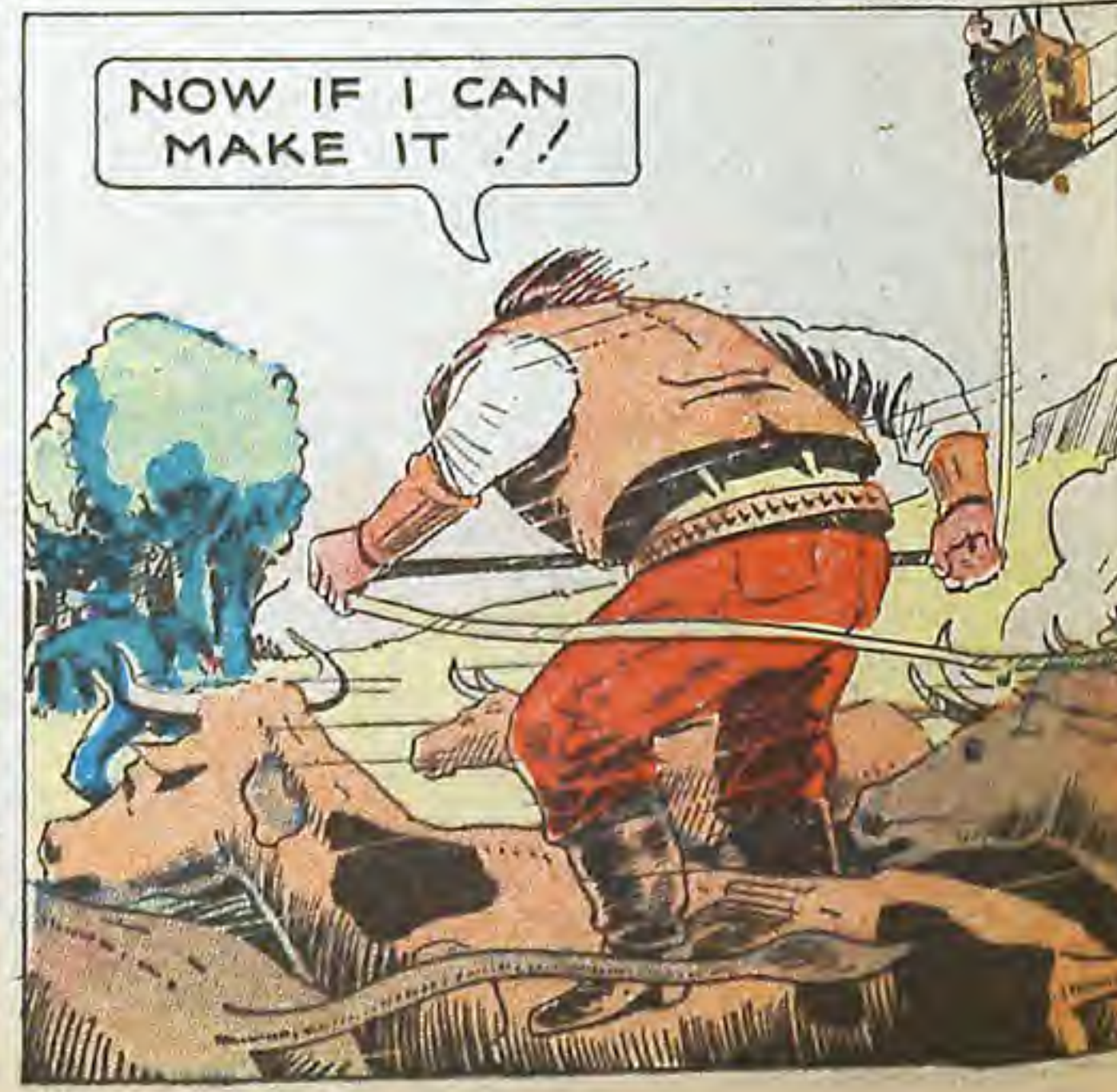
NOW DON'T
GIT SKEERED,
DAISY !!

BUT.. BUT..TUBBY,
PLEASE DON'T
FOR MY SAKE !
YOU'LL BE
KILLED !!



HELP..HELP..
H-E-L-P !

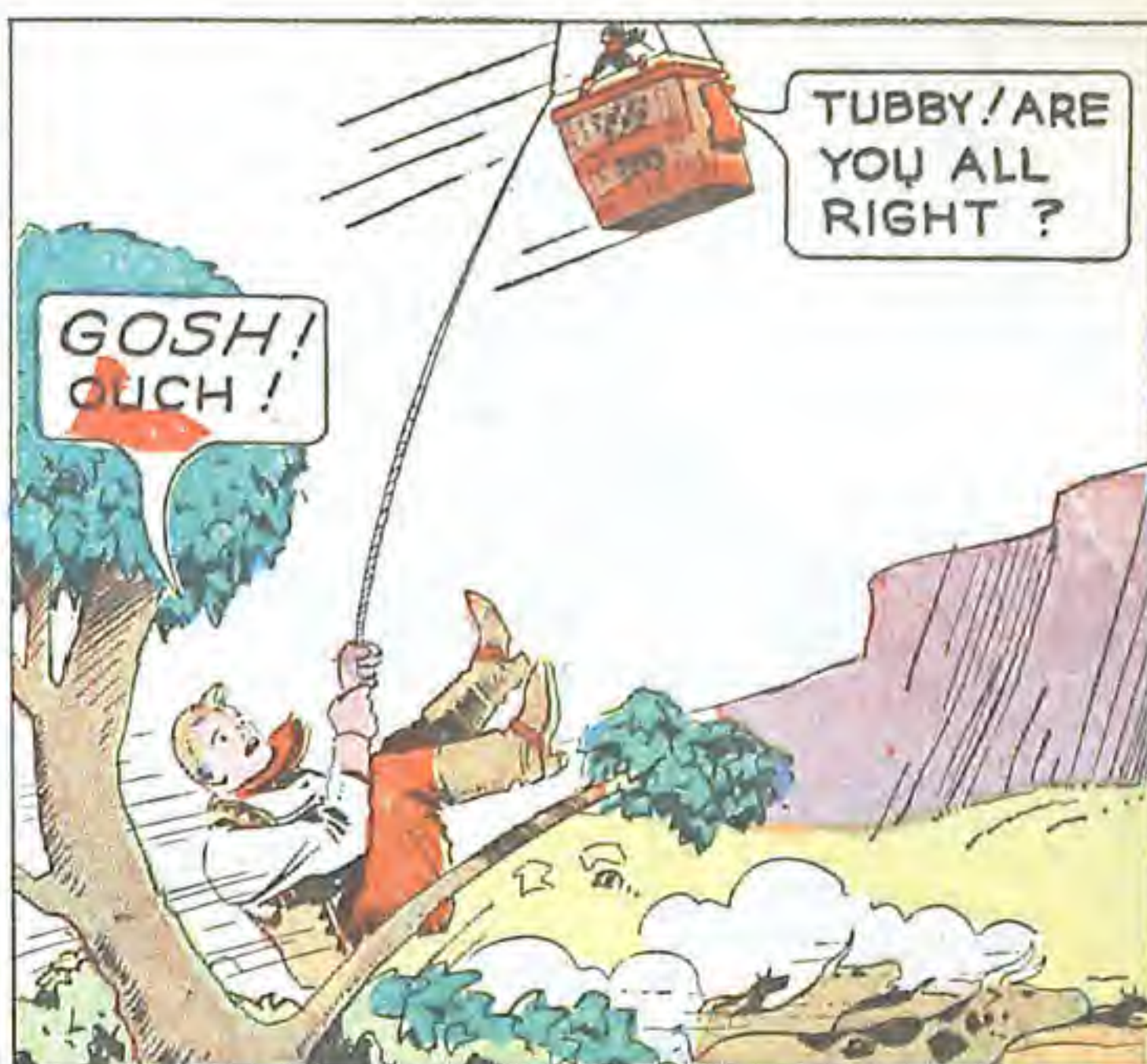
GUESS DAPPER
'LL GIT HISN
THIS TIME. BUT
THERE'S
NOTHIN' I
CAN DO.



NOW IF I CAN
MAKE IT !!



UMPH...THAT OUGHT
TUH HELP THE DURN
BALLOON A LITTLE.



GOSH!
OUCH!

TUBBY! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?



THANK GOODNESS! TUBBY,
YOU'RE JUST GRAND, BUT
I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW
YOU HAPPENED TO BE IN
THE BALLOON...

WELL, I GOT IN
TUH LOOK AT IT
AN' DAPPER
CUT THE ROPES.



IT'S JUST
LIKE
DAPPER,
THE
FRESH
THING!

YEAH, BUT LOOK, DAISY! /
I GUESS IT'S GOODBYE TUH
DAPPER NOW!



NO..



... IT'S
HELLO TO
HIM AND
IT SERVES
HIM
RIGHT!

OUCH!

GUESS YUH DIDN'T
FIGGER YUH'D GO
BALLOONIN' YO'RESELF
DID YUH, DAPPER?

Lucky Draw



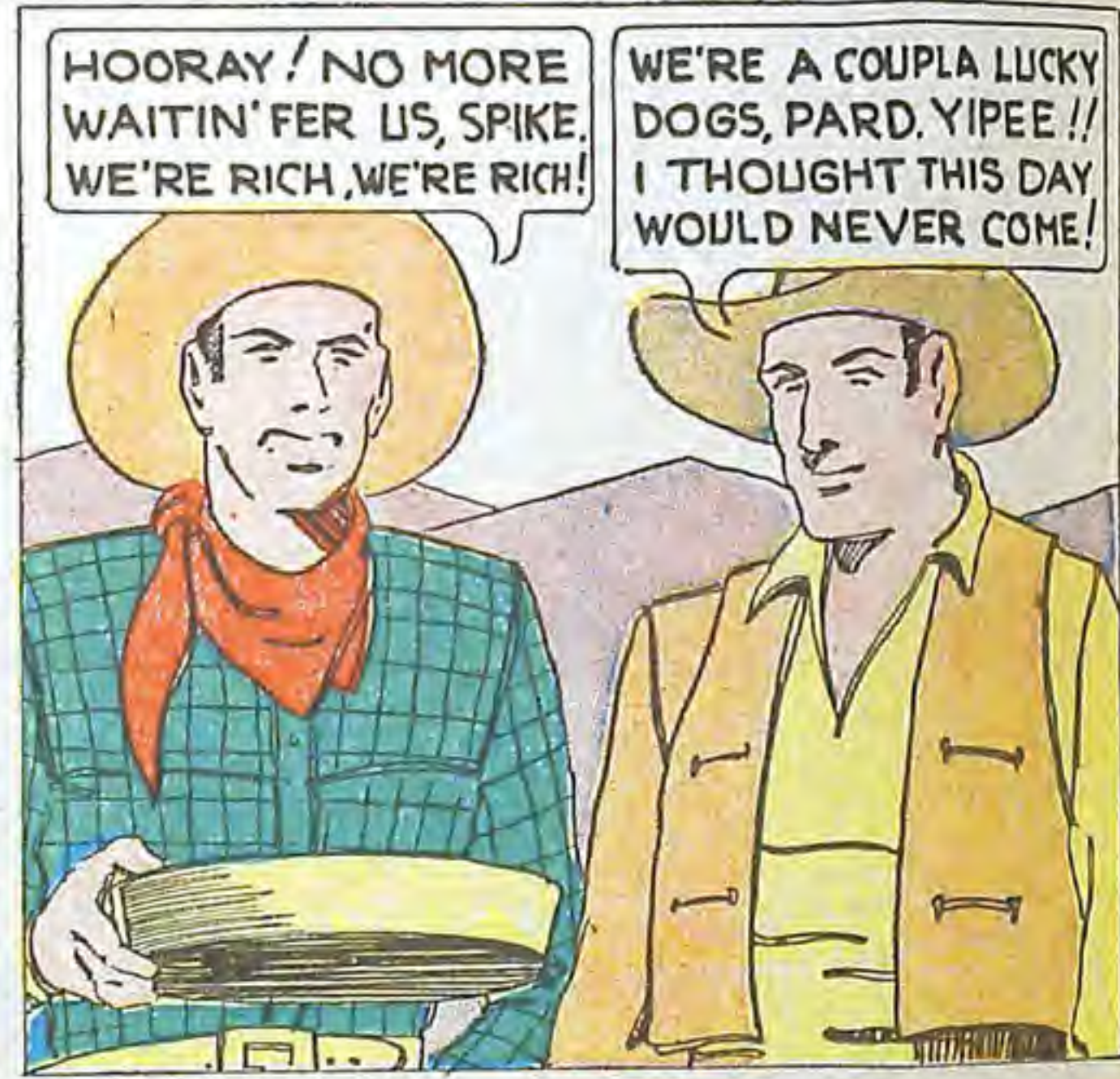
WISH WE'D HIT SOME
PAY DIRT PARD. I'M
GITTIN' TIRED O'THIS
PANNIN'.

WAIT'LL YOU'VE BEEN PROS-
PECTIN AS LONG AS ME,
JOE, THEN YOU'LL HAVE
A RIGHT TO GIT TIRED



YIPEE! GOLD! WE HIT
IT! LOOK IT THIS,
SPIKE!

THAT'S IT PARD. THAT'S
IT! PAY DIRT! YOWEE.
WE STRUCK IT RICH!



HOORAY! NO MORE
WAITIN' FER US, SPIKE.
WE'RE RICH, WE'RE RICH!

WE'RE A COUPLA LUCKY
DOGS, PARD. YIPEE!!
I THOUGHT THIS DAY
WOULD NEVER COME!



WHAT YOU FIGGERIN'
ON DOIN WITH YOUR
MONEY JOE?

THERE'S A LITTLE GAL
IN TOWN I'M GONNA
MAKE AWFUL HAPPY.



I KNEW YOU'D
HIT IT SOME-
DAY, SPIKE.

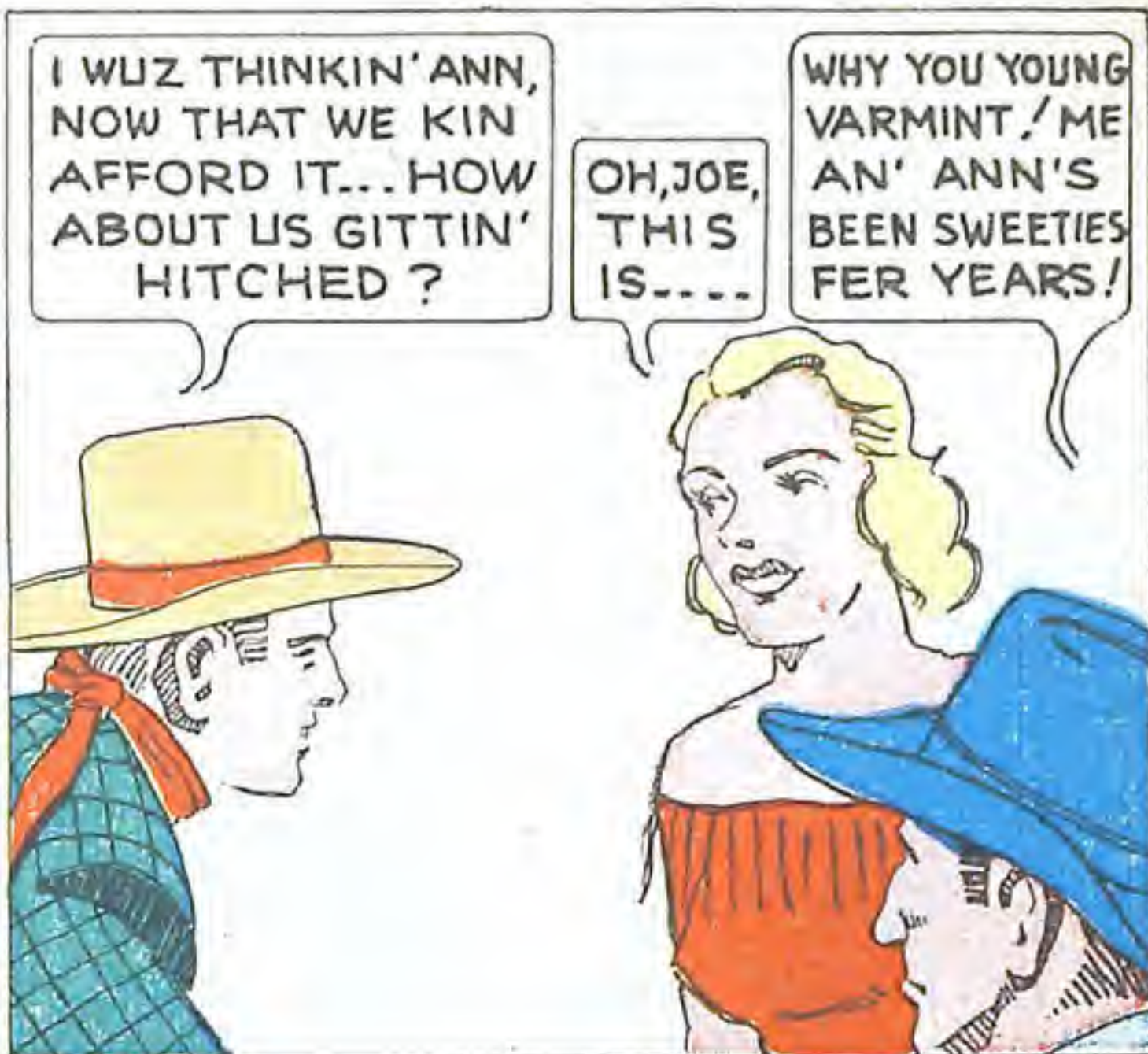
MY NEW PARDNER,
JOE HERE, BROUGHT
ME LUCK, GOOD LAD.

FERGIT IT,
SPIKE. LET'S
GO. I WANNA
SEE MY GAL.



...THEN I LOOKS
IN THE PAN, AND
THERE IT WAS
--- GOLD - WHAT
A KICK !

I'M SURE TICKLED FER
BOTH YOU BOYS. YOU
DESERVE IT.



I WUZ THINKIN' ANN,
NOW THAT WE KIN
AFFORD IT... HOW
ABOUT US GITTIN'
HITCHED ?

OH, JOE,
THIS
IS....

WHY YOU YOUNG
VARMINT, / ME
AN' ANN'S
BEEN SWEETIES
FER YEARS!



STEAL MY GAL,
WILL YUH ? I'LL
TEAR YUH APART.

YUH'LL HAVE TO
FIGHT FER ANN
IF YUH WANT
HER.

BOYS,
PLEASE...
PLEASE...



STOP FIGHTIN' BOYS IF
YOU KILL EACHOTHER,
I CAN'T MARRY EITHER
OF YOU.

WAL, I'M A-WILLIN
TO SETTLE THIS
PEACEABLE IF YOU
ARE, SPIKE.

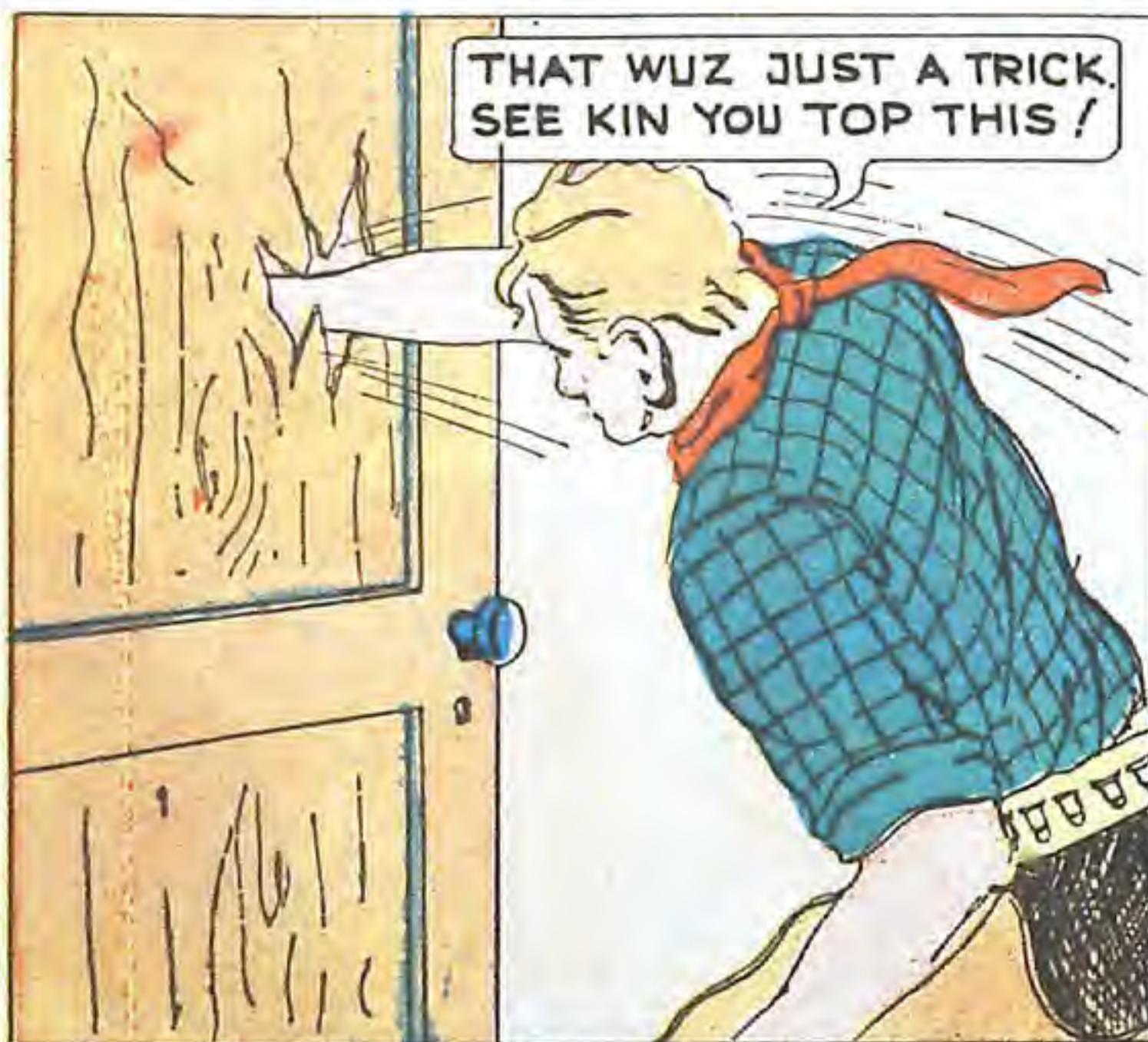
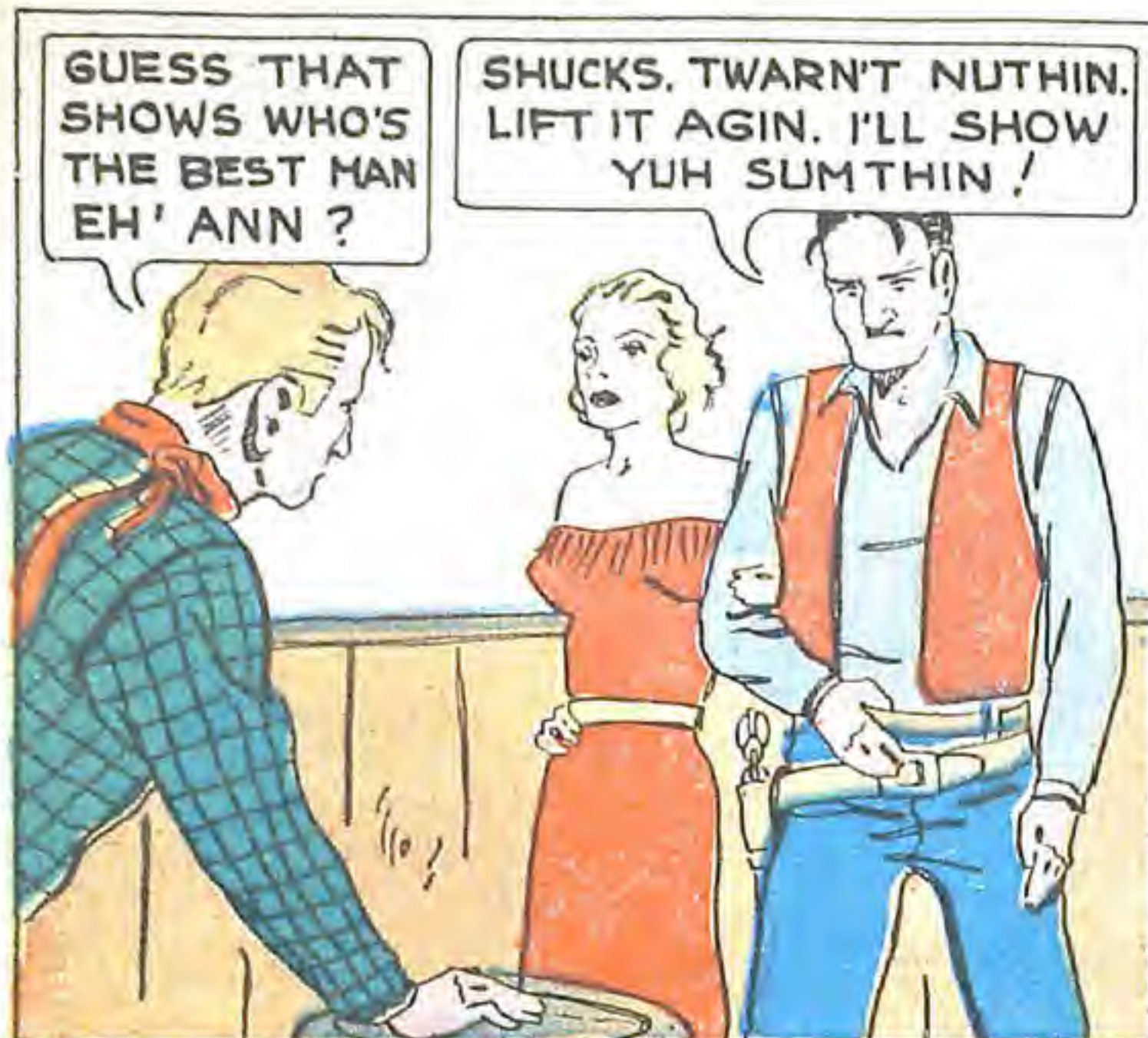


JOE, YER MY PARDNER, OR I
WOULDN'T GIVE YUH THIS CHANCE
THE STRONGEST MAN GITS ANN.
HOW ABOUT IT ?

FAIR
ENOUGH,
SPIKE,
WHATCH ME.



THIS FULL KEG
WEIGHS NIGH ONTO
300 POUND, KIN
YOU DO IT ?





The DUDE - DEPARTS -



AH - GOOD MORNING LADIES.

GOOD MORNING MR. HIGGINS

PEERS LIKE HIGGINS IS AGE HIGH WITH THE LADIES

YEAH - THEY MUST SWALLOW THEM TALL TALES O' HIS'N.



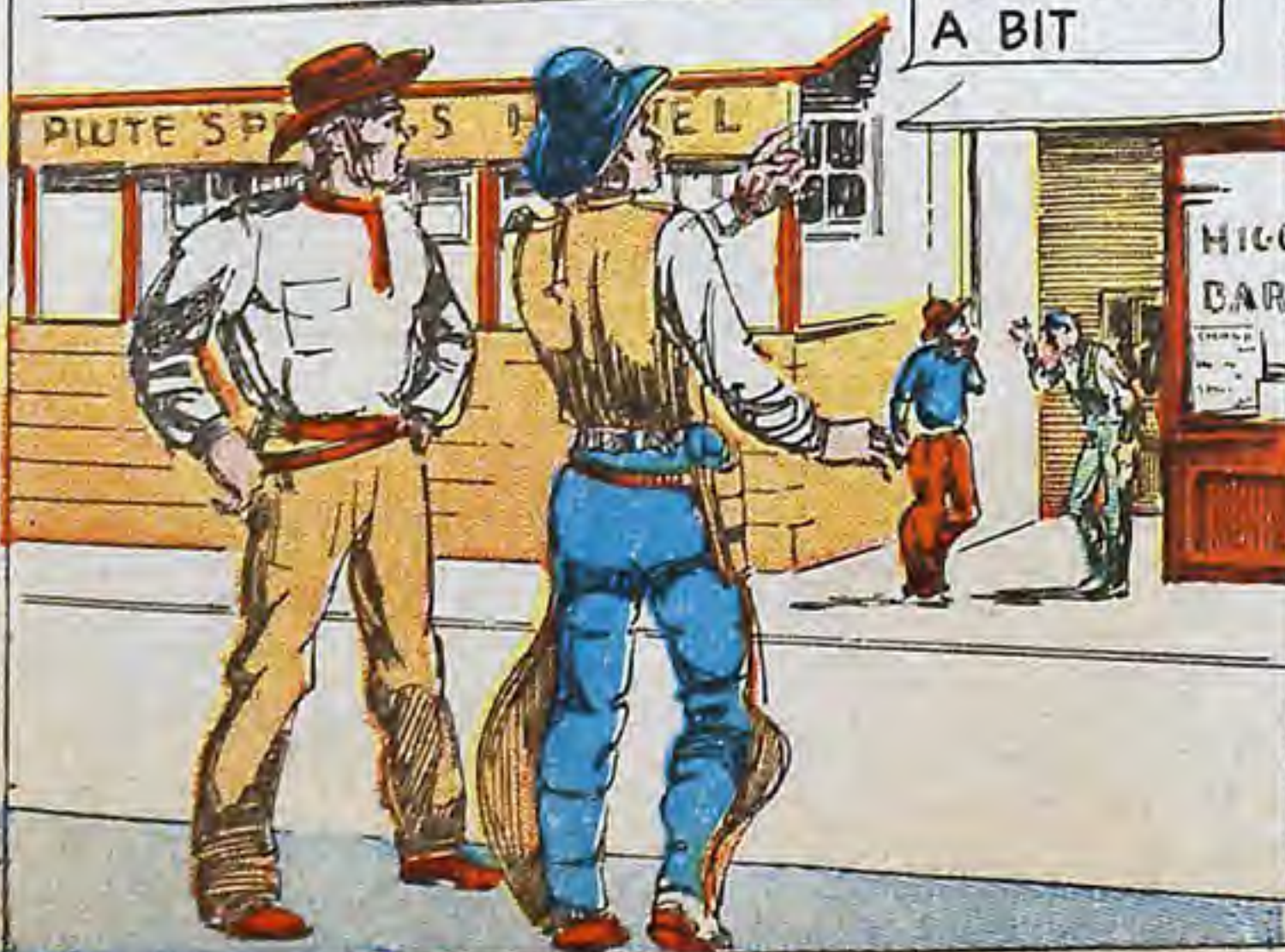
AN' "MISTER" HIGGINS TOO! WAS YOU EVER HAILED AS MISTER BY THE FEMALES OF THIS HERE CAMP

NAW JEST PLAIN SNORT SIMS - THATS ME



LOOK, "MISTER" HIGGINS HAS A CUSTOMER

LET'S GO DOWN AND JOSH HIM A BIT



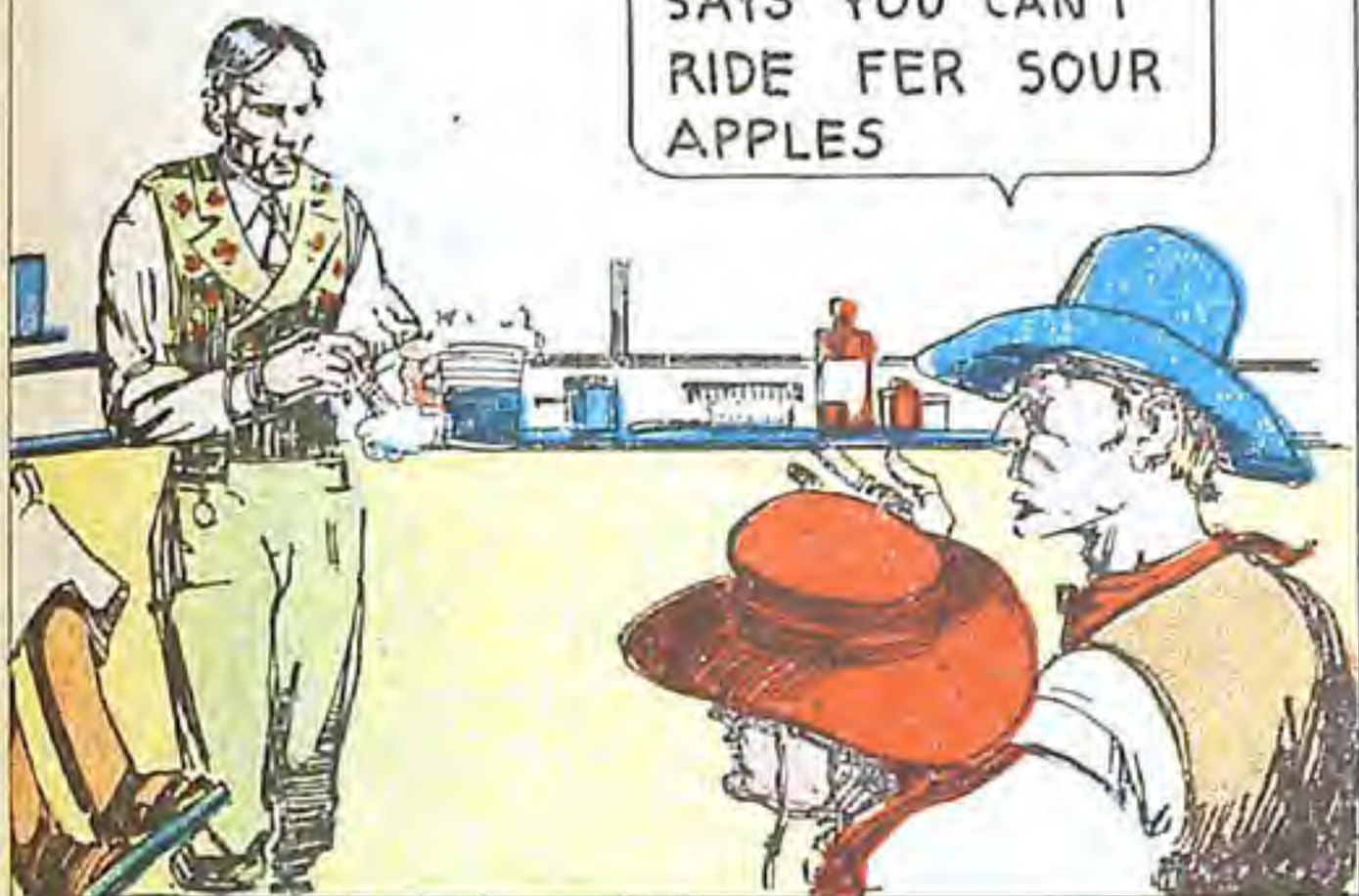
THAT'S A RIGHT PURTY VEST, MISTER HIGGINS IS WEARIN'

SHORE IS - REMINDS ME O' THE TIME I DROPPED A COUPLE OF RAW EGGS ON A WATERMELON.



WAS YOU TWO GENTLEMEN REFERRING TO ME

I WAS JEST SAYIN' TO SNORT HERE THET YOU'D LOOK PURTY FORKIN' A BRONC. SNORT SAYS YOU CAN'T RIDE FER SOUR APPLES



WELL GENTS - I'M NOT WANTIN TO BRAG, BUT BACK HOME THEY CALLS ME THE RIDIN' FOOL. THEY NEVER WAS A WILD HORSE I COULDN'T BREAK.

HEY! LOOK OUT FER ME EYE



YEAH! I BET YOU AN BOB BRACKETT WOULD MAKE A PAIR, ALL RIGHT



BOB BRACKETT THE RODEO CHAMP? SHUCKS, EVERYBODY KNOWS THEM RODEOS IS JUST A MATTER OF LUCK DEPENDIN' ON WHAT HORSE YOU DRAWS.



WHY YOU DAD-GUMMED TENDERFOOT! YOU'LL EAT THEM WORDS!



WH-WHATS THE M-MATTER WITH HIM - BOYS

WAL IF YOU WASN'T A STRANGER YOU'D KNOW THET WAS BOB BRACKETT AND THAT YOU'D INSULTED 'IM



LUCKY FER YOU HE
DIDN'T HAVE NO
SHOOTIN' IRONS
WITH HIM.

YEP. HE SHOT THE
EARS OFF THE LAST
GUY THAT INSULTED
'IM.



YOU'D BETTER MAKE
TRACKS PRONTO! BOB'LL
COME BACK SHOOTIN'

YOU'D BETTER
WEAR OLD DUDS
TOO. HE'LL SPOT
THET VEST A
MILE AWAY.



I'LL GIT YOU A HORSE TO
RIDE, 'MISTER' HIGGINS

B-BETTER G-GET
A GENTLE ONE
I'M KINDA OUTA
P-P-PRACTICE.



H-H-HURRY UP, BOYS. I
H-HEAR 'IM COMIN'!

WHERE IS HE?

WE'LL LYNCH 'IM



GIT 'IM WHOOP-RIDE 'IM, COWBOY

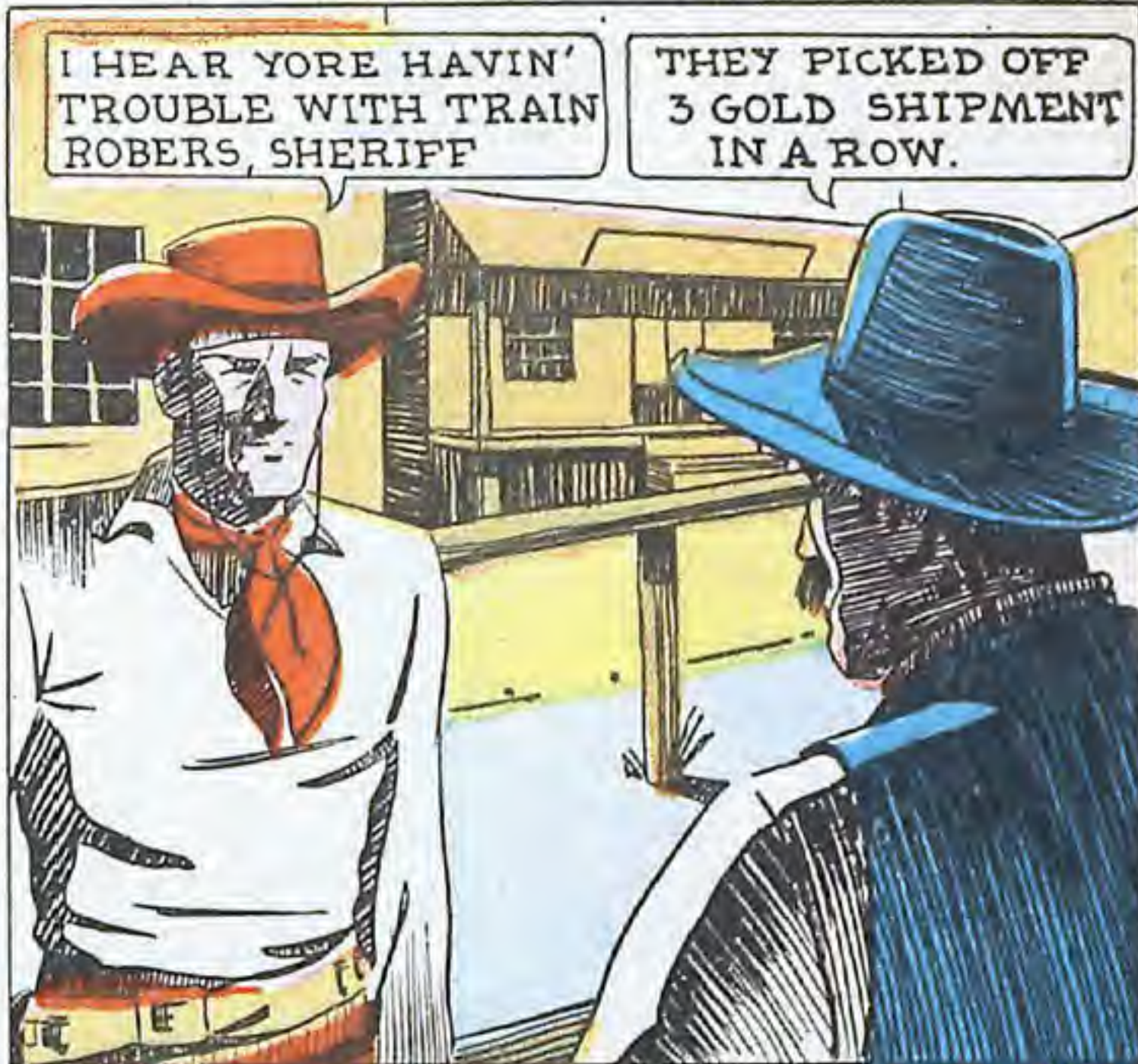
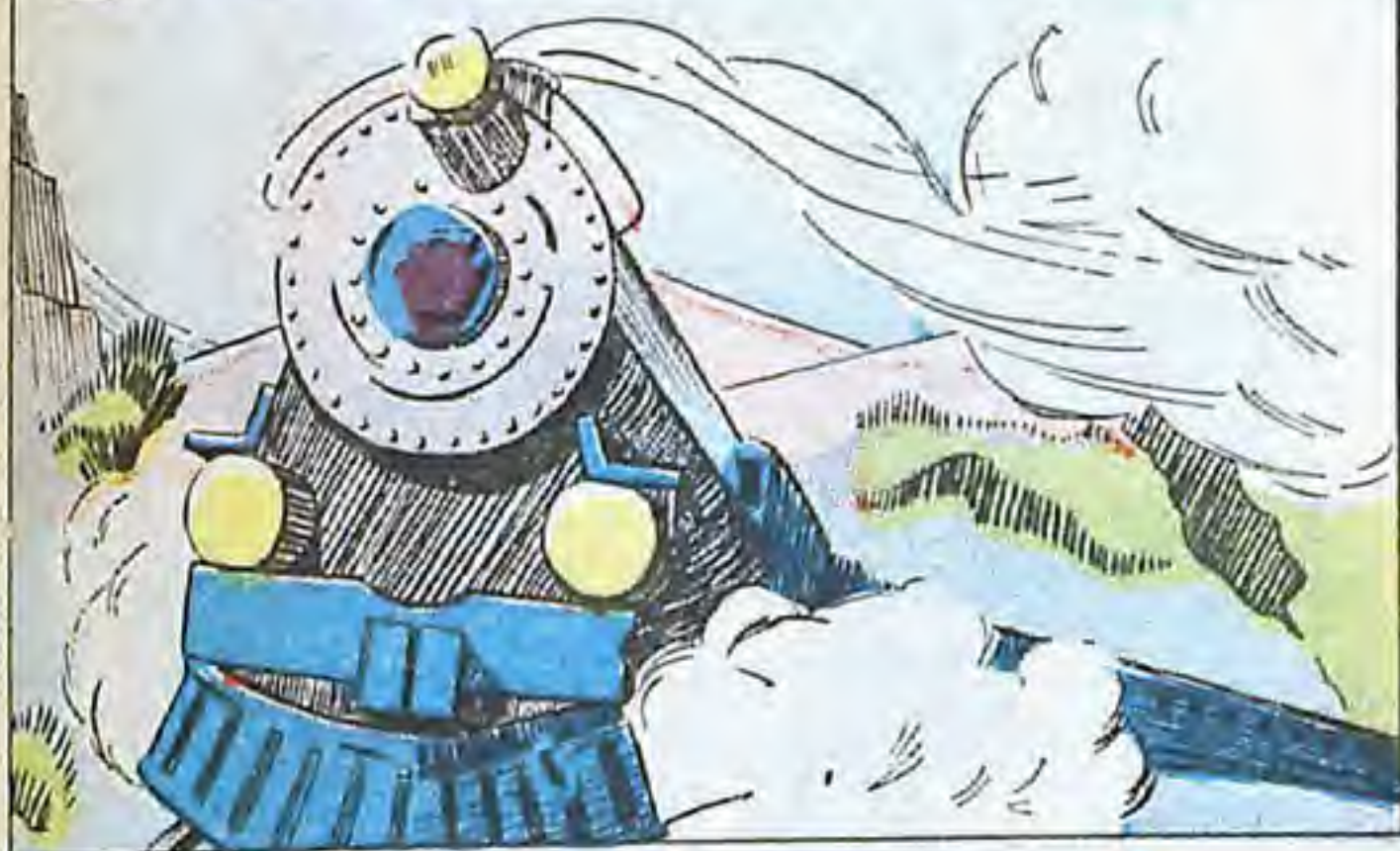


LOOKIT 'IM GO

THE DUDE DEPARTS



TWO GUN SURPRISE



I HEAR YORE HAVIN' TROUBLE WITH TRAIN ROBERS, SHERIFF

THEY PICKED OFF 3 GOLD SHIPMENT IN A ROW.



--AN' EVERYTIME WE POST GUARD ON THE TRAIN THE BANDITS OUNUMBER THEM

TUFF LUCK, SHERIFF



-- BUT WE GONNA FOOL 'EM THIS TRIP, RANGER.

HOW'S THET?

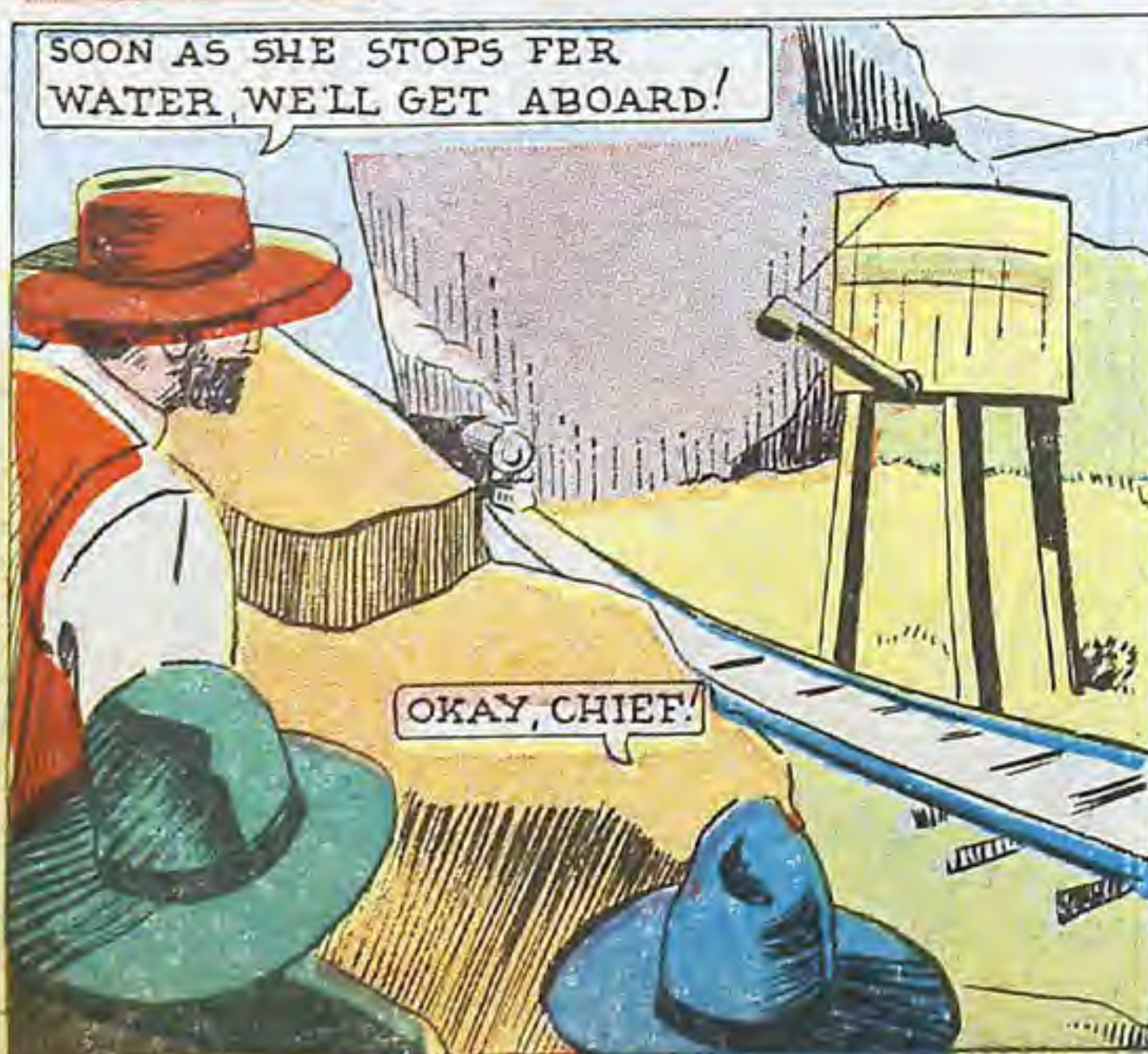
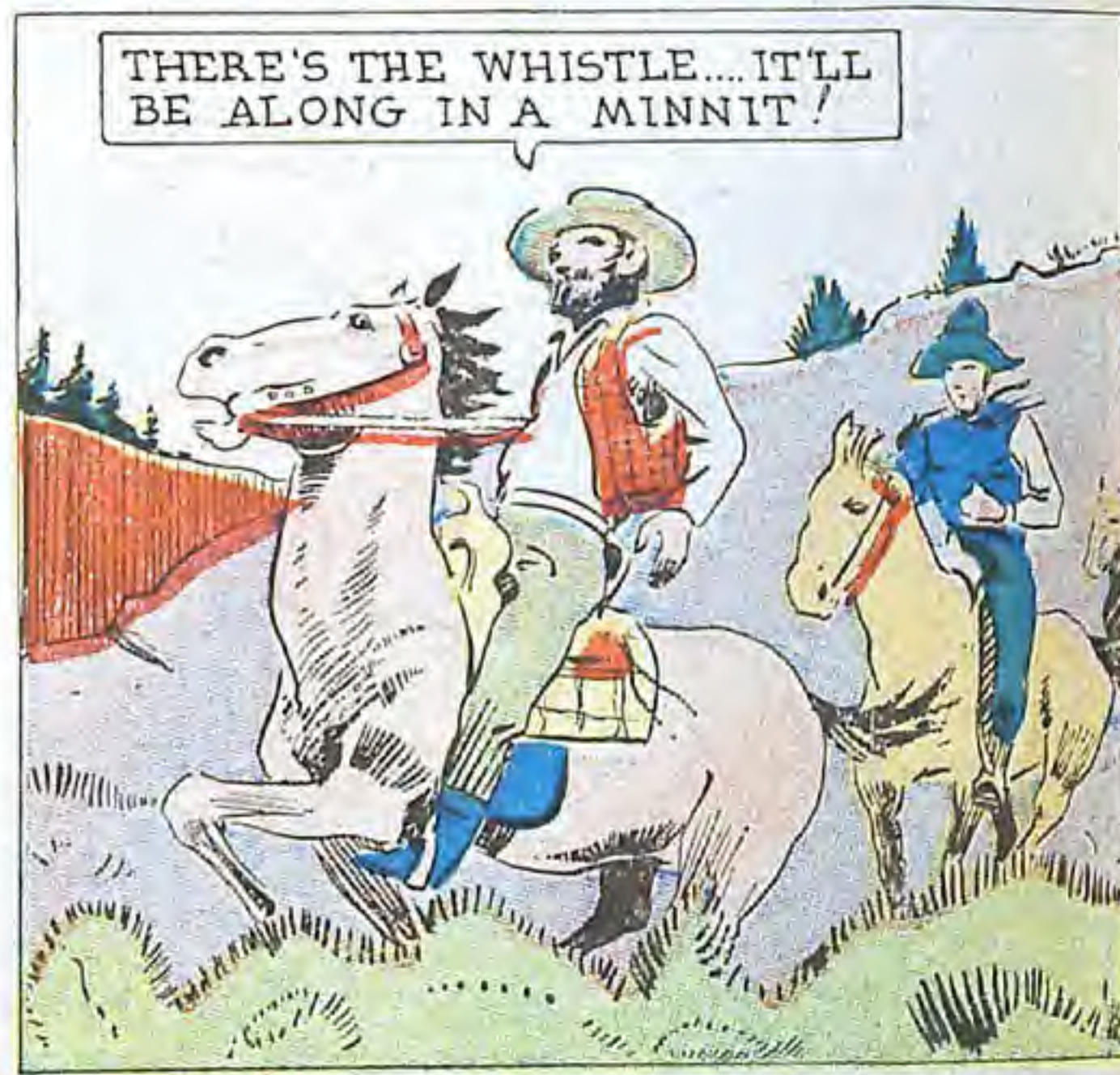
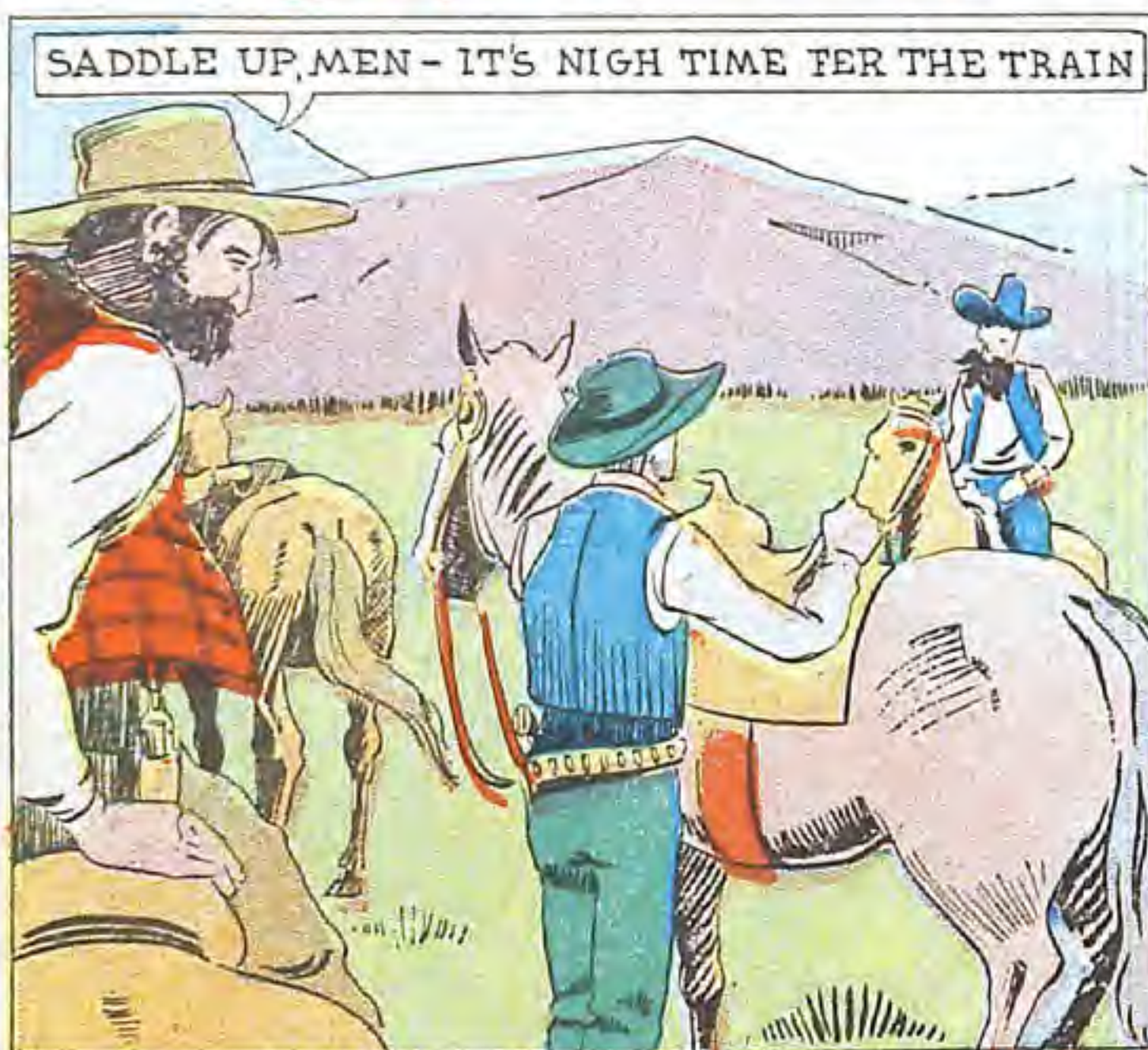
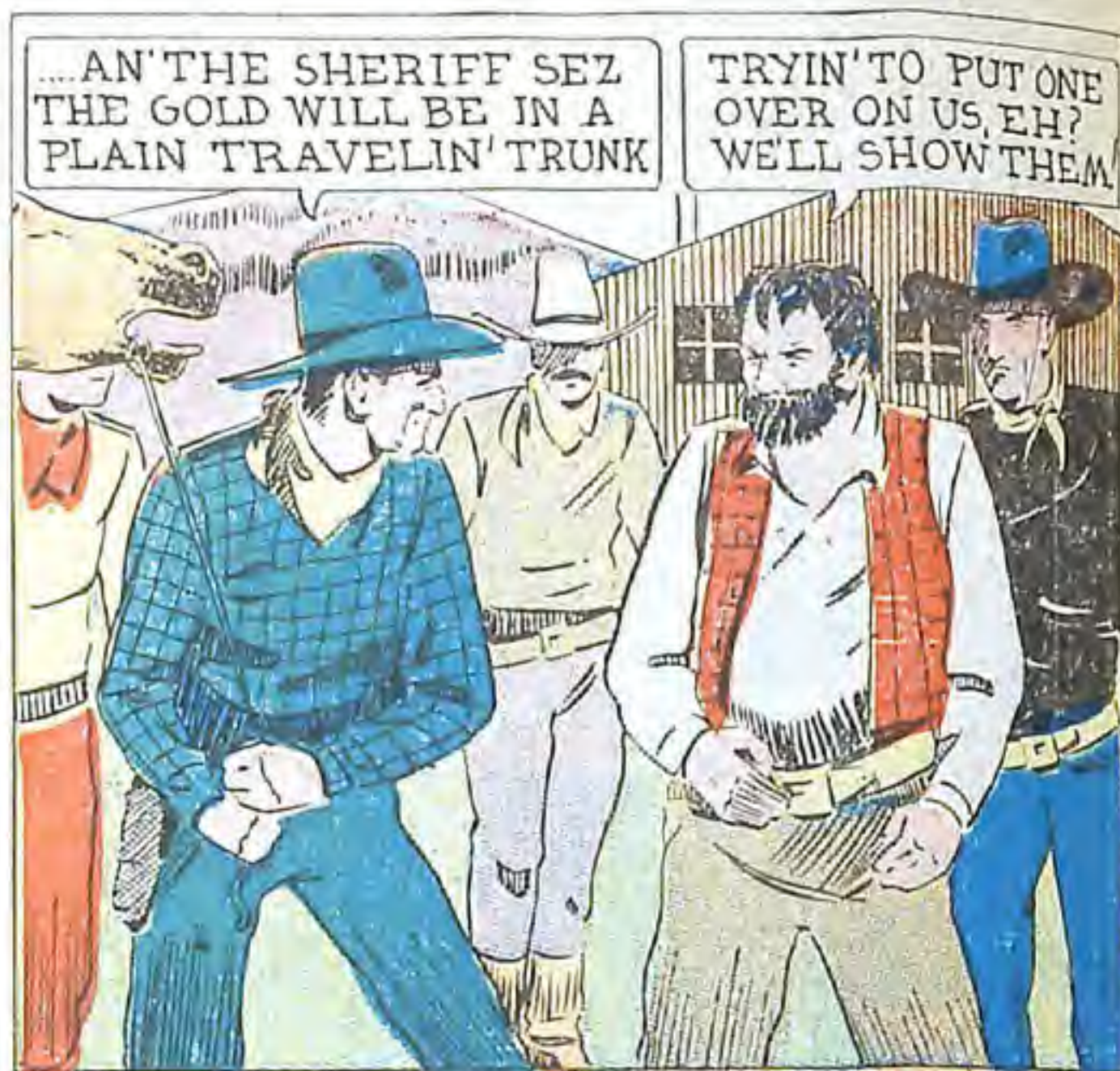
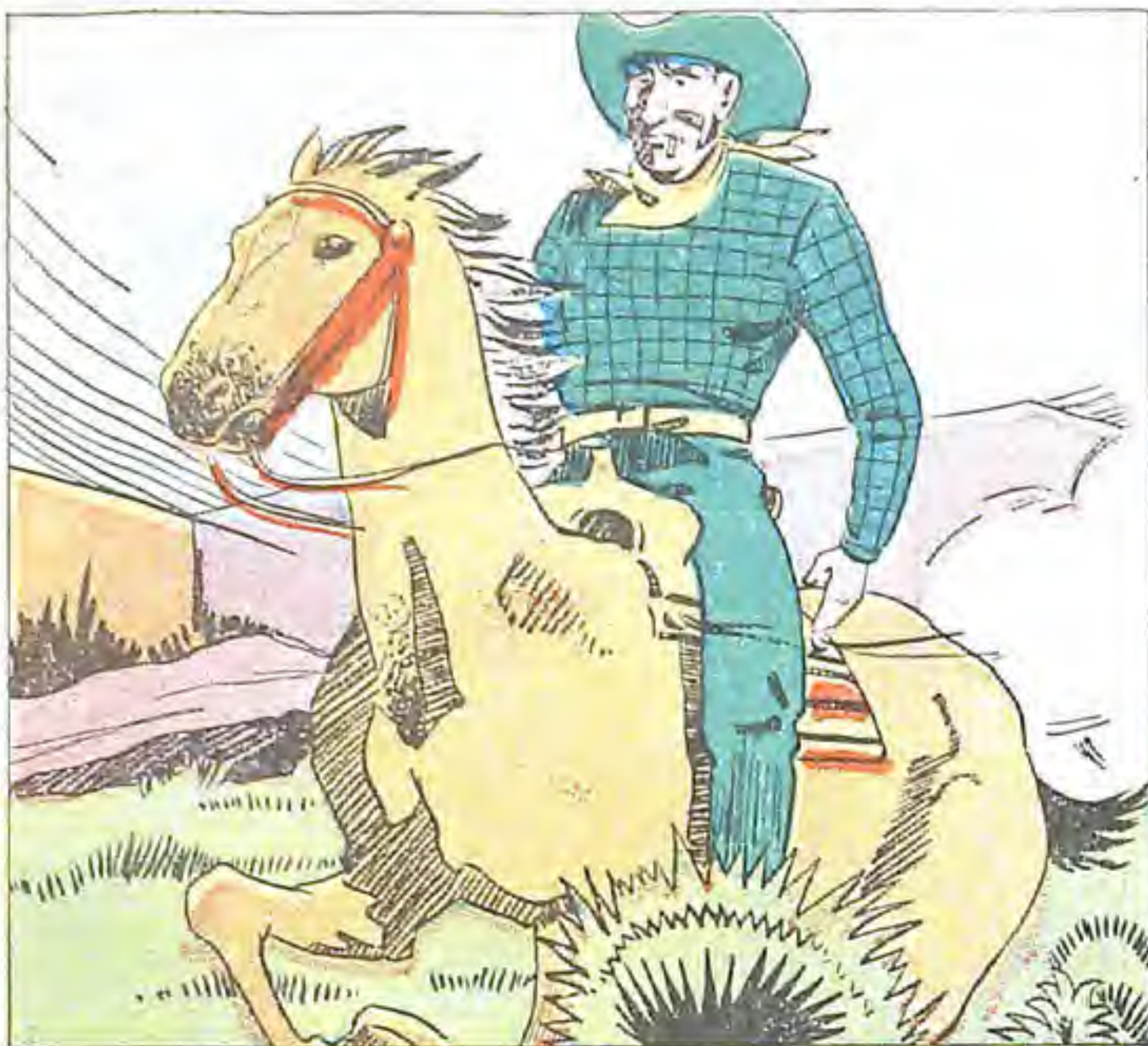


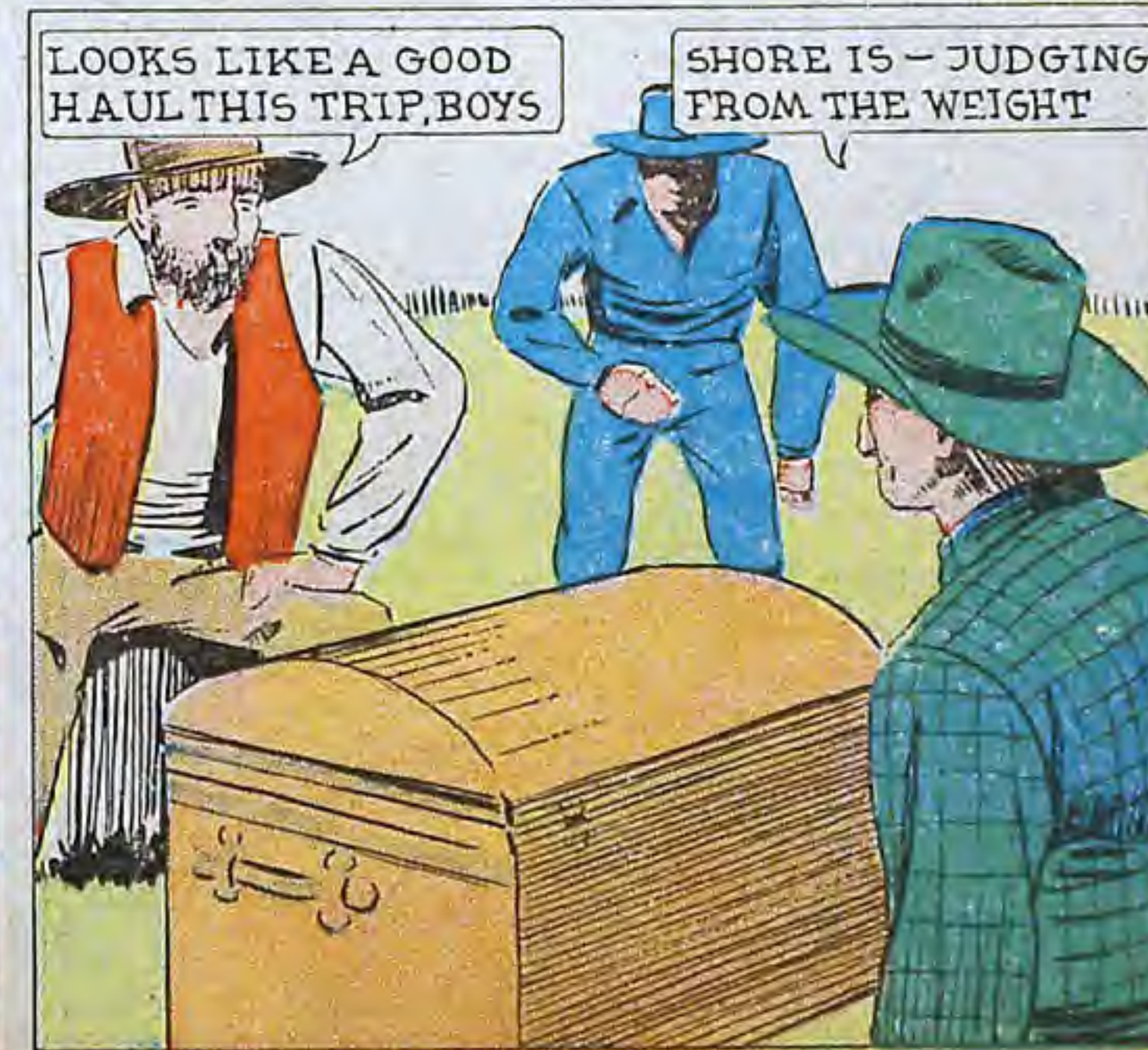
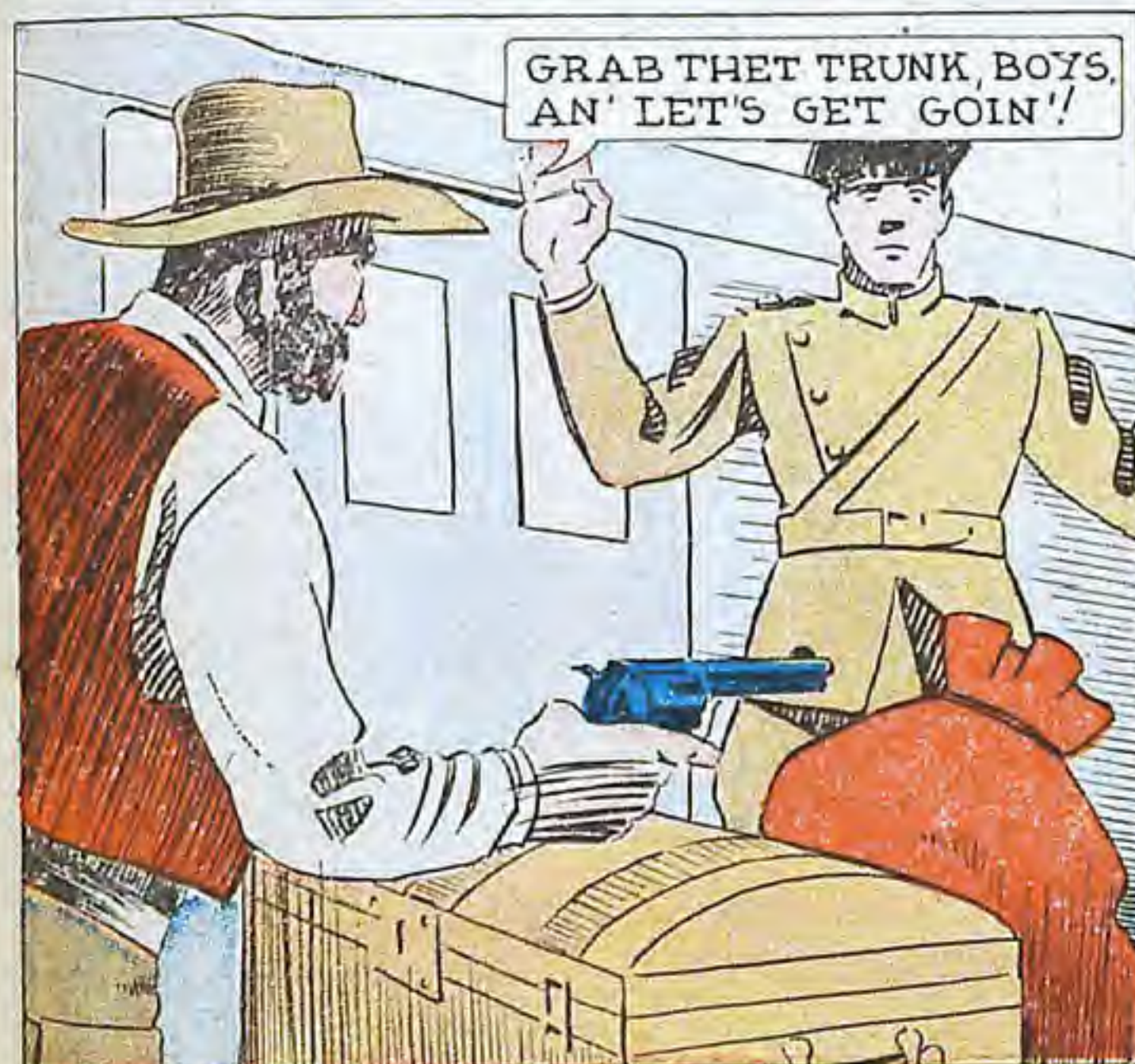
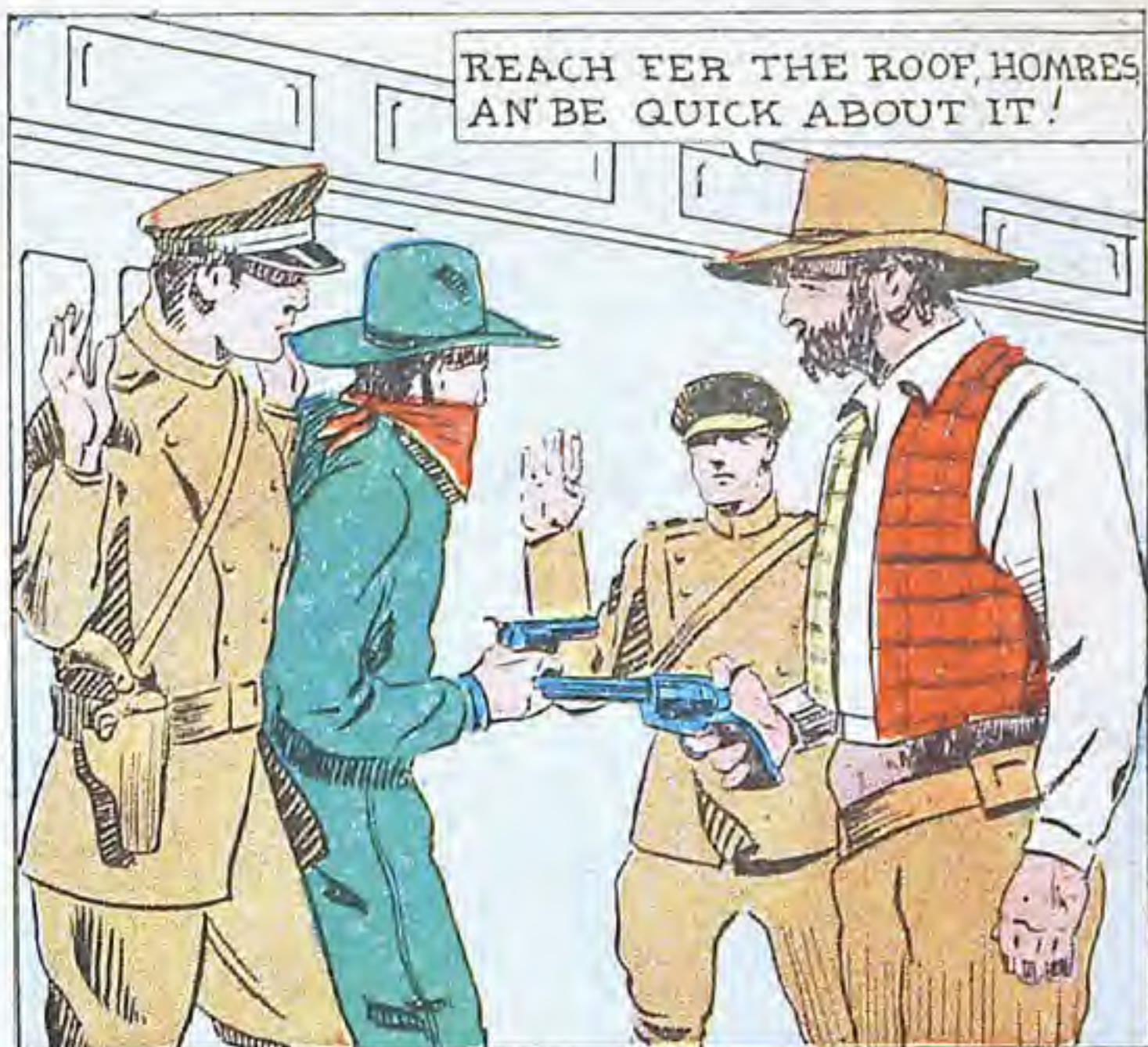
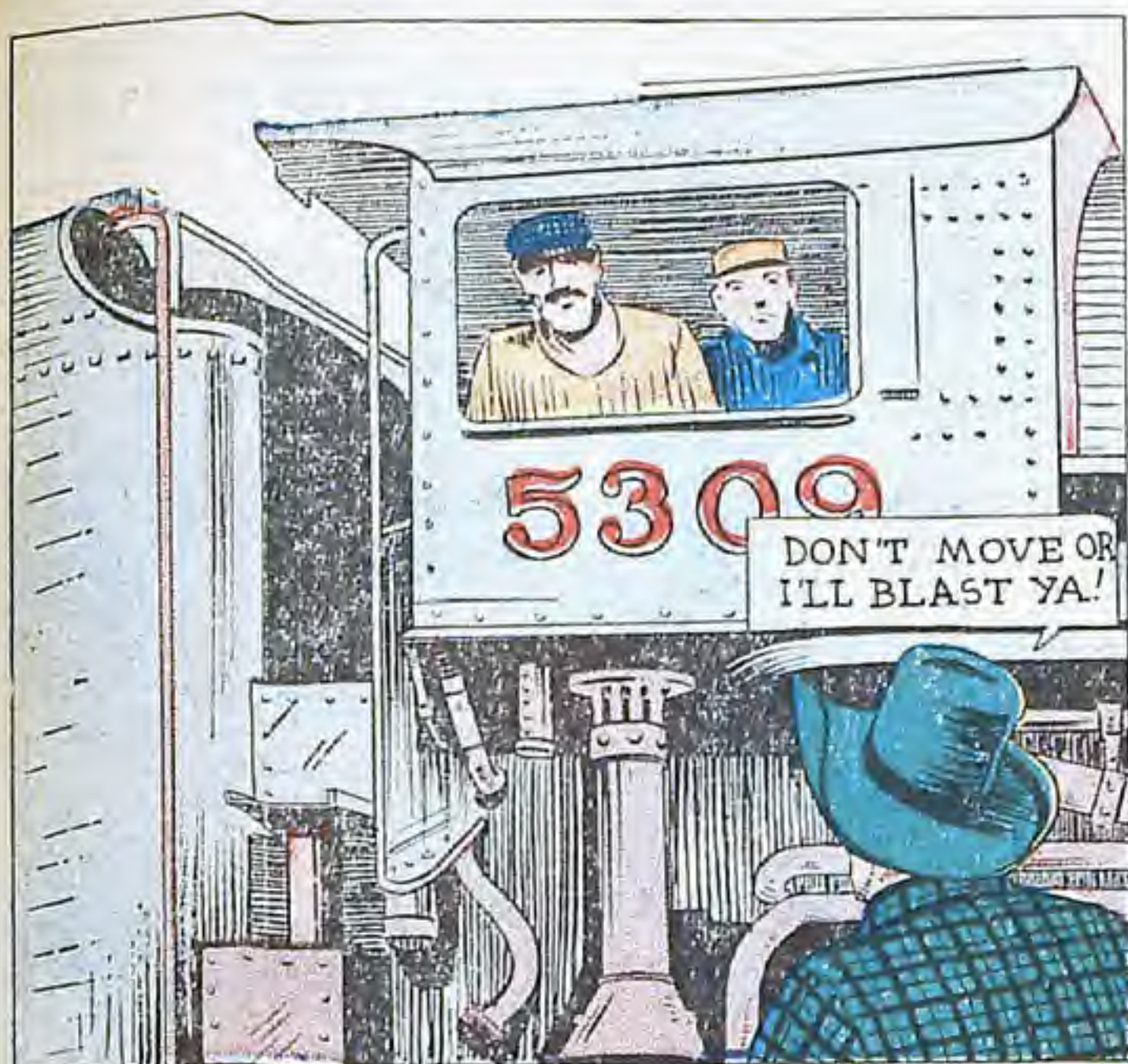
WAL, WE'RE SHIPPING THE GOLD IN A PLAIN TRAVELIN' TRUNK TODAY, AN' THERE'S NOTHING BUT ROCKS IN THE GOLD BAG!

I SEE

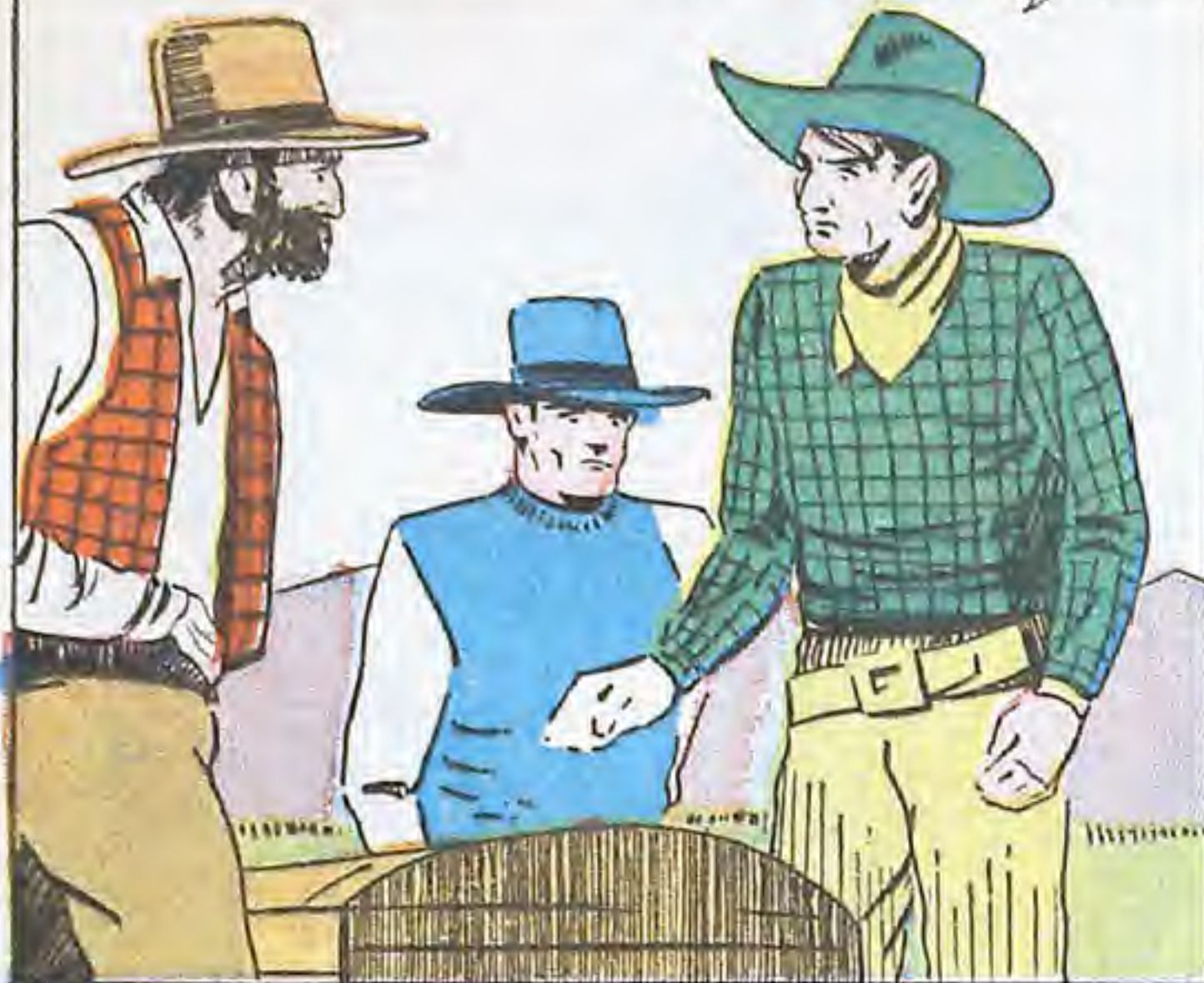


--THE BANDITS WILL TAKE THE BAG O' ROCKS, AN LEAVE THE GOLD IN THE TRUNK - GOOD IDEA SHERIFF





WAL, OPEN 'ER UP AN' WE'LL DIVVY OKAY, BOSS.



WAL, I'LL BE

JEST A LITTLE SURPRISE FROM THE SHERIFF, DUTCH!



THIS IS YORE LAST TRICK, RANGER.

NOT IF I KIN HELP IT



IT'S THE SHERIFF

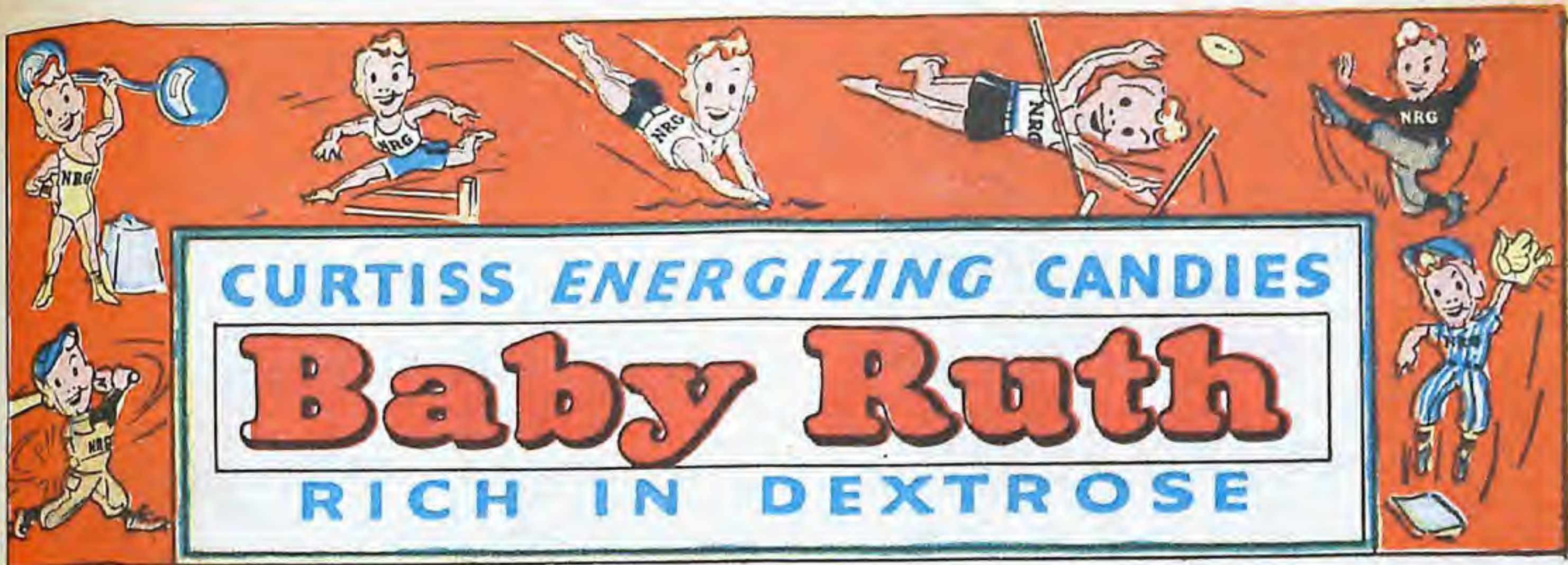
DROP THEM SHOOTIN' IRONS, SKUNKS, AFORE WE WIPE YOU ALL OUT!



WAL, I GUESS THAT DID THE TRICK, EH, RANGER?

SHORE DID SHERIFF-WE GOT THE OUTLAWS AND THE GOLD IS SAFE!





CURTISS ENERGIZING CANDIES

Baby Ruth

RICH IN DEXTROSE

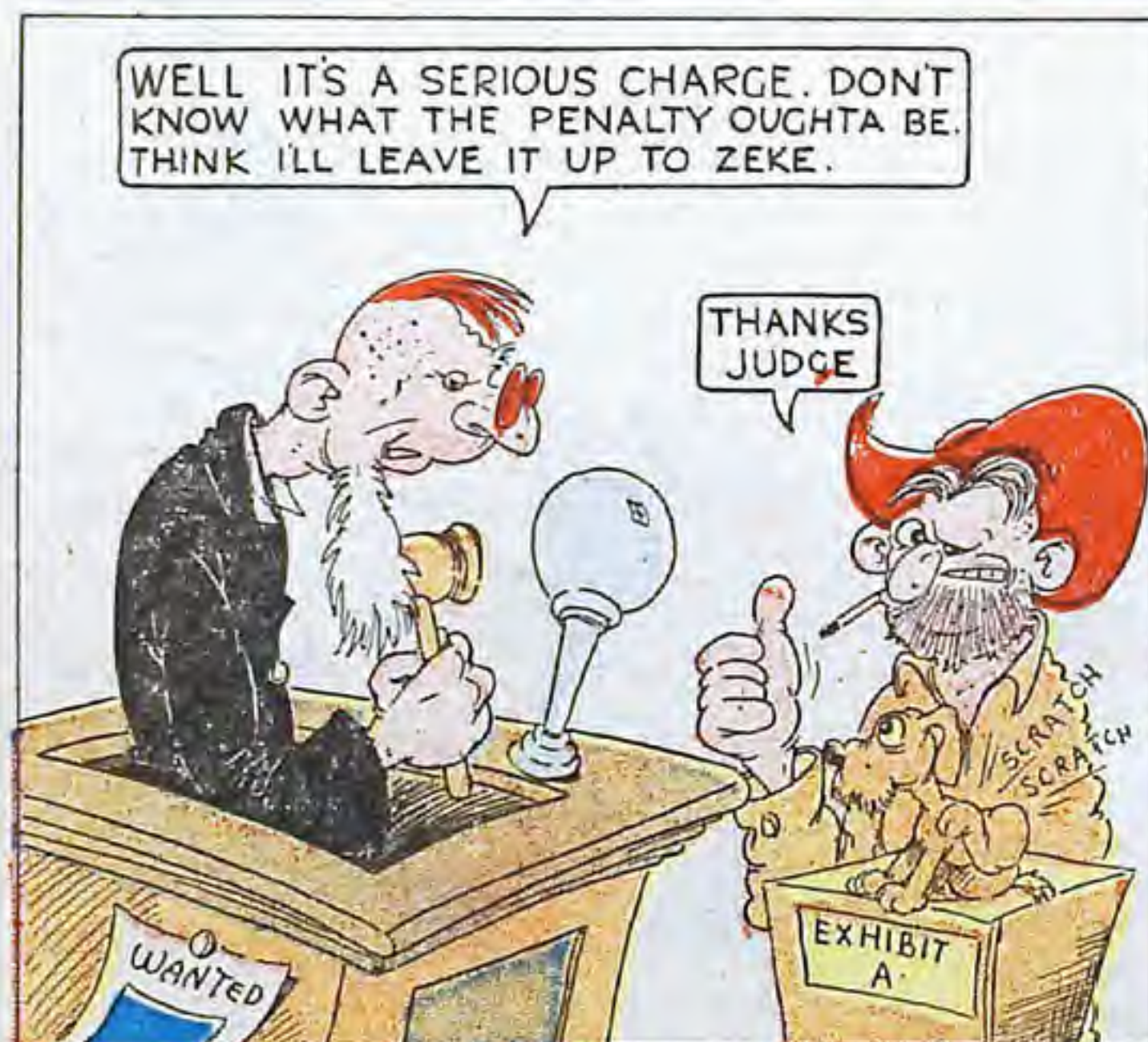
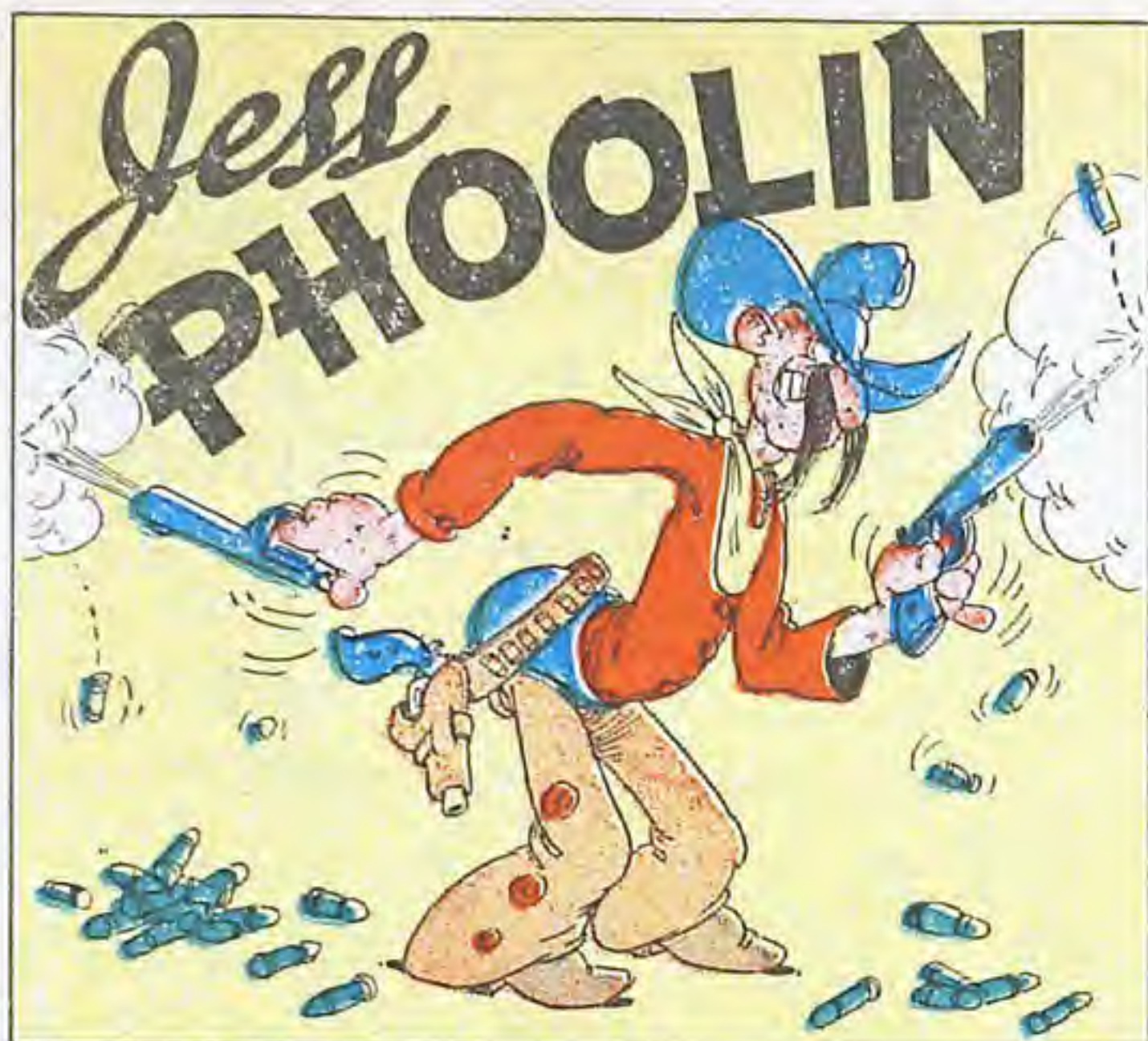
Test the **TYPE**




CURTISS ENERGIZING CANDIES

Butterfinger

RICH IN DEXTROSE





CURTISS
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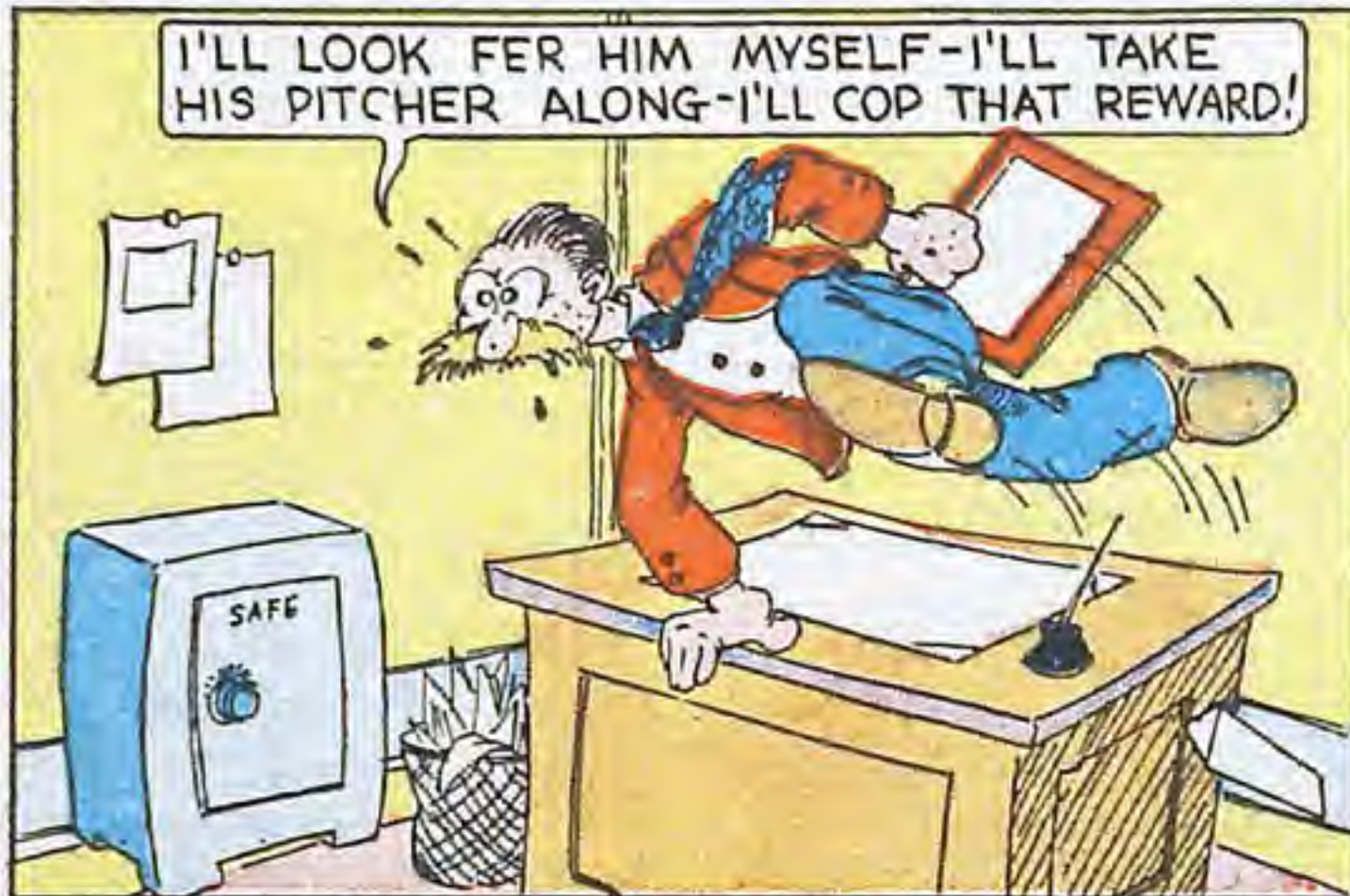
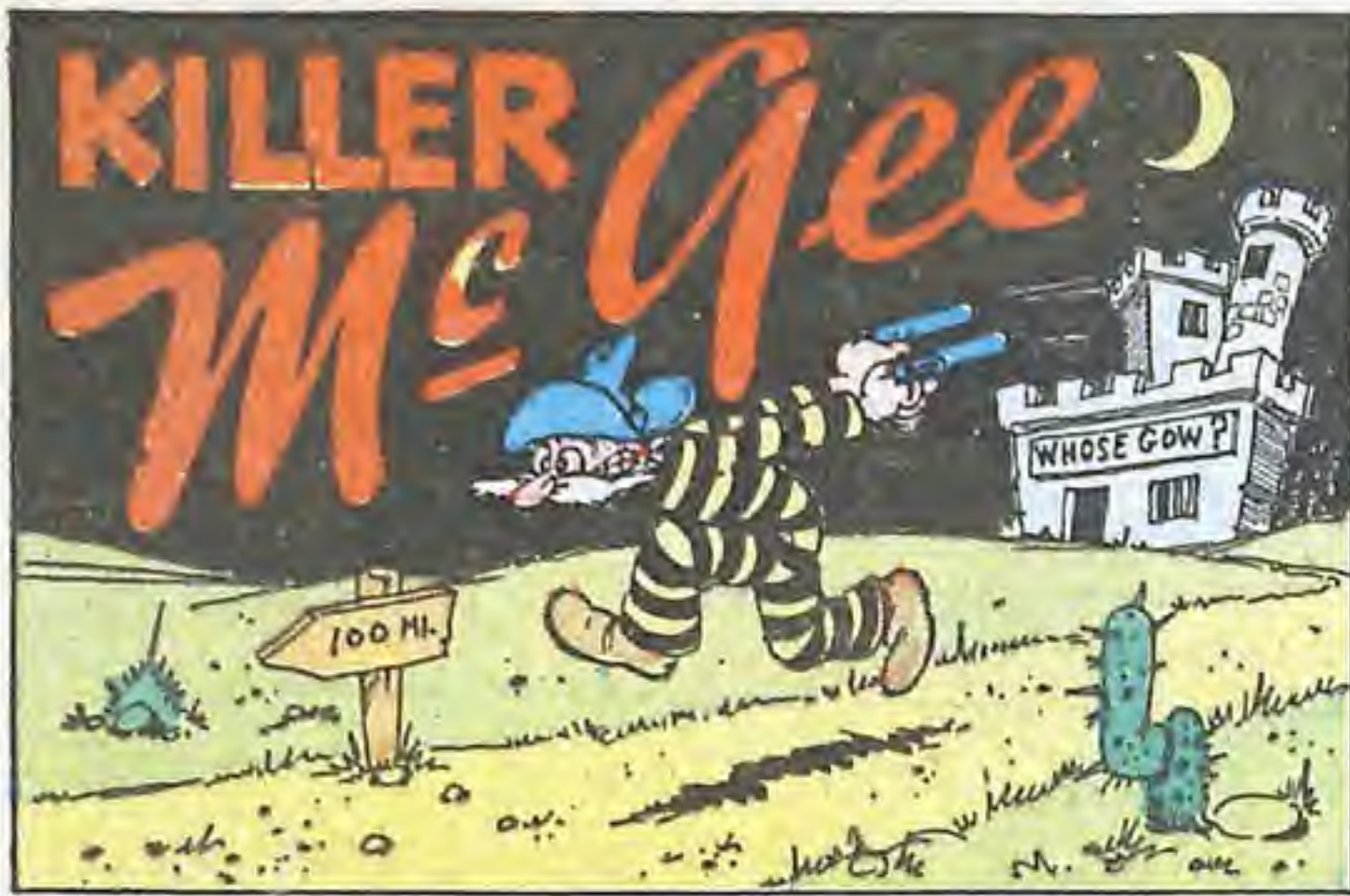
Send Walco Mike, with complete instructions. Will pay postman \$1. plus few cents postage. If not delighted, will return in 5 days for \$1 refund.

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☐ Check here if you prefer chromium plated Do Luxe model. Price \$1.39.



CURTISS

Baby Ruth

5¢

RICH IN DEXTROSE

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DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

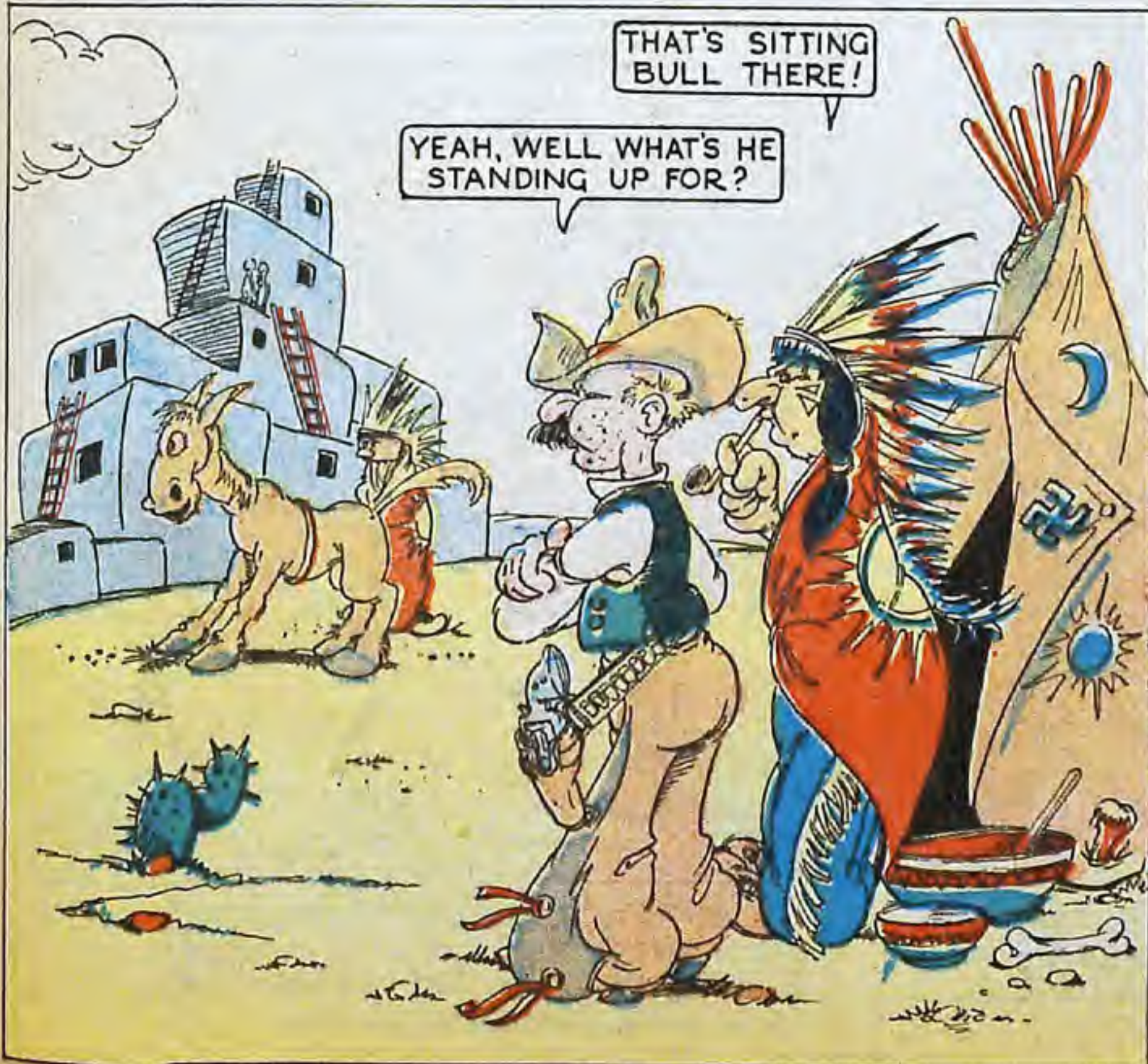
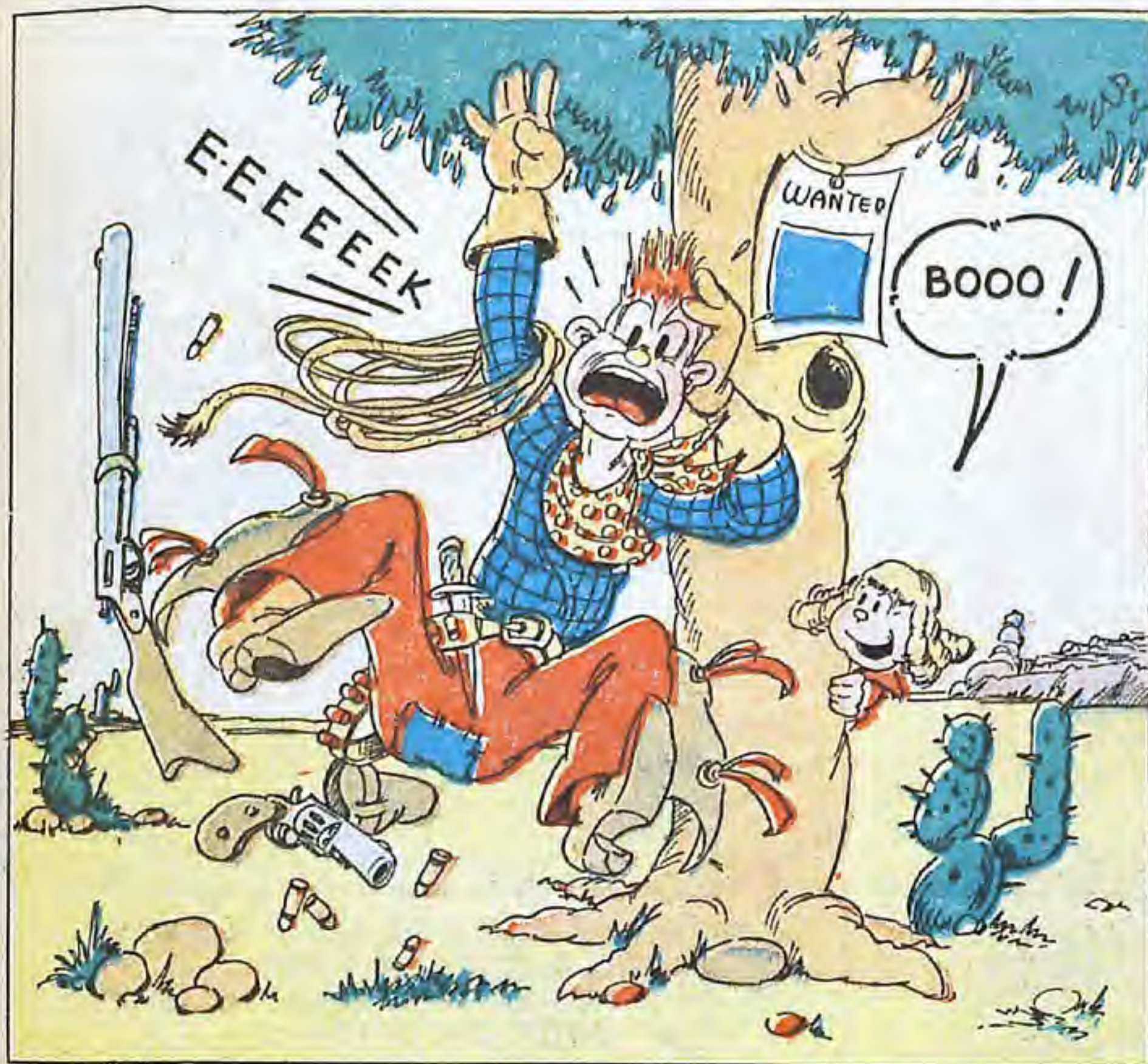
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DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

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AND IN HIS PLACE HE HUNG A SIGN WE AIM TO PLEASE IT READ WE GIVE THE PATRON WHAT HE WANTS IS WHAT ANOTHER SAID —



A CUSTOMER CAME IN ONE DAY LUKE HEARD HIM LOUDLY SPEAK SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A HORSE AIN'T TOUCHED FOOD IN A WEEK



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